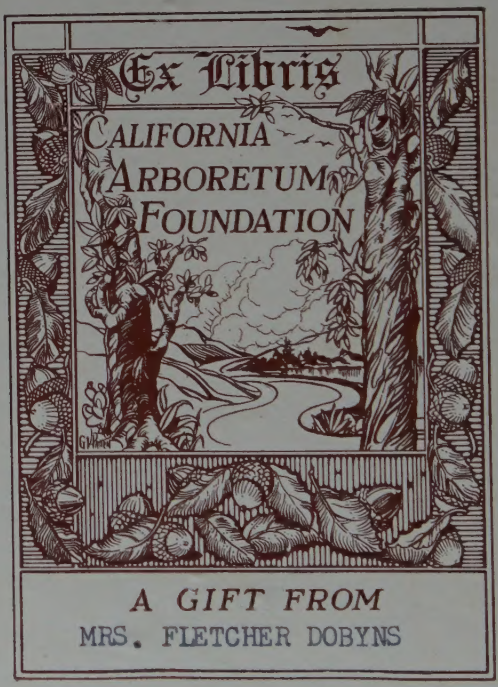
LOMBARD TOWNS OF ITALY

EGERTON R · WILLIAMS JR


Ex Libris
CALIFORNIA
ARBORETUM
FOUNDATION
A GIFT FROM
MRS. FLETCHER DOBYNS

$10—

LOMBARD TOWNS OF ITALY

THE CHURCH OF THE INCORONATA: "THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE VIRGIN," BY BORGOGNONE. LODI

LOMBARD TOWNS OF ITALY

OR

The Cities of Ancient Lombardy

BY

EGERTON R. WILLIAMS, Jr.

Author of "Hill-Towns of Italy,"
"Plain-Towns of Italy,"
"Ridolfo," etc.

With Numerous Illustrations
and a Map

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND
COMPANY
1914

Copyright, 1914
By EGERTON R. WILLIAMS, Jr.

WITHDRAWN

TO

HARRY MATURIN BALLOU

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED AS A SLIGHT TOKEN
OF MY AFFECTION AND ESTEEM

PREFACE

THIS volume completes the trilogy which I set myself, more than ten years ago, to write upon the most interesting cities and towns of Italy outside of the half-dozen commonly visited by travellers in making the "grand tour": a task inspired by the desire to bring to a more intimate knowledge of Anglo-Saxon readers the countless beauties and delights — natural, historic and artistic — of the most important of those hundreds of wonderful places in the peninsula which had theretofore escaped the attention of the general *voyageur*. Thus was born the "Hill Towns of Italy," describing the cities of the Apennines, north of Rome, from sea to sea; there followed the "Plain-Towns of Italy," covering the second most interesting region of the kingdom,— Venetia; but if I characterise the district portrayed in this final volume — Lombardy — as only third in interest and fascination, I shall be met with a chorus of objections demanding for it the first or the second place. The truth is, as I have found, that there can be no real rank amongst those three most alluring provinces of "that Enchanted Land, whose beauty is inexhaustible, and whose boundless interests touch, and will always touch, men and women who perceive the deepest concerns of the human soul." [1]

When we come to the cities of Lombardy, nevertheless, we should stop to remember that — aside from all those delights of artistic beauty and historical association which are common to the whole three regions — they have exercised upon the progress of civilisation an influence so unique and

[1] W. R. Thayer; in his "Italica."

profound that its impress is still visible upon our modern institutions; an influence which was so prominent a factor in the making of those institutions that it should be carefully noted in advance by every traveller and student.

The cause of the deviation made by these towns in the current of history, of their marked acceleration of the progress of mankind, was the descent from the north of that remarkable Teutonic race, the Lombards, to impose upon the petrifying Roman customs their own free and untrammelled ideas of life. As Lord Lindsay put it: "The freedom of the North, the civilisation of the South, and the Christianity of the East, are the three elements from the commixture of which the character and history of Europe spring; and Italy was the field where these elements first met, and began to amalgamate. The invasion of the Lombards, in 568, may be considered as the preliminary step to this consummation. They were a noble race, of pure morals, and a bold, manly, generous, and even romantic character; presenting the strongest possible contrast to the corrupt and degenerate Romans, whom they held in utter contempt." [2]

The Lombards were not, therefore, the quite wild and savage people that they are often represented to be, but a nation sufficiently developed to have attained that extraordinary individuality which was the first to resist the influences of ancient Rome, and to force upon her immemorial systems their own ideals of government, art, and living. Here was the first assertion — at least since the long-dead, ancient republics of Greece and Rome — of the rights of the individual man, as against centralised, autocratic rule, and the privileges of class and clergy. To this daring Teutonic race we owe, therefore, the beginnings of modern human liberty and individual freedom, of the sanctity of person and of property, of

[2] Lord Lindsay; in his "Lombard Architecture."

decentralised, representative, *laissez-faire* government;— initiated by them in these cities of north-Italy a hundred years or more before their cousins, the Anglo-Saxons, began a similar revolution in Roman Britain. The towns of Lombardy, fortunately preserved mostly intact under the preceding Goths,— who had themselves been absorbed by the ponderous ancient Roman system,— thus took the lead in the advancement of free government and personal rights, and held it for centuries before the whole of Europe; resisting with heroic valour, as self-governing republics, the endless aggressions made upon their liberties by emperors, popes, and neighbouring tyrants; until the fiery spirit instilled by the Teutons found its supreme expression in that glorious Lombard League which annihilated at Legnano, in 1176, the armed hosts and the aspirations of Frederick Barbarossa.

With the end of the second League and the final suppression of imperial designs, the Lombard cities did — it is true, exhausted by the long strife of Guelf and Ghibelline — succumb to their own despots; and the Visconti obtained sway, from Milan and Pavia, over all that part of the province which was not grasped by the splendid Gonzaghi of Mantua: the one family becoming by all means the most powerful, and the second pre-eminently the most magnificent — in princely living, in culture, and the use of the reborn arts — of all the tyrannies that sprang from Italian soil. But now there emerged into the sunlight the second fruits of the northern towns' absorption of the Lombard spirit, even more important — if possible — to the world at large: the beginnings of modern civilisation.

That of the old Romans, as modified by the Lombards, had been within their stout walls safely preserved during these centuries of the Dark Age; some branches of ancient art and science had, indeed, perished,— but not by fault of

the Lombards, under whom "the Italians enjoyed a milder and more equitable government than any of the other kingdoms which have been founded on the ruins of the Western Empire;"[3] the citizens, however, zealously keeping alive what handicrafts, what branches of art and the applied sciences, were left to them, reinvigorated from their quondam decadence by the admixture of the powerful northern blood, had striven vigorously and continuously to improve their knowledge, to better their conditions of life, and to beautify their cities. The same fierce Lombard genius that kept them enviously at war with each other during the generations preceding the Oath of Pontida, incited each town to endeavour to exceed its rivals in aggrandisement; each was a burning centre of civic life, that strove to outdo its neighbours in building, in the embellishment of its arts, in the wealth and the ostentation derived from its handicrafts and its knowledge of the sciences.

When we stop to think that in these cities of northern Italy, during all that terrible Middle Age, remained practically the only salvation from the feudalism which was destroying culture everywhere else in Europe,— reducing human life to a system of wild country serfs dependent upon savage baronial castles,— we realize how infinitely we are indebted to them for the preservation, first, and later the renovation, of civilised existence.

To this period we owe the many superb examples offered us by the cities of the plain of the so-called Lombard-Romanesque architecture, civic and ecclesiastical,— which was the result of the Lombard art superimposed upon and altering the decadent Roman. Although the Lombard dynasty ceased to rule toward the end of the eighth century, upon the coming of Charlemagne, the art of its people — by then

[3] Gibbon.

thoroughly mixed with, and predominant amongst, the old Romans — continued to rule until the *trecento*. The Lombards, in spite of their addiction to country-life, were powerful builders, and changed the features of the dying Roman architecture in accordance with their temperament. Above all — and this is our chief debt to them in the realms both of art and of religion — they revolutionised the form of the Christian church; shaping it into the beautiful edifice that still symbolises to us the tenets and the traditions of our faith.

Such a daring metamorphosis of the long-established Catholic forms and prejudices was only to be expected from those remarkable men who first insisted upon entire freedom from churchly rule and clerical privileges. "Whatever merit"— said Gibbon —"may be discovered in the laws of the Lombards, they are the genuine fruit of the reason of the Barbarians [precisely as was the common-law of the Anglo-Saxons], who never admitted the bishops of Italy to a seat in their legislative councils." The Lombards altered the early Roman church,— naught, as all know, but an adaptation of the heathen basilica to the uses of Christian worship, — into our present and millennium-old type of cathedral, with its entrance-porches, aisles, upper-galleries, clerestory-windows, side-chapels, transepts, apse, and surmounting dome. They also introduced the use of bells, and the bell-tower. The finest remaining example of their earlier churches still fortunately remains in excellent condition,— S. Michele of Pavia.

To all of the cities of the old Lombard kingdom,— seething, as they had been so long, in the envious strife not only of arms but of material and artistic aggrandisement,— there needed but the advent of the *trecento* artists from Tuscany and from the slowly dying Byzantium to kindle the fire of the Renaissance, whose fuel had been thus preparing.

From Padua to Pavia, the blaze burst forth with quick intensity. Although the towns of that section of the realm which came subsequently under Venetian sway and are hence now called Venetia, were foremost in leading the early Renaissance, the latter attained its splendid perihelion in the more western region covered by this volume: at Lodi, for instance, with its beautiful *Incoronata,* at Mantua, with its marvellous *Reggia,* and at Pavia with its incomparable Certosa, probably the supreme monument of the Renaissance. Western Lombardy possesses also an unparalleled work of the earlier period, in those masterpieces of painting which Masolino of Florence, the inaugurator and teacher of the more highly developed schools of the *quattrocento,* laid upon the walls of the Collegiate church and baptistery of Castiglione Olona. And at Saronno, near-by, we behold the crowning works of the most beautiful school of the *cinquecento,*— Leonardo da Vinci's,— in the magnificent frescoes of Luini and Gaudenzio Ferrari.

That the rebirth and high development of arts and civilisation occurred in the towns of Lombardy during the three centuries subsequent to their submission to local despotisms, shows not only how much their energies were then turned in that direction, but also how beneficent were those despotisms in their effect upon the masses, and in their paternal encouragement of all the best in art. The same jealousies that had kept the communes at fraternal strife, now incited their tyrants to exceed each other in the display of dilettanteism and in a cultured magnificence of life and surroundings. We cannot be too thankful that at precisely this period of Italian history the revenues of many cities were placed in a few princely hands, able to disburse them without question. Thus only could the Visconti and the Sforza have raised the Cathedral of Milan and the Certosa of Pavia, and

the Gonzaghi have erected that stupendous pile known as the *Reggia;* thus only could Mantegna and Giulio Romano have flourished at Mantua with their numerous pupils, Isabella d'Este have adorned her enchanted *Grotta* and *Paradiso,* and Leonardo have formed under the patronage of the Moro that glorious school which gave us Luini, Ferrari, Borgognone, and many others.

Of these three great despotisms which possessed Lombardy proper during the Renaissance, and which so remarkably advanced the artistic progress of mankind, the two of Milan, owing to their greed of territory, perished successively amidst a rain of blood, leaving their dominions to the desolating rule of Spaniards and Jesuits for two hundred years; only the Gonzaghi had sufficient wisdom to weather the storms of the early *cinquecento,* and continue their benign rule over the Duchy of Mantua till the extinction of the family-line. In which feat of political equilibration an important part was played by that paragon of womankind, " the ideal woman of the Renaissance,"— Isabella d'Este; whose sagacity in affairs of state was only paralleled by her remarkable ascendancy over the leading artists, *litterateurs* and dilettantes of that extraordinary epoch. Thus was Raphael's pupil Romano able to complete his decoration of the *Reggia,* and construct that amazing Palazzo del Té which still fortunately remains to us intact,— the ideal princely villa of the Renaissance.

It is unnecessary to add, in concluding, that Milan was omitted from the list of cities herein described (as was Venice from the " Plain-Towns of Italy "), not only because it would require a volume in itself, but because this work is intended precisely to cover all the other towns of Lombardy: [4]

[4] The town of Como, however, was also omitted, because it belongs to that mountainous region of the great lakes which is quite extraneous from Lombardy proper.

in the hope that it may both be of some aid to travellers, beyond the restricted limits of the "Baedeker," and also enable those who do not travel to glean a little of the Lombard beauties from my pages. With the same desire to help those who may follow me, I have taken pains, as heretofore, to give the names and qualities of those inns which I found by personal experience to be what a traveller in that province can best expect, with regard to cleanliness, proper prices, and a good Italian table.

February 1, 1914. E. R. W.

CONTENTS

I. Bergamo the Lower 1

II. Bergamo the Upper 35

III. Monza and the Iron Crown 73

IV. Saronno and Varese 110

V. Castiglione Olona, Legnano, and Busto Arsizio 149

VI. The Marvellous Certosa di Pavia . . . 188

VII. Pavia the Primeval 220

VIII. Pavia the Pious 248

IX. Lodi and Crema 281

X. Cremona the Contentious 324

XI. Cremona the Captivating 357

XII. Mantova la Gloriosa 400

XIII. Mantua the Magnificent 446

XIV. The Palazzo del Tè, Sabbioneta, and Environs of Mantua 520

ILLUSTRATIONS

Church of the Incoronata: "The Annunciation of the Virgin," by Borgognone. Lodi . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Map xix

SS. Bartolomeo e Stefano: Madonna and Saints, by Lorenzo Lotto. Bergamo 8

Luogo Pio Colleoni: Frescoes by Paxino da Nova. Bergamo 18

The Porch of S. Maria Maggiore. Bergamo . . . 30

The Cappella Colleoni. Bergamo 42

Cappella Colleoni: the Interior. Bergamo 54

The Virgin and Child; by Giovanni Bellini, in the Cathedral. Bergamo 66

Galleria Carrara, Bergamo; by Andrea Previtali: The Virgin with Child and Saints, and the Casoti donors at the sides 88

The Cathedral of Monza 102

The Wedding of the Virgin (*Lo Sposalizio*), by Bern. Luini: a fresco in the Santuario, Saronno 114

The Famous Fresco of Santa Caterina, by Bern. Luini; in the Santuario, Saronno 130

The Sacro Monte: The Fourth Chapel, and View of Varese in the distance 144

The Sacro Monte: The Last Chapel, and View of S. Maria del Monte. Varese 160

The Baptistery: by Masolino,—Herodias and the Head of S. Giovanni. Castiglione d'Olona 178

The Monument of Lodovico Sforza and Beatrice d'Este. The Certosa di Pavia 194

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

A Doorway by Antonio Amadeo. Certosa di Pavia . 212

The Monument of Gian Galeazzo Visconti. Certosa di Pavia 224

The Certosa of Pavia, Viewed from the Small Cloister . 232

"Interior of the Church: Certosa di Pavia" 240

The *Arca* of St. Augustine; by Bonino da Campione. Pavia 252

View of the Ticino River and Ancient Bridge. Pavia . 268

Church of the Incoronata: The "Presentation of Jesus at the Temple," with View of the Interior of the Church; by Borgognone. Lodi 298

The Cathedral of Cremona 330

The Cathedral Tower. Cremona 352

The Church of S. Pietro; interior, with frescoes of the Campi. Cremona 380

The Piazza Sordello, with the Monument to the Martyrs of Belfiore; the Cathedral in the background, and the Reggia on the right. Mantua 408

The Ancient Castle of the Gonzaghi. Mantua . . 432

A Scene in Giulio Romano's great fresco of the Trojan War. The Reggia, Mantua 460

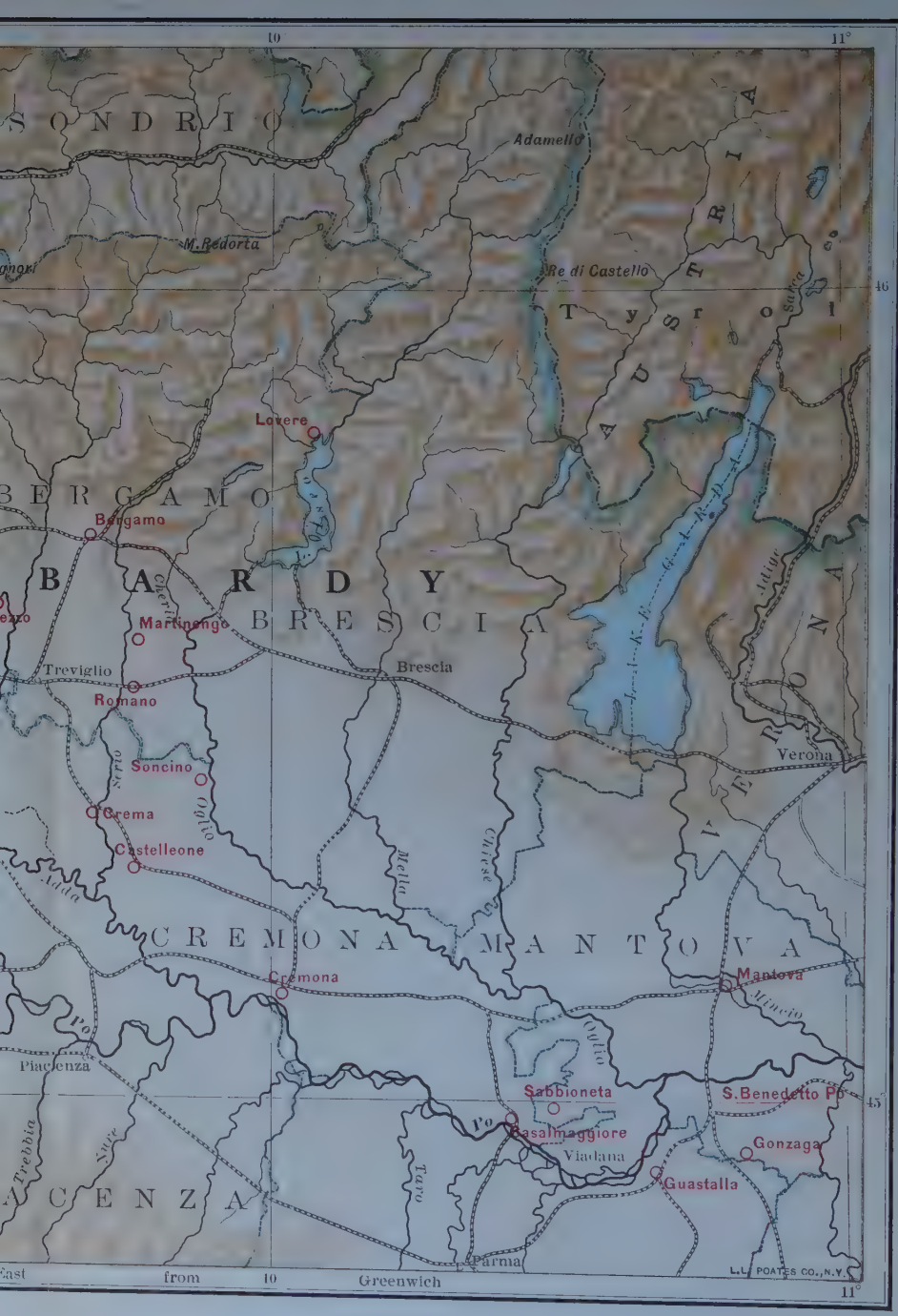
The Family of the Gonzaghi. Mantegna's Famous Frescoe in the Sala Degli Sposi. Mantua 482

Palazzo del Tè: The Wedding Banquet of Cupid and Psyche;—Fresco by Giulio Romano. Mantua. . 504

Palazzo del Tè: The Grand Atrium. Mantua . . 524

Palazzo del Tè: Façade toward the Gardens. Mantua 550

The publishers acknowledge the courtesy of Alinari Fratelli, of Florence, Italy, for the use of the illustrations in this volume.


10°
11°
SONDRIO
Adamello
M. Redorta
Re di Castello
46
Tyrol
Lovere
BERGAMO
Bergamo
BARDY
BRESCIA
Martinengo
Treviglio
Brescia
Romano
Soncino
Crema
Castelleone
Verona
VENETIA
CREMONA
MANTOVA
Cremona
Mantova
Piacenza
Sabbioneta
S. Benedetto Po
45
Casalmaggiore
Viadana
Gonzaga
Guastalla
Parma
L.L. POATES CO., N.Y.
10
Greenwich
11°

CHAPTER I

BERGAMO THE LOWER

"Far to the right where Apennine ascends
Bright as the summer Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side
Woods over woods in gay, theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring top between
With venerable grandeur marks the scene."

Goldsmith's "Traveller."

As "Apennine" may be said to signify "little Alp," these words of the poet well apply to Bergamo and her neighbouring scenery; for, though now a plain-town, the original little burg still perches high upon her wooded foot-hill, lifting above trees and battlements the mouldering roofs of her grand old Christian temples. She is, then, a bifold city,—with a strange, bifarious personality. To the modern Italian Bergamo means the recent, wide-spread boroughs on the plain, vomiting black smoke from scores of factories, humming with industrial life; to the traveller and the æsthetic it means that ancient picturesque hilltop,— on which Manzoni placed some scenes of the "Promessi Sposi"— and the wondrous productions of its great, bygone artists, which are amongst the most *purely* beautiful of all the schools. As Verona attained the supreme development of gorgeous colouring, so did Bergamo reach the nadir of ideal, perfect loveliness. At her name there rise before us a crowd of painted forms of such ineffable beauty, that they could come only from the opened vault of paradise, with a burst of celestial music. To three sublime painters this glory of Bergamo

is due,— Jacopo Palma, "il Vecchio," Lorenzo Lotto, and Andrea Previtali.[1]

Bergamo, though strictly a Lombard town, both in situation and affiliation, was the fourth of the subject Venetian cities that sat at the foot of the Alps, curiously equidistant from each other, along the northern edge of the plain. As Brescia lies midway between Lakes Garda and Iseo, so Bergamo, farther to the northwest, sits midway between Lakes Iseo and Como, just at the converging mouths of two charming Alpine valleys,— the Val Seriana and Val Brembana. At the head of the latter its highway from Bergamo crosses an easy pass to the spacious Valtellina, so long renowned for its wine; whose road in turn, by the famous Ortler Pass, reaches German lands.

Two other routes from Bergamo, slightly longer but of more level grade, have also for many centuries led travellers to the Valtellina and the north; one up Lake Como on the west, to the end of the valley, the other by Lago d'Iseo to its eastern confines. By Lake Como and the Val Brembana, trade also crossed the Engadine, and the Splügen Pass to Switzerland. So Bergamo was favourably situated of old; yet she seems never to have possessed then a population of the present size,— about 50,000. Her restriction to the narrow hilltop was a drawback to growth; and she was perhaps too near the metropolis of Milan,— which lies no farther to the southwest than Brescia does to the southeast.

Bergamo was certainly too unimportant in Roman days

[1] Lotto, according to Corrado Ricci, was born at Venice; but Palma, Previtali, Cariani, Moroni, Girolamo da Santa Croce, Talpino, Bissolo and several other prominent masters, were all born either in Bergamo or in its environs; and after wandering away — mostly to Venice — to receive their artistic training, returned to combine their ideas in the brilliant school famed for "the purity of its traditions."

to attract the attention of historians. We know that she was a Roman *municipium,* but few mentions of her descend to us from ancient annals; — a fortunate people, indeed. About the nearest that she came to being embroiled in imperial troubles was on the occasion of the rebellion of Aureolus, in 268, against the Emperor Gallienus; their decisive battle, which routed the insurgent, was fought only 13 miles away, at a bridge over the Adda, known ever since as Pons Aureoli — which has been corrupted into Pontirolo. The Adda is next the Adige in size, and surpasses the Mincio in strategic importance, being the outlet of Lake Como, and dividing the plain with an unfordable current; it formed the ultimate border of Venetian territory; and when Napoleon came to destroy the Republic, it was at another bridge over this stream that he fought a critical battle,— the battle of Lodi,— so critical, indeed, that he was obliged, it is often said, to lead his troops in person, to gain the passage. I have often pondered over the different course that history would have taken, if the Conqueror had that hour fallen slain into the Adda.

Among the saintly legends descending to us from imperial times is that of St. Grata, who about 300 " was the daughter of St. Lupo, Duke of Bergamo, and St. Adelaide, both of whom she converted to the faith. When St. Alexander, one of the Theban Legion, suffered martyrdom, she herself wrapped the head in fine linen and reverently buried his body. On the death of her father, St. Grata succeeded him, and governed her people well, setting them an example of good works. She built churches and hospitals, and did all in her power to further the spread of Christianity. She died at length in peace and prosperity." [2] — A singular story, both

[2] E. A. Greene's " Saints and their Symbols."

in its peaceful termination and in its idea of a woman ruling Roman Bergamo as a duchess.

Roman peace and prosperity were soon ended, however; together with Vèrona, Vicenza, Padua, and so many other cities, Bergamo was destroyed by Attila; and it must have been a very thorough destruction, since it has left us practically no fragments of the ancient buildings. But that Bergamo soon rose again, is shown by the fact that she became the capital of a Lombard duchy. In 894 she was conquered by Arnolfo of Germany, with Berengarius; but this subjection lasted only a few years.[3] In the 12th century, after the enjoyment of nearly three centuries of independence and democratic rule, she was drawn into the long struggle between Guelfs and Ghibellines. It was at Pontida, only a few miles from Bergamo, that her consuls in 1167 met those of the other plain-towns to form the first Lombard League, and swore to struggle unitedly against the devastating power of Frederick Barbarossa; — a convention to which Italians always look back with emotion, as the first impulse towards a united Italy!

That same year the federated cities accomplished the extraordinary task of rebuilding Milan, which Frederick had razed to the ground; and the next year they erected the new town of Alessandria — named after their ally, Pope Alexander III — as a fortress to contest the Emperor's southern trips. The Bergamasques fought famously beside their brethren, and became prominent also in the renewal of the League against Frederick II, a half century later; but their city, probably from its lofty location, seems to have escaped the sieges and captures which visited Brescia. Although they thus freed themselves from imperial oppression, it was only to fall into the covetous hands of that very town which they

[3] *Vide* F. di Manzano's compilation of the "*Annali di Friuili.*"

had helped to raise — Milan: a strange end to all their sacrifices and labours.

This change was accomplished at first by their own volition, without their perceiving its significance: the Della Torre had become the supreme authority in Milan, by reason of leading the city's troops in the warfare against Frederick II; and Bergamo, Lodi, Novara, Como, as well as a number of other neighbouring Guelf towns, deemed it wise to entrust to those leaders, about 1263, the command of their own forces, and to obtain their protection by electing them sovereign lords. "Thus began to be formed among the Lombard republics, without their suspecting that they divested themselves of their liberty, the powerful state which a century and a half later became the duchy of Milan. But the Pope, jealous of the house of Della Torre, appointed Archbishop of Milan, Otho Visconti, whose family, powerful on the borders of the Lago Maggiore, then shared the exile of the nobles and Ghibellines." [4]

When Bergamo saw herself pass from the hands of the Della Torre to those of Otho, without her own consent or opinion being asked, she realised what she had done, too late. She was so far west as to have escaped the clutches of Ezzelino da Romano, and be safe from those of the Della Carrara or Della Scala; but she paid for it by the tyranny of the Visconti.

Up to this time the Bergamasques had been violent Guelfs, — so much so, that the story is related that one citizen who discovered his guests to be Ghibellines, by the way they sliced their garlic, violated the sacred laws of hospitality and killed them on the spot. "Ghibellines cut fruit at table crosswise, Guelfs straight down.—Ghibellines drank out of smooth, and Guelfs out of chased goblets. Ghibellines wore

[4] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

white, and Guelfs, red roses. Yawning, passing in the street, throwing dice, gestures in speaking or swearing, were used as pretexts for distinguishing the one half of Italy from the other." [4a] With partisanship reduced to such intensity, it can be conceived how the Bergamasques must have suffered on being transferred to the Ghibelline rule of the Visconti, subjected to Ghibelline nobles, banners, and emblems, and forced to subdue, conceal, and alter their own opinions. But the transition was duly accomplished; Bergamo became Ghibelline, and fought under the Visconti standard, to force other cities to the same yoke.

After Otho Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, had in 1277 suddenly seized and imprisoned the Della Torre, his sole authority was recognised without trouble. Later he associated with him in the government his nephew Matteo, obtained from the Emperor the appointment of them both as Imperial Vicars, and secured the people's acceptance of Matteo as his heir. Both of these were very strong men, and Matteo became "the model of a prudent Italian despot. — He ruled his states by force of character, craft, and insight, more than by violence or cruelty." [5] His successors followed his example. From 1302 to 1310 he was temporarily ousted by the Della Torre and the Guelfs; but with the advent of Emperor Henry VII in the latter year, his welcome by the Della Torre, and his attempt to extort money from the Milanese,— the people rose, expelled Emperor and Della Torre together, and recalled the Visconti.

Matteo's son Galeazzo succeeded him as despot in 1322, and Galeazzo's son Azzo followed, who subjugated ten neighbouring cities, including Brescia, and left a large kingdom, at his death in 1339, to Lucchino, another son of Mat-

[4a] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."
[5] *Idem.*

teo. Lucchino secured possession of Parma and Pisa also; and was soon succeeded by his brother Giovanni. "The Visconti now took the place of the Della Scala as by far the most powerful of all the houses of the Lombard plain. Giovanni held the lordship of sixteen flourishing Italian towns," [6] — including Bergamo, Crema and Cremona. He was Archbishop of Milan as well as temporal ruler,—"the friend of Petrarch, and one of the most notable characters of the 14th century." [7] Upon his death the huge domains were for a time divided, between the three sons of his brother Stefano: Bernabo received Brescia and the three cities last mentioned, Matteo the southern towns, and Galeazzo the western, while Genoa and Milan were to be ruled jointly. But the territories were soon reunited, by the master political craftsman of the *trecento,* the ablest of all the Visconti, the greatest of all Italian despots,— Gian Galeazzo.

Matteo was assassinated by his brothers; Galeazzo died; Gian Galeazzo, as his only son, succeeded him in 1378 in possession of the western towns, and, by long deceiving his uncle Barnabo with a mask of timidity, finally induced the latter, in 1385, to come out of Milan with his sons, and greet his nephew as the latter passed by with an escort of horsemen. It was a fatal error; for Gian Galeazzo with a word to his soldiers seized Barnabo and the sons, entered Milan, imprisoned them, and declared himself sole ruler of the Visconti domains. Then began his endless, far-reaching, secret schemings to make himself the master of all Italy, by any means discoverable,— treachery, murder, bribery, the sowing of dissension and suspicion, the deception of friends and foes alike, the hiring of *condottieri* to make wars, etc.,— means which resulted in the steady addition to his state of

[6] Oscar Browning's "Guelfs and Ghibellines."
[7] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

one city after another, until it extended from the Alps to the Umbrian plain, from Friuli to Piedmont and Liguria.

Gian Galeazzo was as limitlessly ambitious as Napoleon; his whole soul and being centred in empire alone; wine, women, music, the chase, hawking, riding, the play, amusements of any kind, were all alike distasteful to him,—who, a physical coward, passed his whole time in manipulating fearlessly the greatest captains and rulers of the age. "Pure intellect, in fact, had reached to perfect independence in this prince.— It was he who invented Bureaucracy, by creating a special class of paid clerks and secretaries of departments. By applying this mercantile machinery to the management of his vast dominions — Gian Galeazzo raised his wealth enormously above that of his neighbours." [8] He gathered by taxes and forced "loans" some 2,000,000 florins per year,— more than even the income of the French King. "False and pitiless, he joined to immeasurable ambition a genius for enterprise, and to immovable constancy a personal timidity which he did not endeavour to conceal. The least unexpected motion near him threw him into a paroxysm of nervous terror. No prince employed so many soldiers to guard his palace." [9] And it is doubtful if any prince ever had so many deeds of blood and horror to damn his soul. He never went to his end, nor acquired a city, by direct means, or by warfare, if it were attainable by poison, treachery, or the stiletto. Except for his deportment, he was the archetype and incarnation of Machiavelli's ideal prince.[10]

"The systematic plans conceived by Gian Galeazzo for the enslavement of Italy — are scarcely more extraordinary

[8] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."
[9] Sismondi's "Italian Republics."
[10] Machiavelli's "De Principatibus."

SS. BARTOLOMEO E STEFANO: MADONNA AND SAINTS,
BY LORENZO LOTTO. BERGAMO

than the sudden dissolution of his dukedom at his death." [10a] When Florence awaited in dread the closing of the net, ever more closely drawn about her, when Venice watched with dismay the approaching loss of her mainland territories, when papal Rome trembled at the giant hand already reaching from Perugia and Siena, when Naples shuddered at her advancing doom, that would complete the Viper's consolidation of Italy,— suddenly, at only 42 years of age, the master tyrant died of the plague; and they were freed. His dominions by his will were equally divided between the two legitimate infant sons, for whom the widowed Duchess Catherine was appointed guardian; Giovanni Maria was to have Milan, and half the subject cities, including Brescia and Bergamo,— Filippo Maria, the other half, with Pavia for his capital. *But* — the renowned captains of adventure whom Gian Galeazzo had trained and held in leash, at the head of the forces which he had helped them gather, instantly disregarded this will and acted for themselves; while in those cities which they did not seize, the old local tyrants bobbed up again.

In Bergamo the noble families of the Suardi and Colleoni made themselves masters of the town; but soon, aware of their isolated weakness, sold it to Pandolfo Malatesta, the *condottiere,* who with his troops had grasped Brescia in the turmoil. Francesco della Carrara took Verona. The Duchess Catherine now made the error of calling the Venetians to her aid,— who expelled the Carrara from Verona, Vicenza and Padua, but kept the spoil for their own. Catherine was soon poisoned, and Giovanni Maria was murdered at Milan, where he had been indulging in the most inhuman atrocities ever known; then Filippo Maria, likewise a cruel degenerate but more crafty and ambitious, proceeded step by step to recover his father's dominions, by his father's methods.

[10a] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

He was a vile, hideous, cowardly creature, who hid himself from all men in secret chambers, and even constructed canals with high walls by which to pass unperceived from palace to palace; but he had inherited his father's power of using abler men. He discovered Carmagnola, made him captain of his armies, and the latter between 1412 and 1422 successively dislodged the swarm of lesser tyrants,— including Malatesta from Bergamo and Brescia,— and so recovered most of the Visconti territories. Then Filippo renewed his father's designs upon Italy, and attacked the more southerly states with Francesco Sforza the elder as his general,— who had once,— runs the story,— been a woodchopper. When Sforza was killed, his great son of the same name succeeded him. Carmagnola had been so brilliantly successful that the mean spirit of Filippo now was jealous, and disgraced him.

It was Filippo's fatal error. Carmagnola fled to Venice, induced the Republic to yield to the entreaties of Florence to form a league against Milan, and in 1426 led a powerful Venetian army to victory over the Duke. Bergamo was one of the fruits of the campaign, and, with her surrounding lands, became from that time a happy and prosperous Venetian subject. Carmagnola drove the Milanese back on every side; Sforza revolted against the Duke and took for awhile the other side,— bought over by the Florentines. Carmagnola had such great success that he became too independent and indolent for the Venetian Council of Ten, who finally suspected him of treasonable correspondence with Filippo, executed him, and placed Gattamelata in charge of their forces. The *condottiere*, Niccolo Piccinino of Perugia, led the Milanese in the ensuing campaign, with much ability, but small success.

In 1442 Sforza was reattached to Duke Filippo by succeeding in the marriage which he demanded with the lat-

ter's only child, Bianca. Filippo with his aid continued the war against Florence and Venice until the year 1447, when he died,— the last of the Visconti. The Milanese set up a republic; but Sforza, by a long series of deceitful manœuvres — leagues, desertions, treacheries, warfare — succeeded in 1450 in violently imposing himself upon the Milanese as their duke, through the alleged claim of his wife to the throne. The crown thus acquired little benefited his family; it brought them misery and destruction, visited Lombardy with calamities, and proved the undoing of Italy. By disappointing the claim of the French Duc d'Orleans, afterwards Louis XII, whose mother had been the sister of Filippo, it led to the French invasion of 1499, which was the beginning of the new foreign oppression.

On Sforza's death in 1466, five of his descendants rapidly succeeded to his throne: Galeazzo, the eldest son, who was assassinated for his horrible atrocities by three heroes in 1476; Gian Galeazzo, the latter's infant son, who died early,— it was supposed, of poison, by Galeazzo's brother, Lodovico; Lodovico himself, surnamed Il Moro, the ablest and best of the Sforza line,— and his two sons after him. Lodovico ruled from Galeazzo's death until 1499,— first as regent for his feeble nephew, of whose death modern criticism now absolves him, then in his own name. He married the fascinating Beatrice D'Este, held a brilliant court, entertained and visited on a magnificent scale, and profusely encouraged art, in all its branches. For the last sixteen years of his reign he kept the great Leonardo da Vinci with him, who instituted an Academy of Art, and conducted his remarkable school of painting, that became the representative of Milan.

In 1494 Lodovico unwisely called the French into Italy, under Charles VIII, to aid him against his enemies; and in

1499 they returned under Louis XII, in pursuance of the latter's claim upon the Duchy,— occupied Milan, and imprisoned Lodovico at Loches; where he died miserably, after several years in a dark dungeon. So fell the doomed Sforza dynasty, after only three rulers, leaving their country in the hated hands of foreigners. There were two short restorations,— Lodovico's son Maximilian, 1512–15, and his brother Francesco II, 1521–35; but the unfortunate Milanese territory after Lodovico's fall continued to be the scene of constant warfare between the French, the Germans, the Swiss, and finally the Spaniards — who eventually emerged supreme in 1530, when Charles V received from the Pope the iron crown of Lombardy.

It was from the locally illustrious family of the Colleoni that the renowned *condottiere* Bartolomeo Colleoni came, who fought brilliantly for Venice in the wars against Filippo Visconti. More uniformly faithful than Carmagnola, more successful than Gattamelata, by the time that he was old enough to retire he had gathered a vast fortune, which he used in wide-spread charities, and for the maintenance of palaces in Bergamo and castles in the neighbouring countryside; and in these, surrounded by a throng of old companions of the sword, attended by a host of servitors, he held a brilliant court for many years. At his death it was found that he had bequeathed most of his riches to the Serene Republic, — an absolutely unique occurrence,— which came to Venice just when she was in the direst need of money, distressed and menaced by the victorious Turks.

In heartfelt gratitude the Republic erected to her benefactor that glorious equestrian statue in bronze, by the hand of the great Verocchio of Florence, which stands before the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, familiar to all travellers; thus conferring upon the captain a reward of immortality,

from the genius of the sculptor, which he might never otherwise have had. But furthermore — which is not so generally known — he left behind him other monuments in his city of Bergamo: the extraordinary *Cappella Colleoni,* that he commenced in his lifetime, his elaborate sculptured tomb within it, erected by his heirs, and the orphan asylum of the "Luogo Pio Colleoni," to which he devoted his beautifully frescoed palace; — altogether constituting a good part of the old town's principal sights.

Bergamo, and her territory as far as the Adda, remained Venetian from her seizure by Carmagnola in 1428, thus escaping the odious tyranny of the Sforzas, which was fastened upon the rest of the Visconti domains. She sank gladly into a restful, quiet prosperity, isolated upon her hilltop; and gave herself to trade, and the development of that art which has become her crown of glory. Neither the times of Napoleon nor the *Risorgimento* roused her sufficiently to play any leading part,— although she took her due share — and only the recent advent of the manufacturing era waked her business-sense, to spread a new city upon the plain.

Prior to the Venetian era Bergamo seems to have participated very little in the Renaissance of art, in any of its branches, and to have produced only two painters worth mentioning,— the brothers Pietro and Pecino (or Paxino) da Nova, of whom the latter alone has left good works in the city. They evidently studied and followed the manner of Giotto, during the latter part of the *trecento* and early *quattrocento.* After the annexation to Venice, also, no artistic impulse arrived, until the end of the *quattrocento,* when the fame of Gian Bellini drew a number of Bergamasques to his school; and they later returned to revivify their town. Among the first of these students were three born in the same year, 1480, who were therefore companions in Bellini's

studio, and together gazed in wonder at the superior progress made by two of their fellow-pupils, by three years their seniors,— Titian and Giorgione; the latter, however, being the earlier in development, was the genius who most attracted them, as he did Pordenone and so many others,— dazzling their minds and drawing them after him, by the fire of his soul.

Those same three students in due time became three of the leading masters of Venetian painting, inferior only to Titian and Giorgione, and in some respects even their superiors. The greatest of the three, in fact, attained a supreme height all his own, by following his own separate path after he had absorbed the ideas of all the others; this was Jacopo (or Giacomo) Palma, called "Il Vecchio" to distinguish him from his grandnephew. "There is not a line or pencil-stroke in his works that does not divulge the spirit of one who may claim in everything to have been original. From the borders of Piedmont on the west to the Gulf of Trieste on the east,— there is not a city of any pretensions that did not feel the influence of Palmesque art." [11] He was not strictly a native Bergamasque, having been born in the adjacent village of Serina; nor did he return to Bergamo to dwell, living mostly in Venice, and paying but an occasional visit to the little city where he was first educated. Yet Bergamo claims him as her own, and has shone reflected in his glory.

The second of the trio proved also a genius of the very first rank, and, after being influenced by Giorgione and Palma, also followed his own diverging manner to his own supreme eminence,— the far and solitary height of pure, celestial beauty of line. Previtali to my mind attained in depicting the human form an ideality of conception, a re-

[11] Crowe and Cavalcasalle.

finement of modelling and expression, an unadulterated, ethereal loveliness, that mount nearer to the heavenly beings than any one else has climbed. His manner is permeated by some of the quaint restraint of the earlier artists. There is no dross nor superfluity in his serene compositions; they do not depend upon colour or action for their effects; gentle grace combined with lofty dignity and restful bliss, give to his works an enchantment at once peculiar and profound. He was attached to his native city, returned to dwell there, and filled her palaces with those wonderful pictures which constitute her highest beauty. One cannot know Previtali's genius at Venice, Padua or Verona; one must go to Bergamo to achieve that felicity. And he who has not beheld her ideal Madonnas cannot conceive the height of pure loveliness to which human art may reach.[12]

The third of the trio, Lorenzo Lotto — who, though not a native of Bergamo, came there to dwell and labour — was somewhat inferior to the others in loftiness of conception, drawing, and expression, in spite of his continued friendship and association with them; but his works radiate a gorgeousness of colour, a wealth of grace and adornment, an opulence of beauty in composition and form, that are almost exotic in their exuberance, and belong to the most ornamental, striking products of the Venetian school. While Previtali struck a sweet, clear note, Lotto pounded a reverberating

[12] "Previtali," said Rio, "was the most distinguished pupil of Bellini, whom he soon surpassed in the charm of his colouring and the grace and delicacy of his contours. Whoever has seen his productions in his native city, where his happiest inspirations are to be found,— and has experienced the lively and delicious impression which these works must necessarily produce on the mind of every spectator,— cannot fail to recognize the superiority of Previtali, in certain respects, over the other disciples of Bellini."— *Poetry of Christian Art.*

chord like the peal of an organ, that forced attention from every side. He, also, preferred Bergamo as a residence, and adorned her churches with what is doubtless the most splendid, sustained series of brilliant large canvases to be found by one painter in any city of the smaller size. When I think of Bergamo, immediately the vision of those beautiful, richly glowing compositions seems to extend before me like a gorgeous procession. He had "inventive faculty and poetic fancy seldom surpassed.— It is not to be doubted that Lotto's masterpieces were honoured by the Bergamasques with a special veneration."[13]

A fourth Bergamasque painter, some ten years younger than this trio, who like them studied at Venice, and imitated Giorgione, and has also achieved much renown,— was Giovanni Busi, or Cariani, whose works are likewise remarkable for their exquisite loveliness. A goodly number of them remain to embellish the city of his nativity.[14] Of the same period was the rare Antonio Boselli, who came early to Bergamo from his native Val Brembana,— the same who painted that very beautiful Madonna and Saints on the first right-hand pillar of S. Antonio at Padua. His works are few, but mostly display the same grace and wealth of colour,— which show the influence of Lotto. Francesco da Santa Croce was another contemporary student of Gian Bellini.

After this, the great generation, the city produced many lesser artists during the subsequent years of the *cinquecento*, including a few who painted an occasional first-class picture:

[13] Crowe and Cavalcasalle.

[14] "Cariani executed a great number of devotional pictures for his countrymen,— and, besides, many fresco paintings, both for the exterior and interior of various palaces. . . . Boselli adopted the manner of the artists of the fifteenth century,— aiming more at dignity than variety in his compositions."— Rio: *The Poetry of Christian Art.*

such as Enea Salmeggia, called Talpino,— who studied under the Campi at Cremona and Raphael's works at Rome,— Paola Cavagna, who was a pupil of Morone, and a disciple of Paolo Veronese,— and Francesco Zucco, who was taught by the same masters.

There was another field of art, however, out of the beaten tracks and more seldom entered, which Bergamo also took up at the end of the *quattrocento,* and not only made a specialty, but developed to an unprecedented degree. This was *tarsiatura,*— as to which the city occupies a unique position of celebrity and superiority. Four men, who were the greatest inlaying artists of the Renaissance,— together with Fra Giovanni da Verona — carried on this delicate work at Bergamo from about 1500 to 1575. The first were the renowned brothers, Damiano and Stefano da Bergamo, who seem to have conducted a school in their native city, and also left their products far and wide over Italy, including the marvellous choir-doors of S. Pietro at Perugia. The chief of their pupils (as is surmised) was Gian Francesco Capodiferro, who, about 1520–50, "worked after the designs of Lotto, and instructed in the art his brother Pietro and his son Zanino, so that the city continued to be supplied with excellent artificers." [15]

The last great inlayer, probably a pupil of Capodiferro, was Giovanni Belli, who laboured also at Bergamo, executing from 1540 to 1547 the last of the wonderful tarsia with which they all adorned the principal church, S. Maria Maggiore. There, in the choir, their masterpieces repose,— a sight to be equalled nowhere else in the land.

Bergamo was never distinguished in a literary way, but nevertheless produced two remarkable men: Gasparin da Bergamo (1370–1431), the renowned scholar and writer,

[15] Lanzi's "History of Painting."

who lectured at the universities of Padua and Milan, discovered the MS. of Cicero's "De Oratore," and "had the good fortune — to restore the text of Quintilian by the help of the manuscript brought from St. Gall by Poggio, and another found in Italy by Leonard Aretin;" [16] secondly, Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, who was born at Bergamo in 1493, "the son of Ruggero and Caterina de'Tassi, a noble Venetian lady." Deprived by death, at an early age, first of his parents and later of his uncle, the Bishop of Recanati, who had educated him,—"he had just sufficient property to enable him to travel — and spend a life of leisure." [17] So, strangely like his son after him, he became a wanderer through Italy, writing excellent sonnets much appreciated at the time, and which might have achieved more lasting renown, had they not been paled by his son's brighter genius.

In still another branch of art Bergamo has distinguished herself; when the musical revival of the early part of the last century burst forth all over Italy, when Bellini's operas were delighting the Sicilians and Rossini's, the Romans, another giant of equal powers emerged from this little town of Lombardy to entrance the north. It was Gaetano Donizetti. And he has left an imperishable heritage to mankind in his delightful "Lucia di Lammermoor," and other operas.

When I first went to Bergamo, it was in the early springtime. I had been spending the winter in the golden sunshine of the Riviera; and, after repairing primarily to Milan, I set forth in the first warm days of April upon a long-planned pilgrimage that should carry me through all the glorious old towns of Lombardy,— visiting step by step those en-

[16] Hallam's "Literature of Europe."

[17] Henry Stebbing's "Lives of the Italian Poets."

LUOGO PIO COLLEONI: FRESCOES BY PAXINO DA NOVA. BERGAMO

chanting, historic cities, convents and castles of the plain that have preserved for us such wonderful monuments from their heroic era of municipal independence, and from the Renaissance magnificence of the Visconti, the Sforzas, and the Gongaghi. It was to be, in its inception, a circular tour around Milan,— the hub of Lombardy from which all routes radiate. Commencing therefore with Bergamo on the northeast, my design was to swing in one great curve about the capital, until, reaching at last Lodi and Crema upon the east, I should depart from the circle upon a final tangent to Cremona and Mantua.

Upon my arrival at the railway-station of Bergamo, I found it located considerably south of the city. A wide, modern avenue extended straightaway northwest for a mile and more, at whose end rose the steep, verdurous hillside of the old town, crowned by circling battlements,— the thousand crowded buildings within them raising a towered roofline against the sky. Immediately to right and left the fields were mostly open, with lines of recent edifices upon the avenue only; but farther along, halfway to the hill, rose the extensive structures of the lower city.

When the 'bus which I took reached this halfway place, I found another broad, modern street intersecting the first at right angles, and a public garden of some size stretching beside it, in both directions. This was the Piazza Vittorio. Emanuele, the central spot of the lower city; and the cross-street — known as Via Torquato Tasso in its northeastern portion, and Via Venti Settembre in its southwestern — was the principal thoroughfare.

The delightful spring day was rapidly growing dark as we turned into it, and rolled southwestward between its brightly lit shops, to the Borgo S. Leonardo. Here was located the Albergo Italia, on the right side of the way, be-

hind the customary driveway entering underneath the buildings. I found it to be a very comfortable hostelry of the old style, with good food and cheap prices.

The hilltop covered by the upper city is practically triangular in shape, with one point to the south, opposite which lies the lower Borgo S. Leonardo; from the middle of its southeastern face descends a *funicolare,* to the beginning of the long avenue to the station; farther along, three borgoes in a row extend from the hill southeasterly, parallel with the avenue,— Pignolo, S. Antonio, and Palazzo; finally comes the Borgo S. Caterina, opposite the triangle's eastern point. All these scattered, straggling, semi-detached boroughs represent the lower city, over two miles in length,— slightly in the shape of a Roman sword, of which S. Caterina is the hilt, the three in a row form the guard, S. Leonardo makes the broadened head, and the long stretch between the latter bodies constitutes the blade. This stretch is the principal thoroughfare with its accompanying buildings.

The borgoes clearly were, in the Renaissance period,— when smaller and more separated,— individual villages, suburbs of the city on the hill; for their principal churches date back to that epoch,— the same that were filled with masterpieces by Lotto and his fellows. I discerned this as soon as I had started out in the morning, and taken a few steps southwestward to the end of Via Venti Settembre,— where opened the Piazza Pontida, the very centre of Borgo S. Leonardo. The church from which the borough was named faced the piazza on the east, with an old, crumbling, arched portico in a stuccoed renaissance façade; and its basilica-interior exhibited similar signs of age, with a fine *quattrocento* painting on its last altar to right,— a Baptism in the miniature style, much gilded, and having a charming attendant angel.

This piazza, judging by its stalls, was clearly used as the local fruit and vegetable market. Four streets met in it, from the cardinal points of the compass, of which that to the south, Via S. Bernardo, received the tramway coming from Milan; the western Via Broseta led shortly to the modern western gate of that name, and the northern Via S. Alessandro ascended to the southern point of the upper town. This last way I followed, to the church after which it was named, S. Alessandro in Colonna, which loomed quickly on the right with massive bulk. It had likewise a stuccoed renaissance façade, before which stood an ancient Roman column, with fluted shaft and Corinthian capital; this was the column at which S. Alessandro — so said the priests to the credulous people — had been martyred. He was the hero who had been a member of the renowned Theban Legion under the Emperor Maximin, and whose body was so tenderly cared for by S. Grata; hence the church received its name and tutelary saint.

Its interior was another aisleless basilica, vaulted in white stucco with gilded ribs, paved in handsome grey and white marbles, adorned upon the walls with three-quarter columns of red and blue-veined marble (?) rising between the deep altar-recesses to a gilded cornice; between the vaulting-ribs were frescoes in baroque frames, over the intersection of the transept rose a dome, and the large choir, slightly elevated and of even width with the nave, terminated in the usual apse. On the left side of the nave stood a very handsome, modern, oak pulpit, carved with three splendid high-reliefs,— scenes from the life of S. Alessandro. In the left transept I saw a Brescian canvas, an Assumption by Romanino, which had, however, lost all its colours, and even its tone; amongst the dim, cold, dark-grey figures of

huge size, only the Madonna remained distinct and fairly modelled.

Behind the yellow and white marble railing of the choir stood two elegant bronze candelabra of renaissance design, with seductive little angels attached. By the side of the third altar to right I discovered an excellent Last Supper, evidently by Leandro Bassano, of exceptional composition,— the thirteen being seated around a square table with its corner toward the observer,— and its dusk sparkling with strong light-effects from the single candle, whose rays create an effulgent glory about the Saviour's beautiful head. The remainder of the good paintings were in the sacristy off the right transept, which was hung like a gallery; amongst its several dozen canvases was a fine Madonna crowned by *putti,* signed by the rare artist, Giov. Giacomo Gavasio da Poscanthe — the last a village near Bergamo — and dated 1512; also there were two interesting *quattrocento* panels of standing saints, and another anonymous, later work (perhaps a copy) representing in two pieces the lovely, expressive heads of a Madonna and announcing angel.

I returned past the four- and five-storied, modern-looking, stuccoed buildings and shops of Via Venti Settembre, to Piazza Vitt. Emanuele, 600 yards distant, stretching along the avenue's south side in both directions from the Viale della Stazione. The latter entered the piazza from the southeast through an ornamental gateway, composed of two square buildings surrounded by lofty arcades; beyond them loomed a large, domed church, with an imposing portal of columns and pilasters, its drum encircled by other columns, and its dome topped by a statue of the crowned Madonna; and shortly to west of the Viale, amidst the lawns and shrubbery, stood a marble figure of Vittorio

Emanuele II, upon a high, grey granite pedestal guarded by marble lions.

To the east of the Viale the majestic form of the Teatro Donizetti terminated the gardens, a modern structure much in the style of the Paris opera-house; it was built of rough grey granite below and pink stucco above, the latter being shaped into columned window-frames, and larger half-columns supporting a rich frieze and cornice; of the elegant windows the three central were recessed, those at the ends thrown forward in pavilions; while in all the spandrels of their arches reclined moulded figures, and a wealth of carving was simulated upon caps, mouldings, and entablature. If it were real stonework it would be admirable; as it is, it is very decorative.

This operatic palace, to which the Bergamasques have given the name of their great composer, and where they regularly enjoy his works,— besides the general scope of music, — is as splendid a monument to his memory as could be wished; nevertheless upon its farther side, in the center of a rectangular green space called Piazza Donizetti, there stands amidst shrubs and flowers another memorial, but recently erected; and, to my pleasure, I found it had one of the striking, new, unconventional designs with which Italian genius has lately startled and delighted the world. Upon a high square base, approached by double steps in front, was a semicircular marble bench, on which near the left end sat Donizetti, pencil and score in hand, listening with an inspired air,— a most lifelike, impressive figure; before him in the centre stood the beautiful form of the Muse, picking from her lyre, with upturned eyes, the melody which which was passing to the entranced composer. Altogether a most graceful and deeply significant group; — how very far

ahead of those stiff, old, conventional, unmeaning statues with which we have been so long afflicted! Francesco Jerace was the talented artist.

Next to this again, still upon the south side of the street, rises the large Municipio,— a plain, three-storied, modern building, entirely of stucco, painted yellow, with some dark grey, renaissance trimmings; and beside it looms the still larger Prefettura, again of modern stucco-work, but more elegant in design,— its central portion having a monumental loggia upon the upper stories, with six Corinthian columns, the corner pavilions adorned with Corinthian pilasters covered with arabesques, the top row of windows encased in elaborate frames, and surmounted by an elegant frieze and cornice. All is painted a sort of terracotta colour; and within the loggia are visible six panels of reliefs, in large scenes. I entered the main portal, finding a handsome, colonnaded court, agreeably backed by a mass of greenery. It is a constant wonder what grand civic buildings these little Italian cities still put up, large enough for a New World city of many times their size.

On the opposite side of the street there extended from the corner of the Viale for a couple of hundred yards eastward, a line of queer temporary structures, but two stories high, some of wood, others of masonry, occupied by shops and cafés; behind them, as I found upon walking around, there stretched a spacious square field, in good part covered with long rows of wooden sheds, closed and boarded up. This was the site of the long celebrated "Fiera di Sant'Alessandro," one of the famous municipal fairs come down to us from the Middle Ages,— held annually from the middle of August to the middle of September. Of late, however, it has declined until little is left of its former splendour; and consequently the strip of ground next the street has been

yielded up to shop-purposes. On the west side, along the Viale, the field had not yet been built upon; and I walked over there through the deserted, mouldering buildings of the fair, whose forlornness was accentuated by the pools of water left by the last night's rain in the unpaved alleys. Some of the buildings were clearly used for exhibiting horses, others for poultry, farm-products, and manufactures of every sort, others still for shows, bars and entertainments of many kinds; while the wide open space beyond was doubtless in fair-time covered with cattle, and a host of booths of more temporary construction. It was of this place, then, that Lady Montague wrote to the Countess of Bute, from Louvere, on Aug. 22, 1749: "We are all very quiet here, all the *beau monde* being hurried away to the fair at Bergamo, which is esteemed the best in Italy after that of Senegallia."

By the Viale, an unobstructed view of the upper city drove these thoughts from my head. It was a vast castle in the air, suspended there aloft like a mirage, with mighty walls and towers; straight ahead at the end of the avenue, half a mile distant, mounted the steep green hillside to a considerable height, its verdure unbroken by sign of building till near the summit, where the heavy, grey, stone wall of mediæval days swept unbrokenly across, topped by a dense line of horse-chestnut trees several rows deep. Over these rose, upon a higher ground within, the four- and five-storied walls of aged white buildings, one tier above another, piling thickly and confusedly over the whole hilltop, to an uneven skyline of domes and towers. There was the soaring dome of the Cathedral — it could be no other; and the shapely renaissance belfries alternated with grim, truncated, mediæval keeps. The Duomo appeared well to the left; and still farther at that end, in the front line of edifices, loomed

several huge, modern-looking structures of imposing proportions and designs,— one faced with mighty columns, like a temple of the Romans.[19]

This fortified isolation in bygone times must have been as severe as that of any hill-town of the Apennines. No wonder that the mediæval Bergamasques spoke a dialect of renowned singularity, quite different from their neighbours of the plain. Castiglione's anecdote of the Renaissance court of Urbino shows how diverse it then was: "A Bergamasque peasant had just entered the service of a nobleman. The princesses were told that there had arrived a retainer of Cardinal Borgia who was a fine musician, a dancer, and a great oddity. They fetched him in, welcomed him, sat him down among them, and lionised him with great respect. Unhappily the good man spoke an undescribable jargon. The author of the trick made the princesses believe that he was shamming the Lombard peasant for them. The scene lasted a rather long time, while those in the secret were splitting their sides."[20]

Turning back eastward upon Via Torquato Tasso, and reaching the end of the line of temporary shops along the front of the fair-grounds, a classical temple of the Christian faith rose before me just opposite the Municipio,— the grandest church of the lower city, SS. Bartolomeo e Stefano. Its light grey façade stood upon a high flight of steps, and was richly adorned with half-columns and pilasters, in two divisions; it had an entrance-porch upon detached columns, crowned by two statues, with a modern painting in its lunette

[19] "And Bergamo!" wrote George Meredith. "You know the terraces of Bergamo! Aren't they like a morning sky? Dying there is not death; it's flying into the dawn."— Meredith's "Vittoria."

[20] R. de Maulde la Claviere's "The Women of the Renaissance," (translated) Book III.

of the Madonna and saints, in an imitation of golden mosaic. Other statues occupied the angles; and beside the central window overhead, were two panels of reliefs representing the martyrdoms of Saints Bartholomew and Stephen. Entering, I found a spacious basilica of strange colour-effect, due to the old frescoes spread all over the vaulted roof and altar-recesses, as well as to the huge pilasters of imitation-marble, painted red and purple in chaotic waves, upon white ground; centering this sea of colour was an enormous picture in the middle of the vaulting, showing Christ and the Madonna suspended aloft in glory, with a swelling crowd of saints.

Behind the high-altar glowed the treasure of the place, Lotto's celebrated masterpiece of the Madonna enthroned between saints (dated 1516).— "As early as 1513, Alessandro Martinengo — opened a regular competition amongst the artists of the state for an altarpiece in S. Stefano of Bergamo. His choice fell upon Lotto, who was then staying in the city, and it was agreed that the price should be 500 ducats. After three years of interrupted labour the altarpiece was finished, and carried amidst universal rejoicing to the high-altar of the church. The subject here is an adoration of the Madonna. She sits in a rotunda richly decorated with mosaics, and open to the sky, her right hand poised on the head of St. Dominic.—To the right and left stand several saints.—We can still understand the enthusiasm which it caused in the mind of the scribe who wrote on a tablet beneath the predella, that Martinengo, who ordered it, was worthy of the title 'Great,' and Lotto was a painter more divine than human." [21]

[21] Crowe and Cavalcasalle.—"Lotto"—says Corrado Ricci—"owed his delightful individuality to the brilliancy of his vibrating colour. We can never weary of the felicitious intensity of expres-

It is a large canvas, about 10 x 15 feet, with lifesize figures so admirably composed and individually pleasing, above all in such a splendid harmony of opulent, glowing colours, as to compel at the first glance the tribute of wonder and delight. Very lovely indeed is the throned Madonna, with a beatific expression, and a gentle, blessing movement of the hand; back of her stretches an architectural recess, with open colonnades vanishing into gloom, and above her the rotunda closes to a circular railed opening, from which handsome angels look down. These forms are in shades of golden brown, the flying angels who place the crown upon the Virgin's head are in tints of celestial blue, and through the whole composition this charming theme continues, of browns and blues, softly varied and intermingled. It is superlatively decorative; but feeling is there also,— the expression of heavenly calm and joy. Ridolfi calls it "wonderful"; and Lanzi says that Lotto "bestows upon the Virgin and the infant Jesus such finely diversified and contrasted emotions, that they seem as if conversing with the holy bystanders, the one on the right and the other on the left hand." [22]

The choir-stalls here proved also worthy of close attention, having backs decorated by Bergamo's renowned school of *tarsiatura*. They were by Fra Damiano himself, and very remarkable for the many *human figures* introduced in the foreground, with much lifelikeness and grace,— a thing

sion which breathes the sweet, kindly and devout spirit of the artist. Given to prayer and the solitude of the cloister, his work is confined to pictures of sacred subjects, instinct with melancholy. He has left us no records, of the dissipated, gay, or luxurious life of his fellow citizens." (*Art in Northern Italy.*) How different was he in this respect from his contemporary Paolo Veronese, who had the same power of voluptuous modelling and colours.

[22] Lanzi's "History of Painting," Vol. III.

hardly ever essayed by any inlayer. The action, too, was eloquent. Especially beautiful was the scene of Christ and the woman at the well; and exceptionally fine the figures in the martyrdoms of Saints Stephen and Bartholomew.

That afternoon I finished with the lower town, by inspecting its three remaining important churches, farther to the east. The first and chief of them was S. Spirito, which is also located upon Via Torquato Tasso, a quarter of a mile beyond S. Bartolomeo,— on the avenue's south side, just where it ends in the Via Pignolo; the latter being the main thoroughfare of the three borgoes in a row, extending down their middle from northwest to southeast. S. Spirito thus stands in the very centre of the second borgo of the three, S. Antonio, at the southwestern angle of the two streets.

Its external walls are of rough stones and unattractive; all its glory is inside, in the graceful renaissance basilica without aisles or transept, of a general soft grey tint, which forms an ideal setting for the grand array of magnificent canvases that flash and glow from every altar with dazzling hues. In truth this is one of the finest, smaller treasure-houses of northern Italy: here are three wonderful Previtali's — including his conceded masterpiece,— a superb example of the elegant Borgognone, and another sumptuous Lotto. They stand over the arched and recessed side-altars, separated by handsome grey stone pillars, rising from heavy bases to the cornice; and at the four corners of each recess stand smaller, three-quarter pillars, supporting its individual cornice. The large choir, with no flanking chapels, is similarly adorned with grey stone pillars and pilasters. Though all this apparent stonework is probably naught but painted stucco, yet it is a very tasteful, pleasing edifice, of the undebauched period of the early Renaissance.

Previtali's masterpiece I found immediately over the first

altar to left,— an Apotheosis of St. John the Baptist, posed upon a stone block before some ruinous, dark, stone buildings on each hand, between which is visible a far landscape of beautiful shades of brown and blue; while four other saints, also lifesize — Bartholomew, Joseph, Dominic and Nicholas of Bari — stand around him in richly coloured garments. The tone of old gold, the sombrous, dreamy atmosphere, the true perspective, all complement and set forth these natural, attractive figures, with their countenances of that pure, blissful beauty and expressiveness which Previtali could so perfectly portray. There is naught of the vulgar, and no hint of earthly joys, in his holy faces. But the picture has been sadly injured by time and retouching,— the latter so excessive as to lend it almost a modern sheen.

Next it was the delicate work of the Milanese Borgognone, Leonardo's pupil, who spent much time and did much painting in Bergamo;— and who can help being captivated by the exquisite contours of that clever brush, which often give to his forms such supernal beauty! This *pala* is in five parts, in a highly carved and gilded, renaissance frame; a God the Father above, the Annunciation at its sides, the Descent of the Holy Ghost in the large, central, arched compartment, and the coupled figures of Sts. Augustine and Francis on one hand, Sts. Jerome and John the Baptist on the other. The figures are all very true and graceful, St. Augustine being clad in a magnificent, gold-embroidered robe, those of the Annunciation being considerably the most attractive; but the large central tableau is the most effective, the Madonna being enthroned under an arched, coffered ceiling, surrounded by the kneeling and standing Apostles, all looking up with enraptured awe to the descending fiery Dove. This was once very highly coloured, with much gilt ornamentation upon the achitectural trimmings.

THE PORCH OF S. MARIA MAGGIORE, BERGAMO

Over the fifth altar to left was a pleasing Madonna between two saints, with a very lovely angel at her feet reading a book, and two fluttering cherubs holding a curtain over her head,— by the rare Scipione da Lodi, of the Piazza school; a work of much excellence in nearly all respects, whose brightly tinted forms shone boldly from the dark tone and sombre background. Opposite it upon the right were Previtali's other paintings, joined in another gorgeous renaissance frame, of ten compartments; the five below, a Madonna and four saints, being by the master entirely, and the five above, a Resurrection and four saints, commenced by him but finished by his pupil Caversegno. All displayed his fine, rich, old gold tone, and a wealth of Venetian glow and colouring.

Next them, finally, on the fourth altar to right, glittered Lotto's glorious canvas, in a splendour of hues paling all the others: about the throned Madonna stood four saints to right and left; at her foot was a most enchanting little St. John playing with a lamb, pressing its head lovingly to his cheek, and looking out with a happy expression of playfulness; overhead extended a glory of bright clouds and distant angels, flying in every direction, yet surrounding the Holy Ghost in a semicircle, while a crown was held over the Virgin's head by two lovely cherubs. It is a picture conveying the greatest pleasure, transporting the observer to its heavenly, idyllic realm, affecting his senses with its exuberance of colours. "Sparkling as it were, with graces, we meet with a figure of St. John the Baptist, drawn as a child,— expressing so natural and lively a joy, at once so simple and innocent, with a smile so beautiful, that we can hardly believe while we gaze upon it that Raffaele or Correggio could have gone beyond it. Such masterpieces as these, with others that are to be seen at Bergamo,— place him (Lotto)

almost on a level with the first luminaries of the art." [23]

The second of the three churches lay halfway up Via Pignolo, on its eastern side,— the small, Gothic edifice of S. Bernardino; it was of painted stucco, with pointed windows, and a Gothic frieze along the gable. Inside was a low, short, aisleless nave with a wooden, painted roof, and six Gothic recesses for the side-altars,—all newly restored. Over the second altar to right stood its alleged Previtali, a picture of the Madonna seated in a high carved chair within a low, heavy-beamed chamber, St. Dominic to right and St. Jerome to left; traces remained of its once vivid colouring, but the forms and faces were so poorly drawn, almost grotesque, that they could not have been executed by that master-hand. If Previtali undertook the work (in 1523, it is said, two years before his death), certainly the execution must have been done by one or more of his pupils.

Next this was a graceful *quattrocento* canvas, of three lifesize saints, possessing quaint, primitive, smoothly rounded features, and much gilded as to the emblems, ornaments and haloes. I asked the kindly *parroco,* who now came up, for the name of its author; he did not know, but would ascertain. Nothing would do but we must repair to his rooms, close by, where by investigating a certain record he found the painter's name,— Giov. Giacomo Gavasio da Poscanthe. The picture's excellence was explained.

The high-altar-piece of S. Bernardino was another grand Lotto, which illumined the small precincts like a shaft from heaven. It represented the wide plain of Lombardy, brown and green, arched by bluest sky, laden with heavy summer air,— and the Madonna seated high, holding the Child erect upon her knee, with a dark, plush curtain held by angels and *putti* behind and above her head; St. John and three other

[23] Lanzi's "History of Painting," Vol. II.

saints stood around, and at her foot sat another angel reading with bent back. Again the grace of the figures and grouping was fairly voluptuous, and the colouring magnificent as a triumphant pæan, centering in the lovely Virgin's scarlet robe. The glow of the tone was very warm, the personages were lifelike and yet ideal. "What strikes us most in the Madonna of S. Bernardino is the growing tendency to adopt Correggiesque form. The progress of Lotto is apparent, not only in the skilful balance and harmonious lines of a perfect pyramidal composition, but in the large amount of force he gives to colour and chiaroscuro." [24]

The third church was near the northern end of Via Pignolo, where it strikes the Via Tommaso — running northeast to Borgo S. Caterina,— still upon the right side of the way. This was S. Alessandro della Croce,— to reach which I passed many old Renaissance palaces, on each hand, containing handsome courtyards. The ruinous façade of the church was covered with scaffolding, for renovation. Inside I found a renaissance basilica, with transepts, the altars in deep recesses, three per side, the floor of handsome red, white and grey marbles, the vaulting stuccoed and ribbed, and a wealth of gilding of recent date upon mouldings, caps and cornices.

Over the main entrance hung a large Moretto, a Coronation of the Virgin in his pearly tone and finish, of exceeding beauty,— the Father and Son holding a crown above the Madonna's head, seated upon clouds, with many child-angels flying around. Under the second altar to right I observed a marble relief of the Last Supper by Fantone, with some very good figures and quite realistic. A canvas by Palma Giovane, the Saviour with Sts. Roch and Sebastian, hung over the first altar next the ceiling. In the highly

[24] Crowe and Cavalcasalle.

carved, modern, walnut pulpit were two pieces of excellent tarsia, by Don Luigi Salvi. Over the door to the sacristy was a very fine Assumption by Jacopo Bassano, well composed, executed and coloured, of much feeling and dramatic, suspended action. Within the sacristy appeared several good paintings: a risen Christ in clouds, by Lotto, a Crucifixion by Morone, another by Previtali,— containing charming figures of much lifelikeness, grace and sentiment, like all his small pieces,— a full-length form of S. Niccolo di Bari by Palma Vecchio, a panel of the Madonna with two infants in Palma's style, injured but still pleasing, another panel of the Madonna with two angels, by Gavasio da Poscanthe, very aged and interesting, with his customary gilding, and finally, a charming lunette of Christ crowning the Virgin — half-figures, surrounded by little angels — from the brush of Francesco da Santa Croce.

CHAPTER II

BERGAMO THE UPPER

"The world from that Alpine shoulder
Yearns toward the Lombard plain —
The hearts that come, with rapture,
The hearts that go, with pain."

R. U. Johnson.

It was now time to visit the ancient city, beckoning from its storied hilltop; and the next morning I ascended by the *funicolare* from the end of the long avenue to the station. The cable-car mounted the steep hillside between vineyards, plunged into a tunnel beneath the battlements, and stopped at a small triangular piazza in the middle of the southeastern ridge. Tall old houses of five and six stories rose closely roundabout, with mouldering stuccoed walls; one narrow street led to right along the battlements — Via di Porta Dipinta — another led in the opposite direction, and a third, Via Gombito, ran straight ahead to the centre of the town. Upon a house-wall was a late *quattrocento* fresco of the Madonna, under a canopy, endowed with protruding eyeballs and a puckered mouth, but of fair, well-moulded skin; and a little angel sat at her feet, playing a guitar.

I followed the Via Gombito, dark and confined between similar tall old dwellings, with tiny shops in the ground floors. Here was none of the desertedness often found today in Italian hill-towns; throngs of people passed busily to and fro, and gossiped from doorways; — it was the main thoroughfare of the upper city. A lofty square tower was noticeable on the left, built of huge stone blocks, more like Ro-

man workmanship than mediæval. Opposite it to the right opened another small piazza, in which I was directed to the old palace of Bart. Colleoni which he devised for an orphan asylum, now therefore known as the "Luogo Pio Colleoni," — or Colleoni's Pious Place. The building was plain enough externally; but inside, upon the ground floor, lay one of the most delightful early renaissance rooms I have ever seen, frescoed from end to end, upon every wall and ceiling, in a manner and with an effect quite enchanting.

It was of Gothic design, but the decoration was thoroughly Renaissance in its joyous richness, reminding me of some of the halls of the *Reggia* at Mantua. The colours were faded out, the landscapes blurred, the plaster spotted with damp and fallen off in many places; yet what remained was still so picturesque and pleasing that I wondered at the thought of its primary brightness. Every wall, above a vanished low wainscoting, was divided into several square compartments, in each of which sat a throned lifesize divinity, of *quattrocento* quaintness in pose and contour, backed by a dimmed landscape of balanced trees; over each rose a pointed lunette, adorned with figures and designs; the spandrels between the latter curved gently forward to the ceiling, bearing half-length forms of saints in medallions, surrounded with *putti* and a wealth of imagery; around the room above them ran a curving frieze, likewise composed of *putti,* medallions and designs, enclosing the central square of the ceiling, which was painted in imitation of coffered woodwork. All this winsome frescoing was the labour of Paxino da Nova, assisted — as some say — by a number of fellow-artists. There were also a few paintings of lesser worth, including a portrait of Colleoni himself upon his war-horse.

Returning to the Via Gombito, there soon opened to the

west a piazza so striking, so picturesque, that few of its size can equal it as a picture of by-gone days. It was the Piazza Garibaldi (formerly *Maggiore*) the centre and heart of the upper city. Via Gombito here was lined with a handsome, white granite arcade, whose arches sprang from pilasters separated by Doric half-columns,— a renaissance facing, finished to the height of one story only, except at the northern end where it rose two divisions higher; these were adorned respectively with Ionic and Corinthian pilasters, and crowned by an open balustrade, with statues. This building was the so-called Palazzo Nuovo, designed by Scamozzi; and indeed, though of the *cinquecento,* it was the newest thing about the square. From it the piazza stretched southwestward to the opposite Broletto, rising upon its loggia of pointed stone arches, dark, grim and aged, — the very antithesis of the former. The loggia was three large arches wide, and somewhat deeper; in the upper story were two fine, triple, Gothic windows,— at the sides, recessed with tracery,— and at the centre was a broad *ringhiera* of Renaissance days, with marble frame and shafts, below a dark stone framework holding the recent inscription,—"Biblioteca della Citta."

To right of the Broletto opened another, rounded archway, leading to the rear, and then, in the very corner, there mounted a fascinating, old, outside stairway, with worn stone treads, and romanesque columns upholding its tiled roof; while directly behind it soared the municipal tower far aloft, built of rough stone blocks,— to a two-storied belfrey of unframed arches. The buildings on the other sides were plain and stuccoed, although that upon the Broletto's left carried enormous stucco pilasters and heavy window-cornices. The pavement of the piazza was genuinely old-Italian, of bricks laid edgeways with thin stripes

of white stone, like a diagonal checkerboard; and at its centre rose Bergamo's handsome monument to Garibaldi, whose cloaked bronze figure stood upon a high marble pedestal, with small bronze lions at the angles of the base.

How many ages were reflected in this old piazza, from the Romanesque epoch of its tower and stairway, when the city was an independent republic, arming against Barbarossa, to the Renaissance Palazzo Nuovo of Venetian quietude and art, and the modern whitewashed café-building upon the right, under whose awning the loungers of today sipped their syrups at little tables. Other loungers were gathered in groups in the shade of the loggia, and under Scamozzi's dazzling arcade; the sunlit pavement remained deserted, save for an occasional hurrying form. It was of just such an ancient, central piazza, storied in every stone, murmuring with gossip and business in its shady arcades, that Robert Browning wrote lovingly,—

"Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there! —
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by." [1]

What a grand old structure was this Broletto, how simple yet how splendid, nobler than all the other buildings in its balanced, graceful, gothic lines. "The lesson to be learnt from such a building — appears to be the expressive value of simplicity and regularity of parts carefully and constructionally treated; for there are no breaks nor buttresses in the design, and all its elements are most simple, yet nevertheless most beautiful." [2]

Before one of its piers stood a marble statue; and on

[1] Browning's "Up at a Villa — Down in the City."
[2] Street's "Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages."

approaching nearer — for I had hitherto remained at Via Gombito, gazing at the general scene — I found it to represent Torquato Tasso, clad in a Roman toga and laurel-crowned; — a poor, baroque work, but significant of a proper civic spirit. Then, on turning my eyes from the statue to the loggia, sights flashed suddenly upon them through the shadowy archways that thrilled me with amazed delight,— that in an instant elevated the scene to a beauty and picturesqueness many-fold greater. It was like a sudden vision of fairyland, glimpsed through the rents of a cloud. There, behind the dark arcades, shining in the sunlight of a hidden courtyard, rose a vast, old, gothic church, faced by a lofty red marble porch of wondrous delicacy and charm; beside it glistened like the sun itself a temple of white and gay-hued marbles, enriched with sculpture beyond the most fanciful dreams,— an unreal fantasy whose effect was heightened by these partial vistas, which called for the imagination to piece them out; and again, to right of this, glittered a romanesque, octagonal temple, also of brightly coloured marbles and adorned profusely with sculpture, of an exquisite beauty that complemented the impression. The whole impression was indescribable: such a wealth of brilliancy and artistic splendour, poured through the dusky, pointed archways of the old Broletto upon the wayfarer's unsuspecting eyes,— it illumined the ancient square with a sudden radiance whose like is seldom to be found.

Yet I knew these buildings, by report, and understood now the reason of the late Mr. Street's artistic enthusiasm over this strange spot,— sharing his admiration for the architectural effect so cleverly obtained. His view, however, was limited to the gothic edifices,— to that great church of S. Maria Maggiore and its marvellous porch, which he said were the earliest erections, and to the subsequent Broletto,

which the architect, "not fearing — to damage what has been done before, boldly throws across in front of them, but upon lofty open arches, through which glimpses just obtained of the beauties in store beyond, make the gazer even more delighted." My view included those further erections, of the Romanesque and the Renaissance eras, whose scintillating marbles rioted with the staid gothic in such a brilliant opulence of hues and carvings. That next the porch was Colleoni's famous mortuary chapel, constructed about 1480–90 for his tomb and monument; that on the extreme right was the Baptistery, which until recent days had stood within the church.

I started to traverse the loggia, between its heavy, round, monolithic columns, with doric caps,— quite varied from the external gothic piers,— but was obliged to stop a moment to consider its decorative points. Under the archway farthest to right, in a round frame, hung a beautiful *cinquecento* fresco, the Madonna with two infants, of a prominent blue colour in the Virgin's gown and the unclouded sky; though badly retouched, it was still full of charm and the joy of life. On the left wall, in an elaborate frame of black and white marble, hung a later, *seicento* relief, of the crowned Madonna and Child. The flagged floor also held a long, white marble strip, clearly representing the meridian, and still wet from the night's rain, upon which a file of boys were madly sliding with deafening shouts, as though it were a sheet of ice.

Emerging from the loggia, I stood in the narrow courtyard, feeling my attention drawn first and irresistibly to the glistening Cappella Colleoni; though of the least importance in architectural merit, what eye but Mr. Street's could look away from a structure so inconceivably gorgeous! It is a genuine composite of marble rainbows; so intricate and

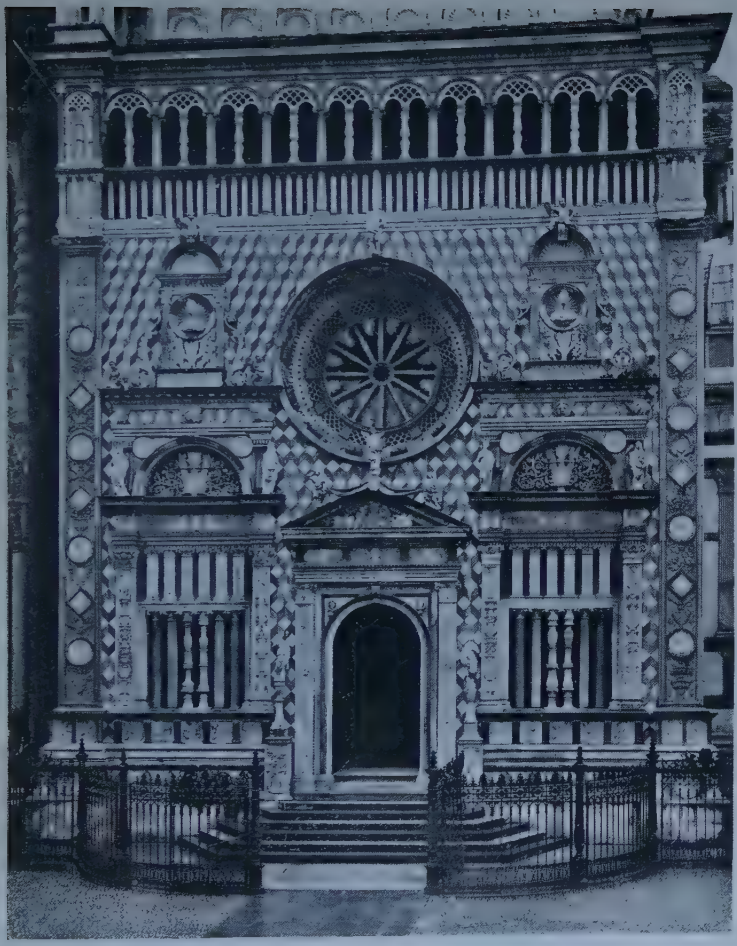
varied are its lines, that every successive literary traveller has resigned in despair any attempt at its description. Yet it is not a large building, and its main features are simply told: a round-arched, single doorway in a classic frame, two rectangular windows at the sides, in the most elaborate frames probably ever constructed, a rose window above, a delicate arcaded gallery beneath the cornice, an octagonal drum, and a lofty dome. And this tells nothing; it can give no idea of the overwhelming mass of decoration that dazzles the conception.

"The Cappella Colleoni — that masterpiece of the sculptor-architects' craft, with its variegated marbles,— rosy and white and creamy yellow and jet-black — in patterns, bas-reliefs, pilasters, statuettes, encrusted on the fanciful domed shrine! Upon the façade are mingled, in the true Renaissance spirit of genial acceptance, motives Christian and pagan, with supreme impartiality. Medallions of emperors and gods alternate with virtues, angels, and cupids in a maze of loveliest arabesque; and round the base of the building are told two stories,— the one of Adam from his creation to his fall, the other of Hercules and his labourers,— the spirit of Humanism, bent ever on harmonising the two great traditions of the past. Of the workmanship little need be said, except that it is wholly Lombard, distinguished from the similar work of Della Quercia at Bologna and Siena by a more imperfect feeling for composition and a lack of monumental gravity, yet graceful, rich in motives, and instinct with a certain wayward *improvisatore*-charm."[3] Giovanni Antonio Amadeo, the most celebrated sculptor of the Milanese school, was this artist who painted and sang so divinely in marble, with so little care or comprehension of form and mass.

[3] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

The adjacent Baptistery, though as fresh, as vivid, and almost as classical as the chapel, is a *trecento* product of the transition from romanesque to gothic, and was but recently brought forth piecemeal from the church to be re-erected on this vacant plot, where its effect in the sunlight is incomparably finer. One does not notice that it is but half the height of the chapel; the close confinement of all the buildings prevents such a comparison. One notices only that it is a "gem of purest ray serene," a happy superior to its neighbour in quiet dignity and harmony of design. Octagonal in shape, the basement of light grey stone has not a break except in the round-arched portal, recessed with dainty red and white mouldings; the second division is a continuous colonnade of slender red and grey shafts, with curious double capitals, and elongated statues set in niches at the angles; the frieze is arcaded trefoil, the grey cornice is delicately cut upon the edges; each ridge of the octagonal pointed roof carries another statue of a saint, and from the ball of the shapely lantern springs a fairylike angel. Behind it rises a joyous background like a painting,— a hillside of private gardens, blooming with vines, pergolas, shrubberies and flowers. Handsome, modern, iron railings separate both this building and its neighbour from the open, and are surmounted by other statues.

As the Baptistery closed one end of the narrow court, so I now found, upon turning my eyes to the left, another light and glistening edifice closing that end, looking down upon the little temple with a huge domed mass many times its size. This would be an entire surprise to an unprepared traveller, for the structure is quite hidden from the piazza. It is the Cathedral, built by Scamozzi in 1614, and inferior in every way to S. Maria Maggiore. Its white stone façade,



THE CAPPELLA COLLEONI. BERGAMO

rising upon steps, in two divisions, is a fairly handsome and imposing Renaissance work, which, however, appears plain beside the others. A single-storied, projecting portico of three arches covers the portals, topped by domes and statuary; the single large window above is in the form of a loggia, with two heavy columns; at its sides are two ornate niches containing statues, and above the classic pediment soars the shapely dome that I had beheld from the plain below.

Finally I turned my attention to the greater church, and its wonderful porch, which Street and so many other critics have extolled. It rests against the aged dark stones of the building's left transept, in the angle formed by the projecting Cappella Colleoni. The mass of the edifice was erected in Romanesque days, about 1140, but this and the corresponding porch upon the southern side were the work of that Giov. da Campione who constructed the Baptistery, in the 14th century. Upon the customary steps two slender, red marble columns rise from crouching lions, to support a rounded arch adorned with a series of exquisite open-work pendants; to the beasts are attached a number of strange little figures, once human in shape but now worn to mere lumps of marble, engaged in clambering over their backs and sides,— one of them laughably engaged in pulling out his lion's tongue; upon the uncorniced platform over the arch rise four shorter columns, straight and spiral, upholding three trefoil arches, of which the central is slightly taller; and the armed S. Alessandro sits his horse in the middle, with a standing saint upon each side. So far all the construction is of red Verona marble, except the pendants and the three trefoil arches, which are grey; and here the pyramid is completed by a third division, entirely of grey mar-

ble,— a two-columned canopy, surmounting the middle trefoil, containing a seated Madonna with two saints, and capped by a plain, angular spire.

"The space at the back of the open divisions, and the wall over the main arch of the porch, are built in courses of red and white marble. All the groining is divided into diamond-shaped panels, composed alternately of black, red and white marble, and all the cusping, of grey. The construction of the whole is very weak, and depends altogether for its stability upon iron ties in every direction. The approach to the porch, by seven steps formed alternately of black and white marble, increases the impressiveness of the grand doorway in front of which it is built, the whole of which is of whitish marble, whose carved surfaces and rich moulded and traceried work have obtained a soft yellow colour by their exposure to the changing atmosphere, and are relieved by one — the central shaft — being executed in purest red marble. There are three shafts in each jamb, carved, twisted, and moulded very beautifully. These shafts are set in square recesses, ornamented, not with mouldings, but with elaborate flat carvings, in one place of saints, in another of animals, and with foliage very flat in character, and mainly founded upon the acanthus.— Such a porch is indeed a great treat — teeming as it does with ideas so fresh and new,— offering so beautiful a study of constructional colouring that it is impossible to tire of gazing at it." [4]

It was of this very porch, perhaps, as seen through the dusky arcades of the Broletto, that Tennyson wrote, upon one of those wintry, rainy days that accompanied his unseasonable visit and darkened with dreariness every scene:

> "And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
> Of sunlight) looked the Lombard piles,

[4] Street's "Brick and Marble Architecture in the Middle Ages."

Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre old colonnaded aisles."

Walking to left beyond the transept, the romanesque style of the church itself became quickly manifest, in a chapel-apse adorned with Lombard pilaster-strips and a charming upper colonnade of detached shafts. Beside it was another entrance, and far above I saw the campanile rising, to a belfry of double white arches. Here the court ended in a narrow passage between the side of the Cathedral and the choir of the church; following it, I found the great apse of the latter decorated with similar romanesque pilasters and colonnade, in fine grey stone, and most effective. The way led me around to the south transept, where Campione's other porch crowned the portal, somewhat similar in construction to the northern but considerably more simple.[5] I entered the church by it,— and stood appalled in the immense, dusky interior.

It had been entirely restored in a vicious baroque manner, painful to contemplate, which quite spoiled the original impressive proportions of the lofty vaulted nave, the broad aisles, the extensive transept, and wide, deep choir. The two-storied, hexagonal, romanesque dome, however, still soared grandly over the centre. The choir was elevated three steps, faced by a splendid wooden screen crowned by a *trecento* crucifixion, and was backed by the five round-arched windows of its noble apse. The only chapels opened from the transepts, on the choir's right and left hand, four in number. The pillars were sheathed in fluted marble; and everywhere above the side arches, on soffits, spandrels, lunettes, upper-walls, vaulting and dome, was spread a vast mass of stucco decoration, upon gilded background and with gilded trimmings, horrible to behold. These same walls

[5] For a further description of this porch, see page 55.

were once adorned with beautiful frescoes of saintly beings by Paxino da Nova; but nothing remains of them save a few meaningless fragments behind the tapestry of the left transept.

These old tapestries, in fact, not only hide the ruined frescoes and greatly compensate for the baroque horrors, but are so numerous and so fine as to make the place look somewhat like the hall of a mediæval castle. One of the largest and best hangs on the front wall, Flemish work of the 18th century, representing a huge Crucifixion; over it is a large canvas by Luca Giordano, a Crossing of the Red Sea, of effective chiaroscuro and considerable dramatic power. On the walls to right and left hang excellent Florentine *cinquecento* tapestries, and from the railings of the music balconies above the choir depend two rare *quattrocento* pieces of the same school. Near these, affixed to the pillars flanking the choir, are twin renaissance pulpits, looking down the nave, of very handsome design in black and white marbles, and carrying upon their steps two beautiful bronze railings of Hungarian *seicento* work.

There are three interesting tombs, located together in the first bay of the right aisle: one is Donizetti's,—a marble pedestal against the pillar, cut with enchanting reliefs of *putti* weeping and breaking their lyres in excess of grief, and bearing a noble figure of the mourning muse; the second, opposite, against the front wall, is also modern, and raised for another of Bergamo's musical geniuses, Giov. Simone Mayr,—representing in marble a group of three lovely singing angels; the third, upon the right wall, is that of Cardinal Longo degli Alessandri, executed originally by Ugo da Campione in the early *trecento,* and lately much restored. Its praises are deservedly sung. The sarcophagus is supported upon mediæval lions, and at the four corners about its recumbent

prelate stand two little angels and two acolytes, while the canopy above them rests on slim columns upheld by two separate, crouching figures of old men; — a delightful gothic design, well executed in grey marble.

Besides Giordano's there is but one painting worth mention, the Christ in Glory of Antonio Boselli, in the chapel to right of the choir,— a curious, primitive panel, showing the Saviour in a *vesica piscis* amidst throngs of angels, with a confused crowd of struggling saints below. Another 17th century Hungarian work is the series of six bronze candelabra, large and handsome, that extend across the front of the choir.— But dwarfing all else in beauty and interest is the unsurpassed *tarsiatura,*—the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Bergamasque school.

First and foremost are the four panels upon the front of the choir-screen, which have rightly the leading place in their art. These wonderful, large scenes were executed by Fra Damiano himself, from the designs of Lotto; and I felt at the first glance that there was naught to be seen like them anywhere. Here again was the portrayal of human figures, in animated, dramatic tableaux of historical import, against striking backgrounds of much diversity and perspective,— figures thoroughly well modelled, posed and grouped, such as that great inlayer alone could execute. On the left of the middle entrance were the Ark upon the Flood and the Crossing of the Red Sea; on the right, David meeting Goliath, and Judith with the head of Holofernes,— the last a marvellous scene, whose terrible tragedy is clearly expressed in the awe-struck women, Judith and her maid, slinking from the warrior's tent, and putting into a bag the grewsome human relic, while behind them in weird contrast stretches afar the moonlit countryside, occupied by the sleeping army.

The choir-stalls, though not so entirely exceptional, are also of great superiority. Every back is closed with a separate, locked panel, all of which the sacristan slowly removed for my inspection. The varied scenes are entirely from the New Testament,— executed by Fran. Capodiferro, in 1520–32; the rest of the inlaid decorations were by Giov. Belli. Once more I beheld tarsia of the effectiveness of painting, with atmosphere, expressiveness, and human forms of extraordinary lifelikeness and grace, engaged in strong dramatic tableaux. How inconceivable that the mere graining and colours of wood could be so far carried! The veriest tyro in art-study cannot fail of impression here.

One more masterpiece remained to surprise me,— this time of the silversmith's work. The sacristan took me into the large sacristy to left of the choir, opened a stout cupboard with several doors and half-a-dozen different locks,— and there blazed upon my eyes in sudden brilliance a great silver cross, one metre high and nearly as wide, laden with a wealth of decoration as refined as it was profuse. It was the celebrated Bergamo Cross, of the *trecento*,— of that superb gothic workmanship which has left us not more than a dozen such supreme examples, in various cities of the peninsula. At the broadened tips of the three upper arms, and affixed just above the base, were four half-figures, of the Madonna, the Magdalen, the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist; at the centre, originally adorned with a precious medallion that has long disappeared, reposed a strongly modelled crucifix of the *cinquecento;* these and the lesser decorations were all of silver; and the base, of the same material, represented a miniature, swelling temple, of domed, oriental form. Upon the back, the four arms bore the symbols of the evangelists, with the exception of a lamb in place of that of St. Matthew; and its centre held an image of God the

Father. Everything was elegantly executed, with a fidelity to nature, a shapeliness, and sense of proportions, such that I could hardly at first believe it a work of the *trecento*. There were also shown me a few things of far less importance, including some specimens of niello ware.

Lunch-time had already passed; so I resorted to the café in the piazza, partook hurriedly of some light refreshment, and returned to inspect the interior of Cappella Colleoni. In it, as Symonds says, "we learn to know Antonio Amadeo, not only as an enthusiastic cultivator of the mingled Christian and pagan *quattrocento*, but as an artist, in the truest sense of the word, sympathetic." [6] Living from 1447 to 1522, entering upon his work at the time when Filarete and Michelozzo had at last succeeded in overcoming the influence of the Lombard gothic and introducing the Florentine style of the early Renaissance, he was one of that great quintet of sculptor-architects (including Solari, Rodari and the brothers Mantegazza, and himself perhaps the greatest of them all) who turned Milan into a city beautiful, and spread their brilliant works over all northern Italy. Of their numerous masterpieces, easily the pre-eminent are the Certosa di Pavia — where Amadeo shines with unsurpassable splendour — the Cathedral of Como, and this same Chapel of the Colleoni.

Through the single doorway I entered a square, lofty chamber, domed at an imposing height, brightly lighted by the round window above the entrance and the oblong ones beside it, and having a recess in the right side, containing the altar. The famous monument of Colleoni faced the ingress, about 15 feet wide and fully 40 feet high, occupying most of the rear wall, and looming overhead with its equestrian bronze statue in splendid effectiveness. On the left

[6] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts," Chap. III.

wall stood the smaller, more delicate, and more exquisite monument of his daughter Medea. Both were of glistening white marble, and the walls gleamed everywhere with whitened stucco painted in soft *grisaille,* except for the huge decadent canvases in heavy baroque frames next the cornice, and the pictures occupying the lofty lunettes beneath the dome. Three of these last were by G. B. Tiepolo,— St. John preaching, baptising Christ, and suffering decapitation, — of a treatment that succeeded only in mocking the sacred subjects. The marbled floor of different hues, the bedizened altar, the dark wood seats and doors, the greyish baroque reliefs above the latter, the gilding of the mouldings and other architectural trimmings, as well as of Colleoni's bronze statue itself,— all conjoined in a glow of colour that at once gave opulence to the scene and set forth the pure, untinted monuments.

The figures of the *condottiere* and his warhorse were modelled by Sixtus Siry of Nuremburg in 1501; all the rest of the tombs was Amadeo's work, as well as the chapel itself,— which however had been considerably altered by the unfortunate addition of the baroque reliefs, pictures, gildings, etc., in the latter part of the 18th. century. Originally it must have been much simpler and more pleasing. The chief monument rises against the rear wall in three divisions. The first is a large rectangular coffer, thrice as long as it is high, supported on four slender, fluted, corinthian pillars, from the bases of which project lions' heads and forepaws; along the lower edge of the coffer, runs a delightful frieze of *amorini* playing with medallions, surmounted by a cornice; and above the cornice it is divided by four statuettes of Virtues into three compartments of dainty reliefs, portraying in a strangely fascinating and graceful style such sombre subjects as the Bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, and the Pietá.

From the middle of its top rises the second division, the sarcophagus itself, upon three fanciful pillars; it is faced with three more scenes in relief,— the Nativity, Annunciation, and Visit of the Magi, of slightly larger figures but likewise delicate and pleasing; by its pillars are three curious seated statues of antique garb, said to represent Colleoni's three sons-in-law, and beside them, at the upper corners of the base, stand two Roman warriors, Mars and Hercules, before the tall corinthian columns which uphold the lofty canopy. This canopy consists of a rounded arch and simple entablature, with Roman medallions in its spandrels; and it covers, not only the gilt equestrian figure, which is stiff, crude and ill-proportioned, but also the two marble nymphs standing beside the latter,— said by some to represent Colleoni's daughters. The mixture of Christian and pagan imagery is thus complete, but not so noticeable as might seem; for the eye is mainly captivated by the brilliant series of reliefs, whose glistening loveliness, joined with the slender grace of the construction, are the pre-eminent factors in the effect.

The tomb of Medea upon the left consists only of a sarcophagus in a shallow rectangular recess, some 8 feet wide by 15 high, framed by corinthian pilasters cut with exquisite arabesques, having its drooping marble curtains drawn up and fastened at the upper corners, and surmounted by a sort of pediment made of a wreath of holly flanked by doves. The sarcophagus rests upon three winged heads of *putti;* its face is divided by fluted pilasters into the customary three compartments, which here contain but a half-figure of Christ in the centre and wreathed insignia at the sides; upon its top lies the maiden's quietly gowned form; and from the tessellated, black and white wall above it, project three small relieved figures,— the Madonna with two female saints, re-

spectively seated and kneeling, upon a tablet with a Latin inscription.

But small and simple as this tomb is, beside the other, it is far more quiet, dignified, and symmetrical, in much better taste and feeling, and has been deservedly lauded by generations of critics as one of Amadeo's most perfect works. "Far more noteworthy," said J. A. Symonds, "than Colleoni's own monument is that of his daughter Medea. She died young, in 1470, and her father caused her tomb, carved of Carrara marble, to be placed in the Dominican church of Basella, which he had previously founded. It was not until 1842 that this most precious masterpiece of Antonio Amadeo's skill was transferred to Bergamo.—'*Hic jacet Medea virgo.*'— Her hands are clasped across her breast. A robe of rich brocade, gathered to the waist and girdled, lies in simple folds upon the bier. Her throat, exceedingly long and slender, is circled with a string of pearls. Her face is not beautiful — but it is pure, and expressive of vivid individuality. The hair curls in crisp, short clusters, and the ear, fine and shaped almost like a faun's, reveals the scrupulous fidelity of the sculptor. Italian art, has, in truth, nothing more exquisite than this still sleeping figure of the girl, who, when she lived, must certainly have been so rare of type and loveable in personality."[7] And again: "The sensibility to loveliness so delicate, and the power to render it in marble with so ethereal a touch upon the rigid stone, belong to the sculptor, and win for him our worship."[8]

Under this tomb I observed another example of the special Bergamasque art,— three fine tarsia panels, of Old Testament scenes, exhibiting many lifelike figures in spirited action; they were a late work, executed by Giov. Batt. Caniana

[7] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."
[8] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts," Chap. III.

toward the end of the *seicento,* and are therefore surprisingly excellent. In the altar-recesses I noticed four other panels by the same hand, almost equally good. Upon the altar stood three *cinquecento* statues of saints, of a noble simplicity; and near it, upon the wall, hung Angelica Kaufmann's beautiful canvas (1785) of the Holy Family with the infant St. John,— a warmly toned, glowing, happily conceived work, of much tenderness, with skilful effects of light and colour; both the children being enchantingly lovely, and one of them prettily engaged in feeding a lamb from a saucer.

The interior of the Baptistery proved to be of no interest, containing only some early reliefs of the Passion, of little value. I crossed to the Duomo, where half-a-dozen beggars crouched upon the steps and around the one open entrance,— forms hideous with rags, disease and deformities, holding out eager claws to the passing worshippers. Every one knows that these beings found at church-doors are practically licensed by the ecclesiastical authorities, who permit certain of them to seek alms there, while the rest are driven away; every one also knows that they have made begging a profession, that they exaggerate their infirmities, keep open their sores, and assume the filthiest of tatters while they have excellent clothes at home. Yet their palms are regularly filled by the devout Italians, who would fear to pass by them to service without dispensing a *soldo* in charity. They look upon the subject in a very different light from the Anglo-Saxon's wrath with laziness and imposture. To them it is a matter of their religion; as they are commanded, they give alms, for the salvation of their souls, with little regard to the merit of the object,— which is especially considered necessary when going to service of mass or confession.

They also *enjoy* giving; Italians are by nature the most

charitable people of the world; no country can compare with theirs in the number of eleemosynary institutions, in the number of the sick, the afflicted, and the mendicant supported,— maintained by the gifts of the poor as much as by those of the rich. Travellers are utterly mistaken when they imagine that beggars exist through the credulous sympathy of foreigners; foreigners give very little, almost nothing; —it is the generosity of the natives. Baretti noticed this curious error a century and a half ago: "Amongst the general characteristics of Italians, no travel-writer has ever been so sagacious or so generous as to observe that charity is one of the most conspicuous,— that charity which is Christianly termed universal love, and liberality to the necessitous. To be convinced that I do not attribute this glorious characteristic to my countrymen out of a blind partiality, the reader needs only to be apprised, that no country whatsoever abounds so much in hospitals as Italy." [9]

The Cathedral, enormous as it is, has but two artistic treasures; — but they are worth an ordinary score. It is a wide, lofty basilica, with transept and dome, a semicircular choir, and gilt arabesques over all the walls, the vaulting, and the drum,— producing an ugly, gaudy effect upon the white stucco. Scamozzi was responsible for these spacious, classical proportions, but the "gingerbread gilding" must have come later. In the bright light the hemicycle of dark, richly cut, high choir-stalls stood forth with much effect. Three deep recesses on each hand held the side altars; and over the first to left glistened an alluring *pala* of Moroni (1575)— the Madonna seated upon a cloud, before an open window showing a wide expanse of green, hilly country and blue sky, with Sts. Jerome and Catherine kneeling below.

Behind the high-altar, enclosed by wooden doors which the

[9] Baretti's "Manners and Customs in Italy," Vol. II.

CAPPELLA COLLEONI: THE INTERIOR. BERGAMO

sacristan unlocked, I was shown one of Gian Bellini's wonderful Madonnas, in remarkable preservation. "Wonderful" is the only word; how else can we characterize the beauty of a feminine form so utterly simple in countenance, garb and attitude, standing with folded hands behind a table on which the sacred infant is playing with some doves in a basket, yet so unutterably lovely in glow of tone and colouring, in perfection of modelling, in gentleness of expression, in the atmosphere of blissful rest, that the observer is inevitably exalted to that realm of beatitude! Compared with its grandeur of modelling and expression, and its harmony of red and blue shades, the row of huge paintings encircling the apse were monuments of inability and decadence. Only one of them was worthy of notice,— the Martyrdom of the Baptist by G. B. Tiepolo, second from the left end.

Returning to the southern porch of S. Maria Maggiore, I gazed for awhile at its quaint supports,— the two standing, well preserved, white lions in front, and the two crouching hunchbacks in rear, from which rose the slender shafts of the canopy; blue and white marbles alternately were used in the voussoirs of the arch and the courses of the spandrels; the frieze consisted of a series of little niches with richly carved statuettes of the Saviour and the twelve Apostles; and over them soared the tall, slim, gothic spire, faced by another niche and statue, elaborately sculped as to columns, gables, crockets and finials. It was very beautiful and inspiring, in the colour scheme as well as in the lines.

To right of it, in rear, the handsome old romanesque *campanile* rose, now clearly revealed from this adjacent piazza, of smooth grey stone up to its fine, white-arched belfry; and flanking the portal were two picturesque chapel-apses, one restored, the other still retaining its original romanesque columns, caps, and arches. Opposite I observed a house

covered with old frescoes whose designs were yet evident,— amongst them some fanciful, large, architectural schemes, with colonnades in long perspective; and upon the near-by corner, framed and covered by a wire netting, stood a restored, pretty picture of the Madonna with saints.

A short way northwest upon the Via Arena, which here runs to the right, lies the small but ancient church of S. Grata, to which I strolled over, finding it noteworthy only for some excellent mosaics. Just south of the piazza, upon a slightly higher elevation, I observed the immense renaissance palace which had been so prominent from the plain, embellished with a central classic portico of great corinthian columns. A walk up the narrow Via Colleoni, the extension of Via Gombito beyond Piazza Garibaldi, also proved rather interesting,— both on account of the street itself, confined darkly between tall, crumbling houses, thoroughly mediæval, and because it led me to an open space at the western angle of the hilltop, looking down its precipitous northern slope to the beautiful vale between the city and the mountains. This was richly verdurous, sparkling with white farmhouses and the buildings of a considerable village.

At this apex of the summit was a large aggregation of old structures which I was told represented the ancient citadel, — that castle of Bergamo which for so many generations had made the city one of the most important fortresses of the *Milanese*.[10] Its strategic value was not lost upon "the incarnate genius of war,"[11] when in 1797 he was consolidating his mastery of the plain. "In order to protect himself from the efforts which an enemy coming from the Valtellina

[10] This Italian word has always been used to denote the whole realm of Milan, in the Mediæval and Renaissance periods; and I know of no corresponding English term.

[11] Madame de Staël's characterisation of Napoleon.

might make on his rear, he caused Baraguay d'Hilliers to seize the castle of Bergamo." [12] Today its ground is covered by an ordinary, dilapidated mass of buildings, the fortifications entirely gone.

Returning along Via Colleoni and Via Gombito I reached again the little piazza at the head of the *funicolare;* thence followed the Via di Porta Dipinta to the left, which descended rapidly, parallel with the southern walls, to the eastern angle of the hilltop, which is considerably lower than the rest of it. Halfway down the slope the rough-brick church of S. Andrea appeared upon the right, flanked by an open yard; and on walking to the rear of the latter, beside the apse, I found myself upon a lofty terrace directly above the trees of the mural promenade, gazing over the walls at the white buildings of the newer city far below, which were scattered long and irregularly through the green fields and patches of wood.

The sun was setting on the unbroken western horizon, and its level, streaming rays cast a haze of glory over the storied scene, spreading the meadows with a velvety sheen, gilding every house-wall, sparkling in distant windows, accentuating with long shadows the lines of cypresses and poplars. Beyond the straggling borgoes, glistening with unreal beauty, a score of tall brick chimneys rose from their broad factories, expelling the faint smoke of dying fires, and gleaming ruddily in the western light. Beyond them, again, stretched the far, historic plain, endowed at this hour with a lustrous, romantic loveliness that thrilled the heart with unspeakable emotions: those endless vineyards, and fields of mulberry trees, those numberless white villas, villages and towns, glittering from the emerald verdure as far as the eye could see, those straight, tall *campanili,* with iridescent tiles

[12] "Italian Campaigns of Bonaparte," Chap. VI.

upon their domes and spires, marking every borough, and piercing like sentinels the level skyline,— what profound recollections did they not awake, of princely avarice, martial struggles, and human misery!

"'Tis at this hour, to the sound of bells, that the genius of old cities seems to gather himself up and overcome the heart."[13] It was true;— for the bells were waking now, as the golden rays vanished from the plain, and the fiery orb sank slowly out of sight. With that pathos inseparable from the song of the "Ave Maria," first from one belfry of the city, then another, then a *campanile* in the distant plain,— far and near the brazen throats joined in the chorus, mellow, or harsh, or sweetly pure; calling to each other over the level tree-tops, answering, replying,— uniting at last in one thrilling anthem of prayer. Sweet hour of twilight, — hour of prayer,— hour of love! — how many times have the poets of every tongue so addressed thee, in merited rhapsodies.

> "Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
> The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
> Have felt that moment in its fullest power
> Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft.
> While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
> As the faint dying-day hymn stole aloft,
> And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
> And yet the forest-leaves seemed stirred with prayer."[14]

Again I thought of the Conqueror who had stood here, remembering how, when never so immersed in war, in government, in reconstruction of the world, the sound of the vesper-bells struck him instantly to silence and emotion. "He would stop, lest the noise of our footsteps should drown any portion of the delightful sound.— So powerful was the

[13] Vernon Lee's "Genius Loci."
[14] Byron's "Don Juan," Canto III.

effect produced on him by the sound of those bells that his voice would falter as he said,—"Ah! That reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne.—I was then happy!"[15]

The "Ave Maria," the "Angelus,"—such beautiful names they are, for this twilight invocation to commune with God. As the elysian diapason lost its singers one by one, sank dreamily down, lingered a moment, and died away upon the sunset air,—I searched my memory for their origin. It was long ago, in ancient or early mediæval Italy, when this hour was the twenty-fourth of the day, that its close began to witness the calling of the devout to their diurnal prayer; and in 1326 Pope John XXII ordered that every good Catholic should say three *Aves* at the sound of the church-bells, morning, noon and night. These were "reckoned by the small beads of the rosary, which are hence called Ave Marias, while the large beads are used in the Pater Nosters." Hence also the natural transition of the term of Ave Maria to the sunset hour and its bell; while the prayer itself received the further appellation of the Angelus.

The service in S. Andrea was already under way, as I turned from the adjacent yard into the dusky nave. This was domed, and separated from the aisles by colonnades (unarched) of stucco painted in imitation of marble, with corinthian capitals; each aisle held one altar in a recess; around the apsidal choir the colonnade continued, in the form of half-columns upholding a painted cornice, and the ceiling was painted in designs to imitate reliefs;—altogether a very strange, but very cheap and modern, construction. Over the right-hand altar stood Moretto's fine canvas of the Madonna with four saints, in a tone of exceptional warmth, with figures beautifully moulded and posed, in a languorous,

[15] Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," Chap. XXVIII.

crepuscular atmosphere; the Virgin sat throned before an ancient broken pillar, against a sky of delicious blueness.— At the end of the right aisle was a modern picture of striking merit,—a St. Anthony of Padua, carrying a child of exceeding loveliness, so cleverly portrayed that they seemed actually detached from the wall as living beings.

Keeping on down the street, I came quickly to a small piazza at the bottom of the slope, and the ruinous old church of S. Michele al Pozzo Bianco — or St. Michael at the White Well — rising behind a dirty courtyard upon an adjacent knoll. Its façade was to be distinguished from the contiguous dwellings only by some lingering *cinquecento* frescoes, of much shapeliness,— a St. Christopher, a pretty, rounded Madonna of pleasing expression, between four angels, and other scenes partly destroyed. The mouldering houses upon the eastern and southern sides of the court once doubtless formed a mediæval monastery. Good wives stood gossiping in the open doorways of their dusky kitchens, and screaming children tumbled round the yard in play.

The sacristan appeared, and admitted me through a simple entrance to the strange, square basilica, without aisles, columns, or transept, covered by a late wooden roof; the last was supported by two gothic, stone, triumphal arches; the structure's great age was indicated by the uneven, crumbling, plastered walls, adorned by early frescoes mostly vanished, and broken by no chapel nor recess except at the rear, where the high-altar space was flanked by little chambers.

Upon both sides of the first triumphal arch lingered a number of primitive saints, by one Giorgius, as appeared from his signature on the left pier, with the date 1440. On the right wall hung a charming canvas of Leandro Bassano, in his best manner,— of beautiful silvery tone and finish, and not too dark; it showed a Coronation of the Virgin, in

clouds, surrounded by angels and winged *putti*-heads, with five saints below in a moonlit blue landscape,— of most winsome colouring, modelling, and light-effects. More extensive frescoes decorated the rear wall above the chapel-arches, and the interiors of the chapels,— the former, and those in the left chapel, being works of the brilliant Lotto. Over the right arch was a scene of the angel appearing to Joachim in the temple, with some fine heads of old men; over the left arch was the Visitation, in heroic figures of much expressiveness, once splendidly coloured; and the small chapel behind it glistened brightly with the master's beautiful forms and hues, on every wall and the ceiling,— works considered among the few best of all his frescoes, and certainly superior to those of the Villa Suardi at Trescorre. So there is no need to journey ten miles from Bergamo to ascertain Lotto's ability in this line.

On the chapel's left wall, below, was an Adoration of the Child, unfortunately mostly destroyed, and above it, an Annunciation; on the rear wall, below, the Journey into Egypt, with lovely figures in the Madonna and accompanying angel, amidst an agreeable, extended landscape; above it, the Birth of the Virgin, excellently composed and realistic in details; on the right wall, below, the finest scene of them all, an Adoration of the Magi,— the Holy Family seated upon the broken steps of a portico of a ruined temple, the Magi kneeling before them, and their train winding sinuously back through the shadowy countryside; above this, the Marriage of the Virgin, not so effective; while the flat dome bore a majestic figure of God the Father, borne in clouds by *putti,* radiating strength and splendour.— The decadent anonymous frescoes of the high-altar recess, on the contrary, were horrifying, except for the ceiling, where shone another image of the Father, with the Evangelists and their

Los Angeles State
and County Arboretum
Arcadia, California

symbols,— of fair drawing, especially in the heads. The right chapel held a pleasing canvas by Jacopo Paulus,— a Madonna between two saints, crowned by two comely angels, — of considerable charm in tone and hues.

The sacristan next led me down a dark flight of stairs on the left of the nave, to a passage containing some early frescoes, of the Saviour and five Fathers of the Church; beyond which, to my surprise, opened a clearly ancient crypt, lighted by small windows, denuded of all furnishing except a simple altar at the rear. Over this altar the aged plaster held a group of primitive figures in the debased Giottesque manner,— the Saviour with Sts. Roch and Sebastian; on the right wall remained a few fragments of a Madonna and saints; and upon the left was a superior representation of the same subject, also lifesize, with the flesh attractively rounded and tinted,—said to have been the work of Paxino da Nova. If this is true — which some doubt — it is a valuable relic indeed.

The twilight was now rapidly fading,— in the crypt we had had to use candles; but keeping on down the street, I quickly reached another piazza, wide, deserted, and grass-grown, faced by no edifices except an old gothic church upon the east, which was backed by a large cluster of monastery buildings. This was the secularized S. Agostino, standing upon the extreme eastern apex of the hilltop; and its subversion to use as a barrack was revealed by the soldiers lounging about the doorways. The façade was of beautiful gothic, with a fine recessed portal, a shapely rose window, and two splendid, long, pointed windows at the sides.

The piazza looked northward over the top of the city wall, with its avenue of horsechestnuts, to the same enticing valley below which I had seen at the western end, with its scattered white villages gleaming amongst the dense verdure;

the opposite hillsides, in their many shades of green upon meadows, vineyards, groves and olive-orchards, were also dotted picturesquely white with peasant's homes and villas of every size, whose each detail was plainly discernible from this height; and behind rose other hilltops, ever loftier and barer, till the farthest summits were but darkening crags against the wondrous, deep blue sky.

To the west was raised a different scene, surprisingly striking and picturesque,— the old town of Bergamo, upon its higher eminence, separated from where I stood by long stretches of empty fields; from the line of houses on the left, sloping down with the street I had descended, cliffs almost precipitate extended northward and northwestward around the upper height, crowned by mediæval stone walls and bastions, dark and frowning, and dominated by the ruins of an imposing castle, with a great round keep and battlemented towers; — while behind them were visible the crowded house-tops and street-towers. I was rightly amazed; for none of all this was to be guessed from within the city. But on inspecting the map, it was evident that this ancient castle stood just east of the piazza of the Luogo Pio Colleoni, hidden, together with the walls and the cliff, behind the jumble of unpenetrated old buildings there. So here was an acropolis within a hilltop,— doubtless the earliest town itself, before its precincts were extended to cover the whole of the summit.

Turning southward from the piazza, a few steps brought me to the eastern gate, Porta S. Agostino,— a mass of heavy masonry pierced by three deep archways, of general renaissance design. Across the bridge over the dry moat, a grand view opened to the east and southeast,— the Alpine foothills stretching afar with successive fertile slopes and rounded crests, and, directly below, the terminal borgo of S. Caterina,

yet unutterably pleasing. Here was Lotto's famous Marriage of St. Catherine, with female forms of fairest skin, brightest eyes, and resplendently hued garments, glistening in a strong light; also Santa Croce's early Annunciation (70) brilliant in tone and colours; Gaudenzio Ferrari's Madonna before a red curtain, looking out with winning naïveté; a number of Moroni's powerful, lifelike portraits, of the first order; and a Christ at table with two Apostles, from the school of Gian Bellini (11) — a beautiful picture, of his softly golden, rayless atmosphere, and quiet charm.

Room III was still more interesting: in the first place, it held some earlier works, including six excellent specimens of Bart. Vivarini, figures of the Madonna and saints, quaintly pleasing, a St. Jerome by Mansueti (186), in a queer landscape of much variety, a grand head of Christ by Basaiti (165) another head by Carpaccio (144) one of Cima's golden Madonnas, with two infants (382) of seductive loveliness, and a fascinating bust of the Madonna by Mantegna, on silk (153) with flesh of most delicate softness and skilful moulding. The Veronese Francesco Morone was represented by a Madonna and saints, half-figures (188), possessing a subdued splendour of form, colour and atmosphere. Finally, there were several Borgognone's of great beauty, especially the Pietá, the S. Caterina, and the S. Agata (375–6–7); and three Previtali's of a loveliness beyond expression, justly placed among the most perfect products of Italian art.

One was a Madonna alone with her Child (184) seated in an old cloister, with the Infant upon a white cushion on her knee; another, a Madonna with Sts. Anna and Joachim (410), before a shattered Roman temple in a sumptuous landscape, the Virgin clad in a simple red dress and blue cloak, holding the Child upon the master's customary white cushion; and in the third (183) she is

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, BY GIOVANNI BELLINI, IN THE CATHEDRAL. BERGAMO

similarly garbed and posed, before a red curtain with no accessories nor landscape, accompanied by two saints and two donors. In all she is endowed with a truly wonderful, celestial beauty, of bewitching gentleness and sweetness of expression, in an atmosphere of golden shades.

The Galleria Morelli consisted of two rooms opening from the second mentioned, smaller in extent, unnumbered, yet possessing a score of superior works, of various schools. Florence was represented by Lorenzo Credi's finely modelled, gentle, expressive Madonna, in an inviting landscape, a portrait-head by Baldovinetti, *al fresco,* Signorelli's small panel of Madonna and Child, Donatello's characteristic terra-cotta relief of the same subject, and three fine specimens of Botticelli,— a head of a young man, a head of Christ, and a large striking panel of the Calumny of a Virgin, in four parts, from the same study as his famous Calumny at Florence, and very similar. From Venice were Cima's richly coloured Madonna and Child, before a wide, blue landscape, and two of Gian Bellini's brilliant treatments of the same subject,— one a bust with no background, the other a large canvas in his best manner (signed), having a charming countryside dotted with castellated towns. From Verona came the rare portrait-head by Vittore Pisano, and two small panels of Moretto,— an injured Madonna with St. Jerome, and a delightful scene of Christ with the woman at the well, effectively shadowed, with a superb figure of the Saviour. Chief amongst the various other schools were specimens of Sodoma, Civerchio, Franz Hals (a portrait head) Boltraffio (a captivating head of the youthful Christ) and Rembrandt's attractive portrait of a young girl, remarkable in its detail and expression.

The Galleria Lochis consisted of three rooms running north from the outer hallway, along the western side, with

pictures even more numerous and valuable than those of the Carrara. Its chief treasures were collected in the final chamber, whose array of masterpieces it would be difficult to find equalled anywhere, in a space of similar size. Most noteworthy in Room I were Mansueti's brightly hued Pietá, and Moretto's enchanting Holy Family, in his pearl and silver tone. Room II was remarkable for Carpaccio's S. Rocco (190) Guido Reni's Franciscan Friar (36) Velasquez's full length portrait of a man (30) Previtali's exquisite Madonna and saints (176) with its noble, lifelike figure of St. Sebastian, Santa Croce's quaint row of saints against a blue sky (214) Holbein's three powerful portraits on black (57, 147, 148) and the extraordinary Pietá of Marcello Venusti (31) of startling realism and vividness.

The final *salon* being almost entirely of masterpieces, I can mention but half a dozen of the most exceptional: the very rare Madonna and saints by Gentile da Fabriano (230) Gentile Bellini's commanding portrait of a Doge (151) Giorgione's two portraits of men (157, 164) Cima's winsome Madonna and Child (142) Francia's noble head of Christ (221) Raphael's marvellous head of a saint (207) Previtali's small but glorious Madonna (171) and Palma Vecchio's very beautiful Madonna and saints (183). There were three small canvases attributed to Mantegna, but more or less doubtfully,— a Resurrection, a St. Jerome, and a portrait of a bull-necked youth; also one attributed by some authorities to Leonardo,— a study of the Madonna and Child in chiaroscuro (136).

Lotto's renowned picture of the Holy Family and St. Catherine adoring the sleeping Child, was in this room (185) — the babe lying upon a green velvet cloth, the others kneeling round about, and a wide, flat countryside stretching to rear,—" one of the most enticing and dainty

pictures of the master."[16] But that which had for me a special interest, was a Madonna with two saints and donor, by Fra Marco Pensaben of Treviso (168), which, I observed, had the same rich tone, powerful drawing, and joyous colouring, as the unforgettable high-altar-piece of S. Niccolo in that town; showing after all that the good friar was quite capable of executing a large share of the excellencies of that masterpiece.[17]

— A number of very attractive excursions may be taken into the country around Bergamo, which is most pleasant for automobilists; but the railways, steam tramways and electric lines are as available as a motor-car. The valleys of the Brembana and Seriana are both interesting, the latter more especially; for its second railway station, the village of Alzano, contains in its church of S. Martino one of Lotto's grandest canvases, the celebrated Death of St. Peter Martyr; — and thence through scenery increasingly picturesque, the road ascends to its terminus at Ponte della Selva, from which, and the near-by Clusone, one may make delightful walking trips and ascents in the Bergamasque mountains, rising to an elevation of more than 10,000 feet.

The excursion through the eastern Val Cavallina is also enjoyable, from Trescorre at the southern end, with its renowned Villa Suardi containing Lotto's extensive frescoes, past the charming little Lago Spinone, to the fascinating town of Lovere on Lago d'Iseo; this lake is beautifully framed by mountains, as is Lovere itself, with its quaint old arcaded houses and Swiss roofs — an unusual combination; and one may see in its churches a number of interesting

[16] Crowe and Cavalcasalle.

[17] *Vide* "Plain-Towns of Italy,"— the chapter on Treviso; where the question of the authorship of that splendid masterpiece is discussed.

frescoes of the Brescian Ferramola, as well as works of Romanino and Fran. Morone.

Upon the plain the most pleasurable excursion is to Colleoni's former countryhouse of Malpaga, where he lived long in such royal state, with 600 of his old soldiers as retainers. It lies about a mile from the tramway station of Cavernago, which is 7½ miles southeast of Bergamo. By continuing on the tramway one would soon reach Martinengo,— once Colleoni's property, but now a seat of the Brescian counts of that name, who also possess the Chateau of Malpaga and its estate,— and, a little further south, the villages of Romano and Antegnate, which, with their surrounding lands far and wide, were two more of the fiefs conferred upon Colleoni by the grateful Venetian Republic. While fighting for it against Filippo Maria Visconti, he had steadily risen in rank until he commanded a *condotta* of nearly a thousand horsemen, and upon the death of Gattamelata in 1440, had received the leadership of the largest forces.

When Colleoni finally settled down at Malpaga to enjoy the great wealth accumulated, his renowned courtly life became not only princely in its magnificence and constant entertainments, but also a prominent example of the new culture of the Renaissance; for Colleoni was a well bred man, of noble birth, from one of the oldest Bergamasque families. He was pious and remarkably benevolent. Through all his territories he executed valuable public works, in aqueducts, fountains, town-walls, civic buildings, irrigation projects, etc.; the many eleemosynary institutions founded and maintained by his own resources, at Bergamo and various other towns, have given him a lasting fame, and claim to the people's gratitude. Churches, monasteries, hospitals, orphan asylums, establishments to dower poor girls, etc., through his genius and munificence have kept alive his

fair name over all this countryside; and even in his death he intervened by his legacy to save the Serene Republic at a desperate crisis of her existence.

No longer does the Castle of Malpaga present any appearance of that brilliant court which made it famous. The description of J. A. Symonds upon his visit several decades ago, included in his delightful article upon "Bergamo and Bart. Colleoni," gave a sad but true picture of the decay into which it,— like so many, many historic castles,— had fallen:

"Its courts and galleries have been turned into a monster-farm, and the southern rooms, where Colleoni entertained his guests, are given over to the silk-worms. Half a dozen families employed upon the vast estate of the Martinengo family, occupy the still substantial house and stable. The moat is planted with mulberry trees; the upper rooms are used as granaries for golden maize; cows, pigs and horses litter in the spacious yard. Yet the walls of the inner court and of the ancient state-rooms are brilliant with frescoes, executed by some good Venetian hand, which represent the chief events of Colleoni's life,— his battles, his reception by the Signory of Venice, his tournaments and hawking parties, and the great series of entertainments with which he welcomed Christian of Denmark —" [18] on the latter's pilgrimage to Rome. Some of these frescoes are by Romanino.

It was in this now forlorn ruin that the great Colleoni spent a large part of "the last eighteen years of his life,— at Bergamo and in his castles of Malpaga, Romano and Martinengo, guarded by the 600 veterans who had grown grey in his service, and surrounded by a company of *savants* and artists in whose society he delighted. The latest biog-

[18] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

rapher of this model *condottiere* (Rio, in his "*Art Chretien*") shows him to have been a pattern of every Christian and knightly virtue, truthful and disinterested, and, though passionate and impetuous, ever ready to forgive his enemies and to recognise their good qualities.— He "transformed Romano into an Escurial, where he divided his time between pious and military exercises, in the midst of his double troop of warriors and monks, his young and old guard, which represented to him his memories and his hopes." "[19]

[19] C. C. Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

CHAPTER III

MONZA AND THE IRON CROWN

"It chanced that in our last year's wanderings
We dwelt at Monza, far away from home,
If home we had; and in the Duomo there
I sometimes entered with her when she prayed.
An image of our Lady stands there, wrought
In marble by some great Italian hand
In the days when she and Italy sat on one throne together.
— And so I left her to her prayers, and went
To gaze upon the pride of Monza's shrine,
Where in the sacristy the light still falls
Upon the Iron Crown of Italy."

D. G. Rossetti's "A Last Confession."

WESTWARD,— to that last confine of Venice, that boundary of patrician ambitions and Visconti hopes,— the Adda. Bergamo lay behind now, upon her massy hilltops, gazing after me with her receding walls and domes and ancient towers, — a picture to stay forever in the mind. Around me stretched the smiling plain, radiant with the varying emerald tints of the far stretching fields of wheat and maize, of the vineyards, the orchards, the rows of mulberry and poplar; but black as ever soared the lines of pointed cypresses, and still in pearly grey extended the endless olive-groves along the hillsides.

In this part of the plain wheat is really the principal crop, as the countless fields devoted to its growth bear witness; over 150,000 bushels annually are said to be raised in the *Milanese;* but even at that, much more has to be imported, to fill the local demands for consumption. It is

another indication of the advancement of Milan and her surrounding territory over the rest of Lombardy and the mountain districts, which still cling so exclusively to the use of Indian corn, ground into *polenta,* that the vile *pellagra* remains nearly everywhere prevalent, as I myself had found. That form of skin- or blood-disease — which is now believed to proceed, not so much from the unvaried eating of the corn, as from the careless consumption of that which is mouldy and improperly dried,— has lately begun to extend its ravages into the southern United States. It has certainly been an accursed plague to Italy.

When Bergamo had receded from sight, the train crossed the Bremba, several miles below the mouth of the valley, and ran slightly south of west, through the beautiful undulating section of the plain which forms the triangle between that stream and the Adda. Gentle elevations billowed away on both sides, delightfully checkered with vari-coloured fields, orchards and copses of wood, and shining with stuccoed villas and farm-houses; the hills upon the right mounted quickly to the rocky heights between the Val Brembana and Lago di Lecco, including the imposing form of Mt. Resegnone, 6,100 feet in height. Soon the Adda appeared, wide and impetuous, rolling southward the deep waters of Lakes Como and Lecco. We crossed it about ten miles south of the latter; and half a dozen miles below us, invisible on account of the river's windings, sat the great historic castle of Trezzo, commanding the rushing stream from its battlemented point. Another time I should by all means journey to Monza by the tramway, which passes through Trezzo village and permits a visit to the castle.

This huge structure, once so famed for its combination of strength and magnificence, now only a shattered ruin, was built by Bernabo Visconti during his lordship of the

Milanese,— that wretched rule which "displayed all the worst vices of the Visconti." [1] There, as at Milan and his other strongholds, he was wont to amuse himself by torturing his helpless subjects, seizing the excuse of any mere accusation of crime or enmity; he cut off their limbs, ears and noses, put out their eyes, racked, stretched, and finally killed them,— even on one certified occasion enjoyed himself by having a peasant, who was charged with killing a hare, eaten alive by his famished hounds. He liked to burn their houses, to watch the flames, and in his zeal even burned a number of holy friars who had come to try to bring him to repentance.

Retribution came, however, upon that day of 1385 when Bernabo rode out of his capital to greet the passing nephew whom he despised and planned to put out of his way; Gian Galeazzo confined him at first in Milan, for a short time, and then, by a queer stroke of fate, in this very castle of Trezzo which he had builded and turned to such devilish uses. But after a few miserable months he perished by poison, together with his sons. Gian Galeazzo went on his way of conquest, expelling from his cities all the Guelfic nobles, and those opposed to him for any reason. Amongst the many noble Guelfs exiled from Bergamo, was Pietro, of the ancient house of Colleoni; during his wanderings a son was born to him, in 1400, at Salza,— the youngest of his children, who was christened Bartolomeo. In 1405, during the confusion following Gian Galeazzo's decease, Pietro with an armed following seized suddenly, by stratagem, this same castle of Trezzo, and proceeded to make himself and his family at home in it.

Then, as he was a generous man, he invited four cousins to share his plenty; who soon repaid the obligation by

[1] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

slaughtering Pietro and his children, leaving alive only the infant Bartolomeo and his mother, closely confined in a dungeon. Such was the rueful commencement of the great *condottiere's* life. The two were later removed to the near-by village of Salza, where he grew up in severest poverty until old enough to enter the profession of arms. A few years later, in 1417, Carmagnola revenged the treachery by taking the castle from Paolo Colleoni, after a brilliant siege.

Across the Adda I was at last upon Milanese territory, which was here the level plain again, as far as the town of Usmate, five miles to the west; there a change would be necessary,— from the branch line to the main road that runs from Milan to Lecco, and up the lake's eastern side to the Valtellina and Chiavenna. But before we had advanced a mile from the river, I was called to the right-hand window to observe a remarkable alteration in the scenery. This whole journey, in fact, is one happy sequence of varied landscape and delightful views; and the scene which I now beheld was not only the most beautiful,— it was unforgettable.

North of the track extended the flat plain, for several miles, with few trees in the immediate vicinity to interrupt the view, which thus ranged out above the more distant woods to a far-spread panorama, entirely different from any I had yet beheld; there, beyond the level ground, stretched indefinitely to the west and northwest a wooded country of innumerable lovely hills, with broad, rounded tops and gently sloping sides,— knolls rather than hills, short but astonishingly close together, arranged in no lines nor conformations, divided by no broad valleys, studding the land like the countless bolt-heads on a mediæval door. Another remarkable fact was the evenness of their height, no summit rising

to obscure a view of those behind it. The endless dark woods were set off and contrasted by light green pastures here and there, and occasional slopes brightly checkered by cultivation; faint streaks of glistening silver marked the presence of lakes and rivers; and everywhere in the sombre foliage, from nearly every hilltop, gleamed afar the white walls of villas,— the finishing touch of human interest that made the scene enchanting. Not a town nor a village was visible,— only these numberless country-houses, peeping one by one from the umbrageous verdure with flashing wall or red-tiled roof, or raising grey battlemented towers above the tree-tops, that marked the sites of the more ancient castles.

No less astonishing was the vast extent of this landscape: on and on it stretched, in beautiful, orderless series of dark, rounded heights, forest- and villa-crowned, league after league, the summits dwindling on the far western perspective, the curving flanks merging in the haze of distance,— till it seemed that I must be overlooking a full hundred miles of country. On the north the boundary of the Alpine wall was nearer,— the peaks around Lake Como, looming bare and rocky, a score of miles away; but farther to the west, beyond that indefinite vista of hills and woods, from the haze in which it ended there rose a sight so magnificent, so breathless, that the beauty of the countryside dropped insignificant from my mind.

A stupendous mountain-chain hung there in the upper air, its mighty form glittering with dazzling eternal snow, its pinnacles scintillating against the sky of deepest blue. Never had I beheld an object more lovely and yet more terrible. Vast as it appeared,— its tremendous height indicated by the extent of the gleaming snow, which seemed to rise from the very foot, up miles of precipices and *aretes*,— it was really a hundred miles away, beyond Lago Maggiore,

on the borderline of western Switzerland. It was Italy's loftiest chain, the second in all Europe,— Monte Rosa. And this wide expanse of charming hill country, with its woods and lakes and glistening villas, so different from anything else in Italy,— was the celebrated Monte Brianza.

> "How faintly flashed, how phantom fair
> Was Monte Rosa, hanging there,—
> A thousand shadowy pencilled valleys
> And snowy dells in a golden air!" [2]

The district of Brianza extends from the triangle between Lakes Como and Lecco, southward halfway to Milan; it is the great summer playground of Milan and its territories, —famed, not only for its natural beauties, but for containing what is doubtless the most numerous assortment of country-houses of any space of equal size in the world. It is one huge park, divided mostly into the private grounds of villas, — thousands upon thousands of them, as I had seen, with their gardens, terraces, groves, pavilions and pergolas. Half a dozen small lakes add to the attractiveness of the dashing streams, the sequestered vales, and the wooded hills crowned with their chateaus, commanding ever delightful views. "Nowhere," as Mr. Richard Bagot has well said, "perhaps in the whole of Italy, is there to be found more idyllic scenery than in the Lombard paradise." [3] It is a paradise however, that is seldom, if ever, seen by foreigners, except the few occasionally invited to share some *villeggiatura*. But, unfortunately, there is a discordant note for the beauty-lover. Too many of the villas are comparatively recent in construction, displaying therefore upon closer view the unfortunate taste of the modern Milanese, with grounds mal-

[2] Tennyson's "The Daisy."
[3] Richard Bagot's "The Lakes of Northern Italy."

treated by being deprived of shade immediately about the house, and distorted with unsuitable adornments.

Lady Morgan has clearly expressed this: —"The neighbourhood of Milan abounds with villas, few of which bear any resemblance to the seats of the English nobility. They are more places of temporary retreat, or casual recreation, than of a permanent or periodical residence. The nobility go regularly at St. Martin's Eve, in November, to settle with their tenants, and frequently stay still Christmas. Their other visits to the country are few and distant, and their *villeggiature* last but a few days.— There were formerly no local ties to attach the Italians to rural life. They had no love of gardening; they did not plant, nor farm, nor ornament. They built, indeed, extravagantly, but never completed; generally speaking, their vast and desolate villas shew a mixture of ruin and neglect, that forms a most gloomy and dreary picture. Terraces, balustrades, colonnades, pavilions, courts, fortifications, towers, temples, and belvederes abound very generally; but green, fresh, delicious nature is almost everywhere excluded." [4] But it must be added that with the recent great increase of wealth, and constant following of English ideas, the estates have steadily improved in appearance; though the newer villas are hideous, there is increasing effort to beautify naturally the parks and gardens, and to adapt the owners themselves to country life.

Baretti gives an interesting picture of this rural existence in the 18th century,— when it was at the height of fashion, before revolutionary times: "The Milanese — generally pass the greater part of the summer and the whole autumn in the country; — Monte di Brianza, where their country-houses chiefly lie, is in my opinion the most delightful in

[4] That is, excluded from the immediate grounds.—Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

all Italy.—There they retire — and pass the time in a perpetual round of merriment, eating, drinking, dancing and visiting; and contributing small sums towards giving portions to the pretty wenches in the neighbourhood.— There the richest people have their *cappucinas;* that is, a part of their country-houses built after the manner of a Capuchin convent, distributed into many small bedrooms, like cells, for the reception of their visitors, who are always welcome provided they come fully resolved to eat plentifully, to talk loudly, and be very merry." [5]

That they had abundant need for this supply of small rooms is shown by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's experience in 1747, when she had but just settled in a rented villa: "I had a visit"— she wrote to the Countess of Bute — " from thirty horse of ladies and gentlemen, with their servants. They came with the kind intent of staying with me at least a fortnight, though I had never seen any of them before; but they were all neighbours within ten miles around. I could not avoid entertaining them at supper.— I sent for the fiddles, and they were so obliging as to dance all night, and even dine with me the next day, though none of them had been in bed; and were much disappointed I did not ask them to stay, it being the fashion to go in troops to one another's houses, hunting and dancing together a month in each castle." [6]

— At the station of Usmate I changed to the train from the north, and headed southwestward to Monza. The Brianza was soon left far behind, and I rolled again through the flat, thickly settled, and highly cultivated plain, whose villages

[5] Baretti's "Manners and Customs in Italy," Vol. II.

[6] The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Vol. II, edited by Lord Wharcliffe.

and habitations became ever more numerous as we approached Milan. This was the *Milanese* proper, one of the few richest and most densely populated tracts of the earth's surface. The inhabitants, from their large proportion of Swiss and German blood, are quite different from the rest of Italians; they share the northern keen commercial spirit, being sometimes called the Yankees of Italy. They are more ingenious, resourceful, hard-working, orderly, advanced in knowledge and the applied sciences, and of more cleanly habits. What was said of them long ago still holds good: they "value themselves upon their being *de bon cœur* — good-natured. They are commonly compared to the Germans for their honesty, to the French for fondness of pomp and elegance in equipages and household furniture; and — they resemble likewise the English in their love of good eating, as well as in their talking rather too long and too often about it." [7] Their invariably genial nature, which is still everywhere displayed to the grateful traveller, was noted also in the 18th century by Mrs. Piozzi, who write, "'*Il buon cuor Lombardo*' is famed throughout all Italy, and nothing can become proverbial without an excellent reason." [8]

My thoughts now roved to the little city which I was so rapidly approaching,— an elongated town of 13,000 people, stretching along the old highway from Milan to Usmate, some eight miles north of the metropolis. Monza is of much antiquity, however, and had considerable importance in the days of the Lombards; they erected her attractive Cathedral, and made it the depository of their Iron Crown, with which so many a monarch has been crowned there during the past dozen centuries. Theodoric himself was attracted by Monza,

[7] Baretti's "Manners and Customs in Italy," Vol. II.

[8] Mrs. Piozzi's "Glimpses of Italian Society in the 18th Century."

and built a palace there to which he occasionally resorted. But it was Queen Theodolinda who identified herself with the place, and made it famous.

This lady, it will be remembered, was the daughter of the Bavarian King Garibaldo who was wooed and won by Antharis, King of the Lombards, while visiting their court in 589, disguised in the train of his own ambassador. Though the marriage was terminated after a short time by the death of Antharis, so much already "the virtues of Theodolinda had endeared her to the nation,—she was permitted to bestow, with her hand, the sceptre of the Italian Kingdom."[9] She wedded this time Agilulf, the Lombard Duke of Turin, who seems to have been a worthy choice; they went to dwell at Monza; and Theodolinda converted her bridegroom and people from the Aryan to the Roman faith, which averted a threatened assault upon the Papacy. Grateful for this double success, the Queen set immediately about the erection of a thanksgiving offering, in the shape of a church to the Baptist; this was the first Cathedral of Monza, which she endowed with her famous collection of royal Lombard treasures.

According to the legend, a heavenly voice spoke to Theodolinda in her hour of meditation, saying that the church should be constructed on the spot where stood a single great tree; and it concluded with the Latin word, "Modo,"—meaning, "In such manner." The Queen replied at once, "Etiam"; which was to say, "Even so will I do." The spot was found, the building commenced, and the place therefore named "Modœtia," which centuries have corrupted into Monza.—A second Cathedral was erected after several hundred years, in the romanesque style; and when that too became decayed and unsafe, in the 14th century, the third

[9] Gibbon, Vol. IV, Chap. XLV.

and present structure was put up, in the Lombard gothic manner, by the same brilliant sculptor-architect, Matteo da Campione, who made the original plans for the mighty cathedral of Milan. Thus did Monza obtain one of the few most splendid gothic churches of Italy.

In mediæval and Renaissance times the little city had no distinctive career of its own; for a time independent, then tyrannised by the Torricelli and Cavalazzi families, it became subject to Milan at an early age. The Visconti acquired a palace-stronghold in Monza, the Forni, now disappeared, in which Galeazzo I, the eldest son of *Matteo Il Grande* and third ruler of the line, constructed a suite of noisome dungeons for their political prisoners; and in those very dungeons he was himself soon after imprisoned, together with his brothers Lucchino and Stefano and his son Azzo, by the Emperor Louis of Bavaria, who acted thus as a result of the treacherous intrigues of a fourth brother, Marco Visconti, in 1327. They were released after eight months of misery, thanks to the influence of the celebrated despot of Lucca, Castruccio Castracani. Galeazzo died the next year, and Azzo bought the Duchy of Milan back from the Emperor for 60,000 florins; after which, in 1329, he revenged himself and his father by the murder of Marco.— At Monza also, Filippo Maria Visconti fought the battle "by which he acquired his brother's inheritance, and the only battle in which he was ever present; he remarked the brilliant courage of Francesco Carmagnola, a Piedmontese soldier of fortune, and immediately gave him a command."[10] This was the start of the latter's great career, which became eventually so disastrous to both Filippo and himself.

It was at Monza, according to Symonds, that Bartolomeo Colleoni was imprisoned by Filippo in 1446. "The Duke

[10] Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics."

yielded to the suggestion of his parasites at Milan, who whispered that the general was becoming dangerously powerful. He recalled him, and threw him without trial into the dungeons of the Forni at Monza. Here Colleoni remained a prisoner more than a year, until the Duke's death, in 1447." [11] Just about this same time, in 1444, the only Renaissance painter of merit to whom the city gave birth, Troso da Monza, was executing various frescoes of the life of Theodolinda in the Cathedral of S. Giovanni Battista, which are still to be seen.

When my train drew into the long, covered shed of the station, shortly before noon, there was upon every hand a crowd, a bustle, a confusion of business, such as one finds only in the vicinity of a great city, and which seemed to indicate that Monza must be growing rapidly above the small size of 13,000 population. Emerging, I found myself upon the old highway from Milan to the north — which forms the long main street of the city,— and fully a mile to the south of the latter's centre. Three- and four-storied, stuccoed buildings of very modern look lined the way, their ground floors occupied by shops and cafés; electric double-decked tramcars from the metropolis whirled by every few minutes; and throngs of hurrying vehicles and pedestrians filled the rest of the thoroughfare.

What a contrast was this from sleepy, retired old Bergamo on its ancient hilltop; I felt as if I had suddenly stepped into the modern riot of Paris or London. Led by a *facchino* carrying my bag, I walked a block or two to the north, to what I was assured was the principal *albergo;* though occupying a new building, it proved to be in arrangements and service in no way superior to any little inn of the most rural

[11] Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

place. But I was given a well-furnished bedroom, and a fair lunch; then started northward again, by tramcar.

A mile was quickly passed, and the car came to its terminal stop in a fair-sized piazza surrounded by buildings several centuries old, with its centre occupied by a picturesque edifice of the *trecento;* this was entirely raised upon high pointed archways, two in breadth and five in length, which constituted a remarkable open loggia. The material was unplastered brick, except for the quadrangular stone piers. The single upper story was capped by a gabled roof; it held upon the southern face two fine old romanesque windows, double-arched, with marble shafts, and between them the original massive, stone *ringhiera*-balcony, crowned by a canopy. Each side was happily adorned with five similar romanesque windows, regular and pleasing; the brick voussoirs of their enclosing arches, as well as those of the loggia, were interspaced with three or five marble blocks, in the delightful old Lombard fashion. Upon the eastern side rose the heavy municipal tower, likewise of brick, to a belfry of double, pointed arches. This fascinating structure was, of course, the Municipio, known also as Palazzo Arengario; and the square was the Piazza Roma, the original market-place of the town.

Close by on the southeast I found the Cathedral, rising upon the east side of a considerably larger piazza, that was surrounded only by simple dwelling-houses, and lay quiet and deserted in the midday heat. The space was well paved in brick, with checker-board lines of white stone, in the mediæval manner; and before the church rose a singular renaissance monument, consisting of twin ionic marble columns, tall and slender, upon a six-foot pedestal, capped by a fragment of entablature, with a wooden crucifix at the apex.—But

that which dazzled my eyes immediately upon entering the place, paling all else to insignificance and absorbing my amazed attention, was the extraordinary, brilliantly coloured façade of the Cathedral, which seemed at first one mighty riot of gay hues, soaring spires, and beautiful gothic decoration.

It was the new façade, put up in 1899–1901, but in the original design of Matteo Campione, fashioned entirely of broad stripes of white and dark grey marbles,— much like the rich Tuscan gothic of the cathedrals of Florence and Siena. It gleamed in the bright sunshine from every varied wall-surface, and glistened from the multitudinous carvings of its windows, cornices, and portal, with a glorious effect, the more astonishing because so unexpected. Only one who has wandered long among stuccoed renaissance and vile rococo, with their everlasting sameness, can realise the joy with which I suddenly confronted this great temple of brightest marble and delicate aspiring lines; even the critical Street was obliged to confess it, "a very fine example of Italian gothic." [12]

Six broad pilaster-strips in Lombard style, simulating buttresses and capped by spires, divided the face into five compartments, the central containing the single portal and rose window. The square doorway and its decorated lunette were deeply recessed, with gothic mouldings, and covered by a handsome porch upheld on slender red marble columns; the round arch of the latter was adorned with rich pendant cusps, its spandrels embellished with open medallions, containing half-figures of saints, and around its top ran an exquisite parapet of small gables and pinnacles. The frame of the huge rose window consisted of a series of square coffers, and a blind arcade of round arches. The two outer compartments of the façade held each a recessed, double, gothic win-

[12] Street's "Brick and Marble Architecture of the Middle Ages."

dow, with a little round opening above it, in a square frame; the compartments flanking the central division contained each a beautiful triple gothic window, with fine marble mullions and tracery, a double round-arched window overhead — more like renaissance work — and another little round aperture, like a tiny rose window, at the top.

Between the spires of the buttresses — which consisted, at the corners, of two delightful, dainty, gothic canopies, enclosing statues — the gabled eaves sloped upward in successive steps; they were underlined by a charming, arcaded, white marble cornice — of trefoil arches upon long slim shafts; they carried rows of heavy white crockets, and terminated at the apex in another pinnacled canopy, which was "certainly very beautiful, of precisely the same type as the pinnacles on some of the tombs of the Scaligers at Verona." [12a] The chief effect, however, lay in the graceful porch and the large mass of carvings around and above the rose window. It had little of the regularity of northern gothic,— the lowest row of windows, for instance, was not upon the same level, but sloped upward with the eaves; and, like true Lombard forms, its height was entirely incommensurate with its breadth. The pleasure which it conferred came from the colouring and the details rather than the mass.—Adjacent upon the left, in utter want of harmony, rose the heavy, square, stuccoed, renaissance *campanile,* bearing a painted clock-face, lifting to twice the height of the church its ugly domed belfry of rococo design; this was added much later, about 1600.

"All the remainder of the Duomo is of red brick, with some particularly good detail.—There is a large, low cloister on the north side, and from this the central tower (over the intersection of nave and transepts) is best seen; it is of two

[12a] Street's "Brick and Marble Architecture of the Middle Ages."

stages, in brick and stone, a good deal arcaded, and has a pyramidal tiled roof, with a square turret in the centre. This forms a dome internally (in the Lombard romanesque manner) which is, however,— as is the whole church — miserably modernised." [13] All of the interior was renovated in the execrable baroque style, during the 18th century.

I approached to examine the attractive portal more closely. The relief in the lunette was clearly of the period of the church's construction — the *trecento* — and was not only, therefore, quaintly primitive, but also happened to be unusually excellent in the grouping and modelling of its many figures, which were arranged in two separate dramatic tableaux, of much expressiveness and grace. The lower represented the Baptism of Christ; originality was shown in the manner of its performance,— the holy water being poured upon the Saviour from a vessel in the beak of the Dove of the Holy Spirit,— while an angel held the garments, and the Virgin with the Baptist and Sts. Peter and Paul stood grouped around. Campione himself must have executed these reliefs.

The upper tableau was an apotheosis of St. John and Queen Theodolinda, the latter being shown in the act of offering a jewelled crown to the Baptist, surrounded by her second husband Agilulf, her daughter Gundiberga, and her son Adaloaldo, who held a dove; while round about appeared several others of the famous treasures which Theodolinda bestowed upon this Cathedral of the Saint. These last were especially interesting to me, depicted here so long ago, demonstrating that they had then the same renown which they enjoy today; for they form the greatest collection of Lombard valuables in the world, as I have hereinbefore indicated, and are the chief inducement for a visit to Monza. Like the preservation of St. Peltrude's chapel at Cividale, by the en-

[13] Street's "Brick and Marble Architecture of the Middle Ages."

GALLERIA CARRARA, BERGAMO; BY ANDREA PREVITALI: THE VIRGIN WITH CHILD AND SAINTS, AND THE CASOTI DONORS AT THE SIDES

closing nunnery, during a thousand years, so these artistic treasures, displaying the powers of the Lombards as goldsmiths, have luckily been kept safe and together through the piety of Theodolinda, in the ever guarded treasury of the Duomo.

Though prepared for baroque horrors of renovation, on my entrance to the nave I was greeted by another disappointment: the roof was so low as to have a crushing, dwarfing effect, and all the other dimensions seemed likewise too small; while the whole of the wall-spaces was completely covered with hideous decadent frescoes, whose disgusting forms flourished also over the vaulting, the choir, the transepts, the walls and ceilings of the aisles, and even the side chapels. It was exceptionally dark, almost the only light entering from the rose window and a few scattered small ones; but the darkness could not hide the disfigurements.

Low as was the nave, the aisles were much lower, flanked by chapels lower still, which were moderately deep, and entered by round arches in the stuccoed, painted walls. The columns fortunately were untouched,— the original, romanesque, octagonal stone pillars, having capitals composed of grotesque forms of animals and human beings. Directly above them extended two rows of large decadent paintings on canvas. The pavement was good,— tessellated in grey and white marbles; and the dome lent a certain dignity to the choir.

The visitor's pleasure in this building must be drawn from the few decorations of the earlier Renaissance. I saw one of them immediately to left of the entrance, a Madonna and Child painted upon silk, with no background nor accessories, simply but effectively coloured, and the flesh prettily rounded. A lamp burned golden beside it in the

dusk, and a woman knelt to it in humble prayer. In the first chapel to the left stood the baptismal font, a small, handsome renaissance structure of coloured marbles,— the base white, the columns grey with white caps, forming an open octagon, with a red cornice and white dome. In the second chapel was a Visitation by Guercino, on canvas, mostly darkened, except for the Madonna's red robes, and showing an earnest but unsuccessful attempt to be realistic in the setting.

The last two pillars on each side were round, and before them projected twin gilt music-lofts, thus unusually prominent and out of place. The frescoes on the end wall of the left transept surpassed all the others in horror, their fearful giant figures being supposed to represent scenes from the Baptist's life; but beneath them I noticed an engaging marble relief of the Madonna's head; and in the adjacent chapel to left of the choir were gathered the most interesting and pleasing objects of the church proper,— including the paintings of Troso da Monza, spread over all three walls. By some critics these have been ascribed to the brothers Zavattari. They are scenes from the life of Queen Theodolinda, especially the story of the building of the Cathedral,— in the restricted manner of the Giottesque school, and considerably damaged.

" It is not easy to follow his inventions, somewhat confused and new in regard to the drapery and the Longobardish customs which he has here exhibited. There are some good heads, and colouring by no means despicable; for the rest, it is a mediocre production, and perhaps executed early in life. He is an artist much praised by Tomazzo for his other works which he left at the Palazzo Landi." [14]

Quite in accordance with this decoration, the tomb of

[14] Lanzi's " History of Painting," Vol. II.

Theodolinda rested here, against the back-wall; but it was surprisingly plain,— a simple, unadorned, stone sarcophagus, with a gabled cover and upright corners, upheld by four small columns with rounded foliage-caps. This indication of the gothic was explained by the sacristan's statement that it was a 14th century work, to which the remains had been transferred when the present Duomo was erected. There can be nothing left of them now, unless it be a little dust; yet it was affecting to think of the royal state and labours, the admirable Christian character, which that dust had sustained so long ago; and now I was to see the very treasures which it had lovingly handled, and bestowed upon this same church (at least the same in its foundations), still unaltered, undiminished, from the day it gave them. How unjust it seems (a trite thought, yet here unavoidable) that inanimate objects should so indefinitely survive the person that made them.

The greatest object of this chapel yet remains to be mentioned,— the object that made Monza famous for a thousand years: within the simple altar, enclosed in two successive strong boxes, locked with many separate keys, reposes the Iron Crown of Lombardy! It is shown to the people but once a year, upon a certain *festa,* and at all other times can be seen only by the payment of 5 lire to the verger. As far as concerns the ascertaining of its appearance, however, that disbursement is unnecessary; for above the altar, within the glass-covered centre of a large cross, hangs an exact duplicate of this historic treasure, even to the attached pendant cross which was worn by the Lombard kings upon the breast. Since one is not permitted to handle the original, an inspection of this duplicate is fully as informing; still it does not convey the thrill, the upsurging of crowded recollections, which are started by the first sight of that simple band of

gold and iron, which so many monarchs placed upon their brows, and for which such numberless lives were sacrificed during a whole millennium.

Many of the visitors are astonished that they behold no iron at all — only a circlet of gold, moderately adorned with upright points and jewels; but on looking at the *inside,* a fine dark line of the baser metal is observed, forming a slender ring within the band. This was beaten from what the Lombard kings believed to be a nail of the true cross, which was acquired by Theodolinda, and esteemed by her successors beyond all other relics. St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who discovered the cross buried underground, according to the legend, sent some of its nails to her imperial son; and it was one of these that finally descended to Queen Theodolinda, whose successors beat it into the circlet form. From the crown's long use in the royal Lombard coronations here at Monza, came the general feeling that it was inseparable from the sway of Italy, and that whatsoever bore it had a sanctified right to the Italian kingdom. "When the dynasty — fell in the person of Desiderius, and the Iron Crown of Lombardy for the first time encircled the brow of a foreign visitor,— Charlemagne, who had won it at the head of his Franks, affected to receive it at the hands of the Roman Pontiff." [15] That was the ceremony of Christmas Day, in the year 800, at Rome.

Later the "north and south of Italy were alike claimed by the German kaiser, who, as inheritor of Charlemagne's empire, called all men his vassals and made them such if he were able. The old and fixed German idea was that to the successor of the great Charles belonged the Iron Crown of Monza,— the homage, the lands, and the money of their

[15] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

Italian subjects." [16] And alas, what a river of life-blood was poured out by the two Fredericks, and their successors, to make that claim acknowledged. When they had at last failed, French and Spanish sovereigns fought over this same crown upon the blood-soaked plain, until Charles V emerged as conqueror; and it was at Bologna in 1530 that he received it upon his brow, as King of Italy, from the hands of the treacherous Medicean Pope.

To the Spaniards succeeded the avaricious Austrians,— whose monarchs thought more of the Iron Crown than of the sway of their northern Empire, who spent their lives and fortunes in struggling to preserve it, and indulged in great ceremonies of coronation to demonstrate their ownership of Lombardy. Last, and perhaps most interesting of all, came that wonderful self-made ruler who loosened the German grip, and constituted Italy the first star in his galaxy of kingdoms: Napoleon, Emperor of Europe, Italian in blood and secret sympathies, who experienced the greatest of all his joys when he pompously assumed the cherished tiara of so many conquerors and races.

"When Napoleon resolved on crowning himself with the most ancient of feudal diadems, he gave to the ceremony all the splendour, and all the imposition, of which it was susceptible. His journey to Milan was like the triumph of a Roman Emperor.— The procession which conveyed the crown from Monza was singular; it was led by a guard of honour on horseback,— a corps of the Italian guards; a carriage contained the municipality of Monza; another followed with the workmen employed to remove the crown; the canons, the syndic, and the *arciprete* of the Cathedral of Monza succeeded; and last came a carriage with the Master of Cere-

[16] Blashfield's "Italian Cities," Vol. II.

monies of the Imperial Court, bearing the crown on a velvet cushion. Twenty-five of Bonaparte's Old Guard surrounded the honoured vehicle. The crown was received in Milan with a salvo of artillery, and the ringing of bells, and at the portal of the Cathedral, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, who bore it through the church, and deposited it on the altar. The guards watched round it during the night." [17]

At the climax of the stupendous ceremony next day, witnessed by all the highest dignitaries of Italy in gala dress, "Napoleon received from the Archbishop's hands the sword, the cloak, and the ring, but he *took himself* the Iron Crown from the altar, and proudly placing it upon his head, exclaimed in a voice that thrilled all present: *'Dio me la diede; guai a chi la tocca!'*" [18] Thus did he who never could brook the thought of an equal, assert his self-made superiority to all his predecessors, that had invariably received the diadem from the Pope.

Formerly, in Austrian days, it was much more difficult to inspect the original crown, which was then kept where the copy now hangs but hidden from view. Lady Morgan speaks entertainingly of her experience with their "red-tape" methods: "To obtain permission to inspect this relic was a matter of interest and time.— The order was signed by the Grand Duke and countersigned by the Governor of Milan; and it was despatched the night before our visit to the Chapter of Monza.— The canon who conducted us — retired to robe for the ceremony, and returned in grand *ponticalibus,* preceded by a priest with a torch, and some *corici* in their white, short surplices. When they arrived

[17] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

[18] "God gave it me; woe to him who touches it."—Imbert de Saint Armand's "The Court of the Empress Josephine."

before the shrine of the Iron Crown,— the priests fell prostrate; the sacristan placed a ladder against the cross, ascended, opened the shrine, and displayed the treasure in the blaze of the torch-lights; the priests below filled the air with volumes of odorous vapours, flung from silver censers, and nothing was visible but the blazing jewels, illuminated by the torch, and the white drapery of the sacristan, who seemed suspended in mid-air."

Upon the wall of the left transept I noticed several curious representations of the crown in coloured bas-reliefs, showing the slender black iron circlet within, with underwritten statements concerning the last three coronations at which it was used. On the right wall of the south transept is another curious, early relief, representing the coronation here of the Emperor Otho III: the six electors of the Empire stand beside him, the first of them, the Count of Saxony, holding the imperial sword; while to left upon the altar appear some of the gifts of Theodolinda to the Duomo. This was the more interesting because Matteo da Campione himself is said to have been the sculptor. Near it was frescoed a still stranger, enormous Crucifixion, with the cross depicted as the branching tree of the Church.

Two later paintings adorned the faces of the pillars flanking the entrance to the choir, single life-size figures of the *cinquecento,*— a St. Joseph by C. Proccacini, and a S. Gherardo by Luini, the latter being a work of considerable beauty. On the ornate marble balustrade between them I noticed, embossed, the queer emblem of Theodolinda, a hen with seven chicks,— the little ones representing the seven provinces of her kingdom. Within the high-altar, shown on the first Sunday of September only (together with the Iron Crown) is kept the celebrated *Paliotto* which King Berengarius gave to the Cathedral,— a plate of gilded silver, graved and em-

bossed, representing in seventeen scenes the principal facts of the Baptist's life; it is also inset with a large number of precious stones, and otherwise elaborately decorated.

I returned to the left transept, and through the adjacent sacristy entered the windowless cabinet which constitutes the Cathedral's treasury. It is an octagonal room, with a huge cupboard occupying every side except that of the doorway. Their double wooden doors, very heavy and some fifteen feet high, were locked at the top, middle and bottom with large keys, and further secured by iron bars thrust through outer grooves, and also locked. The agreeable, well-informed verger had a hard task in the simple opening of all these; but when they *were* opened, the dazzling sight that burst upon me — gleaming gold, shining silver, glistening statues and reliefs, coruscating gems of every species, row upon row and case after case, scintillating innumerable like the spoil of ancient Rome, glowing with artistic beauties still more invaluable,— for awhile in truth overwhelmed me with wonder and admiration. I had seen many a cathedral treasury, many a museum's thesaurus, many a store of royal jewels,— but never anything approaching this, in amount, variety, or historical and artistic value.

Crosses, cups, vases, medallions, chalices, monstrances, pyxes, crucifixes, statuettes, lamps, candelabra, platters, mitres, coffers, goblets, ewers, urns, *épergnes*, reliquaries, vessels of every shape and size, all glittering in gold or silver, embossed, engraved, perforated, damascened, intagliated, relieved sumptuously with figures and designs, and in large part set with iridescent gems, cymophanous or prismatic as the changing hues of the chameleon,— they were of every size and nature, of every make and manner, of every epoch since Roman days, from Theodolinda's gifts of the 5th and 6th centuries through all the Middle Ages, to the latest Renais-

sance. And not only goldsmith's work was here; I saw diptychs and other reliquaries of the most precious ivory carving, delicate ancient glassware, dainty terra-cotta, valuable papyrus, oriental silks and other cloths, exquisite leatherwork, ceramics of varied nature, etc.,— the few of less intrinsic worth being venerated for their historical associations.

Several of the cases were entirely filled with the vases, urns, candelabra, and other objects of large size, a great many of them standing two and three feet high,— of solid silver, decorated with engravings and reliefs. The central case, and the second upon the left, were devoted to the smaller and more precious articles. In the latter — to mention a few of those most noteworthy — I observed three splendid crosses of gold, covered with sparkling gems of inestimable worth: one of the 6th century, with five golden pendants, which hung from the crown of King Agilulf; another, the "*Croce del Regno,*" which was worn with the Iron Crown, distinguished by a beautiful amethyst with an intagliated figure of Diana, that was given to Theodolinda by St. Gregory; the third, a pectoral cross of the 7th century, given by St. Gregory to the Queen's son Adaloaldo, upon which the Crucifixion is executed in niello. In the same cupboard stood Theodolinda's own crown, glistening with large jewels set in Lombard style; her original emblem of the hen and seven chicks, of gilded silver with gems for eyes; her famous Sapphire Cup, said to have been cut from a single stone, the largest sapphire in the world, and supported by a chiselled gold chalice of the *quattrocento;* her filagreed gold reliquary, alleged to contain some teeth and other portions of St. John the Baptist, its face adorned with a great many jewels; and a magnificent large *trecento* goblet of enamelled gilt silver, embellished with many little figures of saints, which formerly

belonged to Gian Galeazzo Visconti, as is indicated by his arms upon it. There were also many other precious gifts of Theodolinda.

Amongst the countless treasures of the central case I observed but a few ancient pieces,— a 6th century, Greek, terra-cotta medallion, and some ivory diptychs of the 5th to the 7th century, one of which represented Galla Placidia with her son Valentinian III and the brilliant general Actius whom he slew.[19] The rest were Renaissance works, including five beautiful ivory carvings of the 14th to the 17th century, both French and Italian, an exquisite *patena* of silver-gilt, engraved with a Madonna and Child, dated 1807, a large pyx of gilded brass, of the *seicento,* and three exquisite chalices of that and the succeeding century, of silver-gilt, copper, and copper-gilt, handsomely adorned with sculpture and precious stones.

Upon the right were chiefly large pieces,— prominent among them, a great crucifix carrying a golden Christ, both the sides brilliantly relieved with dramatic scenes from the lives of the Baptist and St. Gherardo,— a 17th century work. Here also were sumptuous silver episcopal croziers, beautiful silver candelabra with gilt trimmings, and pompous monstrances with glistening golden rays and *foci* of pearls and garnets. One monstrance in the third case on the left, an immense one, was heavily gilded and blazed with the fires of 1270 *precious stones;* and two mitres in the first case were almost solid masses of gold and varied jewellery,— Sicilian handiwork of the 13th century. What interested me even more was the little worn breviary lying beside them, looking incongruously simple and poor, which was once the pocket-companion of the noble Saint Carlo Borromeo.

[19] *Vide* "Plain-Towns of Italy": the chapters on Brescia, with account of the Cross of Galla Placidia, and of her life.

As I gazed at these incredible masses of precious stones,— especially those of Theodolinda and the earlier ages, which are larger and purer, and scattered profusely in the crude Lombard settings as one would throw pebbles upon the ground,— again that feeling of the infinite wealth of ancient Rome came upon me, which had arisen when I beheld the single cross of Galla Placidia at Brescia; but it was tenfold stronger here, where glittered the riches of a kingdom. Most of these jewels were Roman once, without a doubt, beginning with those of Theodolinda and the Lombards, which they had but just seized from the hands of Gothic spoilers. The picture of the Imperial City in her full pride of majesty and splendour rose before my mental eye: those miles of stately forums, porticoes, temples, basilicas, baths, palaces,— those hundreds of miles of majestic avenues, those thousands of statues, hundreds of thousands of columns, millions of people; then the awful horror of the inrushing barbaric hosts, savage, uncouth, dressed in skins and iron, ravaging like bestial madmen amongst what they could not comprehend, pillaging, destroying, applying the ruthless torch; and of all that peerless grandeur, from those scenes the most heart-rending of earth's history, now there remain to us only a few broken marbles in Rome, and these precious stones, scattered through the treasuries of Europe. I thought of Gibbon's description of the first sack, made by Alaric and his Visigoths in 410.

"In the pillage — a just preference was given to gold and jewels — but after these portable riches had been removed by the most diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the wagons, that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most delicate

works of art were roughly handled, or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe." [20]

— The verger next led me through a doorway in the left aisle, adjacent to the transept, into an open passage or sort of little court upon which the sacristy-window looked,— also the three windows of the Archivio above it, having gothic *trecento* frames very beautifully ornamented in terracotta. Opposite these another doorway and a corridor admitted us to a small ancient cloister, once used as a cemetery, now deserted and decaying. In the wall of its west corridor the verger unlocked and swung open a concealed door, revealing to my startled gaze a complete skeleton covered with its shrunken flesh, standing upright before me, fastened to the back of a narrow closet with a glass face; though its left foot and ankle were in place, the leg-bones had been violently severed just above the ankle, showing the evident cause of the unfortunate's disease. It was a tall frame, nearly six feet in height; and all the parts were so well preserved that it did not seem possible it could be five centuries old,— considering the mediæval ignorance of embalming.

Yet so it was; for this grisly relic was once Prince Ettore Visconti, the cousin of Filippo Maria, who was distinguished from the rest of that family by his physical bravery and prowess as a warrior. In the struggle for Gian Galeazzo's principalities after the latter's death, Ettore had his foot taken off during the battle near Monza by one of those rounded stone balls shot from the primitive bombards of the time; as he was young and strong this would today have cost him merely a limb, but in their *quattrocento* ignorance he was permitted to bleed to death. The body was found here not

[20] Gibbon, Vol. III, Chap. XXXI.

very long ago, amongst the remains of a broken coffin buried in sand, which seems to have acted as a preservative. Its tallness was a characteristic of the Visconti family,— as I noticed again, a few months later, in the sculptured image of Gian Galeazzo at the Certosa.

I walked back to my hotel, along the principal thoroughfare, whose modern plastered buildings, busy shops, hurrying throngs and clanging tramcars, produced more than before upon me the impression of ugliness and vulgarity. Amidst all this, when I had passed several blocks, there rose upon the left, in strange incongruity, an old gothic church-façade of the *trecento,*— one of those charming Lombard edifices of brick and terracotta, disfigured by no paint nor stucco, which so indefinitely preserve their fresh appearance. It possessed the quaint cognomen of *S. Maria in Istrada,* or St. Mary in the Street; and its front, though not large nor imposing, was beautiful as a piece of Florentine mosaic,— the reddish brick being daintily relieved by the mass of lighter cotta decoration. Whosoever would build a brick church today would do well to carefully study this exquisite, renowned design, a perfect specimen of its class.

In the first story there was but a central, recessed, gothic portal, its cotta mouldings enclosed by a frame of square cotta *plaques* with relieved designs; above this opened a most lovely and delicately formed rose window, with very pleasing double pointed windows at the sides, having marble shafts,— all three surrounded by rectangular frames of the relieved *plaques;* in the third story was a central gothic niche holding a statue of the Madonna, with a circular aperture at each side open to the sky behind, and recessed with many mouldings; these last *should* open into the nave, but it is too low; finally there came the crowning gothic frieze and cornice, also of terracotta, and the most beautiful fac-

tors of it all. The interior is modernised and uninteresting. — From this spot to the hotel it was but another ten minutes' walk, which was covered in ample time for a little rest before dinner.

The next morning, after making due inquiry, I again took a passing tramcar bound northward, but this time one of those which continue through the central Piazza Roma, and some three-quarters of a mile beyond, and which are marked by the sign "*Castello Reale*." The car was a genuine "double-decker" of the Parisian style, immense and heavy, the upper floor also roofed, and surmounted by the continental hoop-like trolleys. Below were separate compartments for the first and second classes; and above, reached by winding steps at each end, was an open extent of uncushioned wooden seats for the lower class. With this enormous carrying capacity of more than a hundred persons, all seated, such cars must be invaluable for congested traffic. The upper floor, too, as I that morning experienced, is delightful for travel through the country, being open to the breezes and sufficiently elevated to command wide views over the garden-walls; at the same time, if rain or violent wind occur, it is quickly enclosed by strong canvas curtains.

At some distance north from the centre of the town the street became an avenue of handsome shade trees, lined by good-sized dwellings interspersed with lawns and gardens,— the buildings themselves mostly modern and ugly, but the verdure of considerable charm. Then a structure of gigantic size came into sight upon the right, lying far from the road, flashing in the dazzling sunlight with what seemed hundreds of windows. It was the famous edifice that I had come to see,— the historical Chateau Royal of Monza. The car stopped for an instant before the monumental gate-ways,

THE CATHEDRAL OF MONZA

of massive wrought-iron wickets suspended between high stone pillars; and I descended.

Through the ironwork was visible a wide, imposing avenue of approach, its macadamized roadway flanked by stretches of turf, and these enclosed by two long lines of ornamental white stone posts some ten feet high, which carried fences of slender iron pickets; behind these transparent railings on each hand appeared various out-buildings surrounded by lawns, flower-beds and clumps of trees,— simple, stuccoed structures with dark stone trimmings; and straight ahead at the avenue's end rose the monster-palace, as regular in form as a regiment of Prussian guards. The central pavilion and projecting wings were three stories in height, the long connecting bodies, but two; yet even those two, in royal fashion, had the loftiness of half a dozen or more modern floors. The material was clearly stuccoed brick, with painted dark stucco trimmings; the style was Italian rococo, but nevertheless of a remarkable quiet reserve and considerable dignity. The numerous windows were shaded by simple heavy cornices, and divided by painted pilasters one storey in height; a prominent *cornicione* crowned each long division; the entrances were no longer than the windows, being but two small doorways at the sides of the central pavilion, approached by double steps. Not a statue was in sight,— only a few marble urns rising along the roof-balustrade of the pavilion, and a multitude of chimneys standing on the tiles. The wings extended far toward the road, ending at their inner corners in two cubical pavilions a storey and a half in height, decorated with many dark pilaster strips and flat gables.

Over the whole edifice and its grand approach hung an air of desertedness and decay; weeds and grass had sprouted in the neglected driveway, in such numbers as to darken the

gravel; and the rusting iron gates betrayed an uninterrupted closure of years. Yet it is not an old building, having been erected about 1780, for the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand, who then governed Lombardy,— a thorough type of those vast palaces of the rococo era upon which the sovereigns of Europe wasted so many millions, in poor imitations of Versailles. The location here was prompted by the magnificent and extensive park that stretches from this point far to the north and east, one of the most precious royal legacies from the Sforzas; the tops of its giant trees were visible now from the gate, over the roofs of the out-buildings on the left. In respect to it, at least, the Austrian rulers outshone the French. The viceroys came regularly to enjoy its cooling shade during the summer heat, bringing all their court with them, and setting up here a temporary and miniature capital.

Archduke Ferdinand and his wife, the spirited Beatrice d'Este,[21] sole heiress of the Duke of Modena, were especially devoted to this imposing retreat of their own construction; the latter "held a considerable ascendancy in Lombardy, by her birth, which she ripened into a more considerable influence, by the display of all those qualities so prized by the old nobility. Replete with aristocratical prejudices, bigoted in all the fullest force of the term, haughty and despotic," [22] she made this palace for a good part of the year the centre of all reaction against the new tendencies which were bringing on the downfall of feudalism. The drama which was developed at Versailles, in which her sister-in-law Marie Antoinette took an unconscious part, was here repeated with more vindictiveness and intention. As I gazed over the grass-

[21] Not to be confounded with the earlier and more famous Beatrice d'Este, the wife of Lodovico Sforzo, il Moro, of the later *quattrocento*.

[22] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

grown avenue I seemed to catch a glimpse of the brilliancy of those days,— the court seemed alive again with gay-hued, silken cavaliers and ladies, powdered and bewigged, with scores of gorgeous servants hastening hither and thither, with brilliant, arriving carriages, and painted sedan chairs.

"Fashion in the — circle of Beatrice strove to imitate that ridicule which the flimsy but brilliant court of her sister-in-law — was playing off against such men as Neckar, Turgot, etc.— All those whose personal interests were trodden on or whose prejudices were shocked (by the advance of the new ideas) grouped round the Grand Duke and Duchess in their retreat at Monza." [23] But it was all in vain. The revolution came, and triumphed; mediæval despotism fell forever; the French Republicans drove the Austrians from Lombardy, Bonaparte seized the Iron Crown, and Eugene Beauharnais as his viceroy occupied the vacated palaces. To this splendid villa he brought his fair young bride, Augusta of Bavaria, who equally with himself enjoyed the admiration and devotion of the Milanese; and their residence in this charming spot became one of the prettiest scenes of the new era.

Napoleon, in one of his letters written to Josephine during his visit to Lombardy in 1807, mentioned that he had been to see Princess Augusta at Monza, and found her health improving. His presence here then lends the palace additional interest. The buildings, the gardens, the hot-houses, the park, were all so much improved by the French, "that on the return of the Austrians they found their dreary old villa no longer cognizable as the spot where Beatrice was wont to hold Tarocco parties." [23a] Andrea Appiani, the imperial court painter, had decorated at Napoleon's order the

[23] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.
[23a] *Idem.*

rotunda, the new theatre, and other apartments, with a series of striking frescoes, which are still the principal object of interest within. But no visitors are admitted, and I could not even pass the gate.

After another half-century of Austrian viceroys, the chateau and park passed to the kings of United Italy, like the other royal and ducal residences throughout the land. "In all the chief towns of Italy there is a royal palace, and one or more villas in the vicinity. These residences of the rulers of the former various Italian states, have been, with very few exceptions, maintained as royal residences, constituting by no means a small item in the expenses of His Majesty." [24] King Humbert visited the chateau occasionally, being here on the occasion when the cholera broke out in Naples, in 1884, — whereupon he promptly abandoned his *villeggiatura* and hurried to work boldly amidst the contagion. It was here at Monza, as all remember, that he was later slain, by an anarchist's dagger; and since that tragedy the villa has not once been opened,— nor probably will be during the present monarch's reign. The associations are too sad. In the little city a memorial chapel has been erected on the spot where the assassination occurred, in a street some distance from the centre; it was not quite finished when I was there, but was dedicated soon after. It is a curious combination of monument and chapel, and for that reason well worth seeing; the latter being contained in the heavy square base, upon which rises a lofty round shaft, of imposing size and gracefulness.

— I walked on from the palace gate, northward to the public entrance to the park a furlong beyond. Here was the terminus of the tramway. Through the entrance I looked down a beautiful vista of large trees running straightaway

[24] Luigi Villari's "Italian Life in Town and Country."

east to a far distance,— a fine, white highway, confined between rows of luxuriant maple and horsechestnut; while the spreading wood on each hand was of trees still taller, great elms and beeches predominating,— not set thickly, but with open glades, and turf devoid of underbrush. Advancing, I discovered through the trunks a high iron picket fence upon the right,— the boundary of the palace grounds, which include also a section of the wood, intersected by pleasant paths, with moss-grown statues and fountains. There the nobility were used to stroll, and whisper gallantries, secure from vulgar intrusion.

From the main avenue occasional by-roads parted, winding through the luxuriant foliage, or leading straightaway between twin regimental files; — grand "cathedral aisles" were these, beneath the lofty elms and oaks, paved with grassy turf unspoiled by shrubbery; and good-sized meadows opened now and again, whose glistening sunlight emphasized the cooling shade. From these last hay is yearly gathered, and down one far vista on the left I saw the large barn-buildings where it is stored, looking not unlike a pleasant forest-villa. These splendid woods would afford the most delightful rambles and picnics to northerners suffocated by Milan's terrible summer heat, and longing for fresh air and greenery; — so easily reached, as they are, by the electric tram from the apse of the Cathedral. But that which now awaited me, ahead, unseen and unforeseen, was the wonder that made the whole trip notable, and which would crown with joy a day's excursion.

I had advanced perhaps half a mile from the entrance, and had already thought several times of turning back, when there opened to the left a field of large size, running far away to the north between clean-cut lines of majestic maples; and beyond the field's farther edge, over the treetops,

billowing endless to the north, there loomed into the sky a stupendous chain of mountains, so vast and formidable that their mighty crags seemed close at hand. Upon the nearest the colours were green and brown,— meadows below and bare crags above; but beyond these few, far loftier and dentated, extended a great line of glittering snow-peaks, dazzling-white from their mid-heights to the pointed summits scintillating against the blue,— peak after peak soaring still more aerial as they retreated afar towards the Alpine heart. It was a magnificent sight,— the more overwhelming from its sudden and unexpected looming forth, the more beautiful from its contrast with the luxuriant forest and level plain.

This was clearly the chain of peaks surrounding Lake Como, now quite near me on the north. Doubtless they were more snow-clad than in mid-summer; but at any time they must be from this point an impressive spectacle. A little to left of them the yet more distant and higher Alps were visible, beyond the lakes,— another whole range of dazzling summits, seemingly poised at an indefinite height. Through the still, clear air every crag and pinnacle were sharply outlined; yet they hung there, shrouded in that romantic effect of unreality, of unattainable distance, which renders so delightful these vistas from the plain, and which thrills us again from the backgrounds of the Old Masters.— Ruskin spoke of it:

"In an Italian twilight, when 60 or 80 miles away, the ridge of the western Alps rises in its dark and serrated blue — there is still unsearchableness, but unsearchableness without a cloud or concealment,— an infinite unknown, but no sense of any veil or interference between us and it; we are separated from it, not by any anger or storm, not by any vain and fading vapour, but by the deep infinity of the thing

itself.— I find that the great religious painters rejoiced in that kind of unknowableness, and in that only." [25]

Retracing slowly my steps through the forest ways, I returned to the *albergo,*— packed my few effects, and took the first express-train after lunch for the south. Swiftly we sped across the fertile, monotonous landscape, as level as a floor, whose ceaseless villages, farmhouses, and smoky towns flitted by like a dream. The factory-chimneys became gradually taller, and more and more frequent; the luxuriant countryside disappeared; and we rolled through a sea of buildings stretching to the horizon.

— An hour later I was once more walking the pavement of the grand Piazza del Duomo of Milan, traversing the throngs of the splendid Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, and gazing up with swelling heart at the countless white pinnacles of that wondrous fane, which atones for nearly all the crimes of Gian Galeazzo Visconti.

[25] "Precious thoughts from Ruskin."

CHAPTER IV

SARONNO AND VARESE

"I stood beside Varese's Lake,
Mid that redundant growth
Of vines and maize and bower and brake
Which Nature, kind to sloth,
And scarce solicited by toil,
Pours from the riches of the teeming soil."

Henry Taylor.

A GLANCE at the water-system of western Lombardy should be first taken by him who plans to visit its points of interest; for it was by those arteries of trade, and those lines of defence, during hundreds of years before railroads were dreamed of, that the cities of man were built up and aggrandised, and the boundaries of his states delimited. It is at once observable that this portion of the plain consists mainly of one great quadrilateral, formed by the lakes on the north, the Po on the south, the Adda on the east, emptying the waters of Lake Como, and the Ticino on the west, emptying those of Lake Maggiore. Both of these last two rivers are tributaries of the Po, flowing generally a little east of south; and the Ticino forms for more than half its length the western boundary of the province proper.

At what is practically the exact centre of this quadrilateral of the *Milanese,* stands its capital, the metropolis of the plain, connected with all three rivers by large navigable canals, which were constructed by the mediæval rulers, and were the cause of its material supremacy. For it was by the Po, its numerous tributaries (which are mostly navigable)

and their connecting man-made channels, whose ramifications altogether cover the whole plain like a net-work, that practically all commerce was transported during those centuries, when land-communications were both difficult and dangerous. One canal took Milan's produce eastward to the Adda, shortly south of Trezzo, by which river it reached the great lake of Como and its scores of towns; and the visitor at Bellaggio still sees the blue water covered with clumsy, ancient barges, propelled by sweeps and yellow sails, which he does not realise are the chief mediums of commerce with the metropolis. Another canal, the famous Naviglio Grande, runs westward to the Ticino and Lago Maggiore; and a third proceeds southward to Pavia, and the near-by Po,—which leads in turn to the rest of the plain, and the open Adriatic Sea.

Besides these artificial waterways, two smaller rivers percolate the *Milanese,* the Lambro and Olona, flowing respectively along the eastern and western outskirts of the metropolis; both take their rise in the northern highlands, and find their mouths in the Po. At Monza I had traversed the upper valley of the former; in the upper valley of the latter, northwest of Milan, lie the five other towns of this northern district which are worth a visit. That portion of the Olona has long been celebrated for its extraordinary canyon-like formation; the deep gorge in which it emerges from the mountains, just to the southwest of Lake Lugano, accompanies the stream for a score of miles southwards, gradually broadening till it vanishes in the plain. Near the point of that first emergence from the hills, close by the gorge, sits the prosperous little city of Varese, renowned for the delightful scenery of its environs; halfway from there to Milan, where the Olona valley has finally spread itself to the common level, rises the famous town of Legnano, the birthplace of

Italian freedom, where the burghers of the plain-towns crumpled up the legions of Barbarossa.

Midway between Legnano and Varese, deep in the defile of the Olona chasm, lies a shrine of Italian art the importance of which cannot be overestimated,— the village of Castiglione Olona, the ancestral home of that great family which, besides numerous statesmen, produced the renowned Baldassare Castiglione; its historic treasures are not to be duplicated in Lombardy,— for there alone in Italy can be seen the marvellous works of Masolino, the Florentine, the teacher of Masaccio and the whole *quattrocento*. Of all pilgrimages for art-students the world can give, this is one of the few most significant and thrilling.— Finally, to the east and west of Legnano, respectively, on the borders of the Olona valley, sit the two remaining towns that demand a visit,— Saronno and Busto Arsizio. The former of these is another artistic shrine of importance, being the home of that wonderful series of frescoes which are the masterpieces of Bernardino Luini, and Gaudenzio Ferrari.

Two railroads traverse this district, starting respectively from the "Central" and the "Nord" stations of Milan,— which the traveller must notice carefully if he would not lose his train by going to the wrong depot. That from the Central station follows the Olona to Legnano, where it diverges westward to Busto Arsizio and Lago Maggiore; a continuation of this, up the gorge to Castiglione, from Legnano, is alleged to be in process of construction, but doubtless will not be finished for years to come. The other line leads directly *via* Saronno to Varese, passing, midway between the two, the present nearest railway station to Castiglione,— Venegono Superiore; whence the pilgrim to the shrine of Masolino must continue a couple of miles westward, into the gorge, by foot or carriage.

It was the latter railway that I first followed, on a beautiful May morning when the plain shone resplendent in its rejuvenescence under the sun's warming golden rays. It was a relief to depart from the great modern city; it was a delight to leave behind its smoky, modern suburbs, with their forest of chimneys, and enter once more upon this luxuriant, glowing countryside, where every tree-lined highway seemed beckoning on to rural beauties. Here, at least, was still the Lombardy of old. Here were the endless fields of incomparable richness, for which the nations had fought so long, still tilled with that minute care which has been recently labelled "intensive agriculture." Here was the wealth that aggrandised the early Milan, raised the Visconti to their pinnacle of power, and enabled the country so miraculously to recuperate, times without number, from the devastation of war. As early as the 13th century, says Sismondi, "men who meditated, and who applied to the arts the fruits of their study, practised already that scientific agriculture of Lombardy and Tuscany which became a model to other nations; and at this day, after five centuries, the districts formerly free, and always cultivated with intelligence, are easily distinguished from those half-wild districts which had remained subject to the feudal lords." [1]

Here the distinguishing characteristics were not only the riches of the soil,— the countless wheat-fields that now billowed away on each side to the horizon, freshly green, and the endless rows of mulberries, putting forth their new crops of leaves for the silkworms,— but also the land's remarkable subdivision into small holdings, each with its comfortable dwelling and farm-buildings, and the entire absence of those waste spaces known as noblemen's parks or villa-grounds. It was always so in this region; Mrs. Piozzi

[1] Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics."

noticed it in the 18th century: "A nobleman's park is another object never to be seen or expected in a country where people would really be deserving much blame did they retain in their hands for mere amusement ten or twelve miles' circuit of earth, capable to produce two or three thousand pounds a year profit to their families, besides making many tenants rich and happy in the meantime. I will confess, however, that the absence of all these agremens gives a flatness and uniformity to the views which one cannot complain of in England; but when Italians consider the cause, they will have reason to be satisfied with the effect, especially while vegetable nature flourishes in full perfection, while every step crushes out perfume from the trodden herbs, and those in the hedges disperse with delightful liberality a fragrance that enchants one. Hops and pyracanthus cover the sides of every cottage, and the scent of truffles attracts, and the odour of melons gratifies one's nerves, when driving among the habitations of fertile Lombardy." [2]

How extraordinary the difference of this countryside from the regions of central and southern Italy, where the traveller from his train-window watches districts pass by, hour after hour, without a habitation outside the ancient walled boroughs on their hilltops. But Milan, Venice and Florence, as I have stated elsewhere, were the only states of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance that bestowed sufficient protection on their territories to permit a peaceful occupation of the soil.

There was another characteristic noted by Mrs. Piozzi that remains the same today,— the further monotony of Lombard landscape caused by the entire absence from it of

[2] Mrs. Piozzi's "Glimpses of Italian Society in the 18th Century." It must be remembered that these, and especially her following remarks, refer only to this district of Italy.

THE WEDDING OF THE VIRGIN (*LO SPOSALIZIO*), BY BERN. LUINI: A FRESCO IN THE SANTUARIO, SARONNO

animal life in the fields: "Nothing is so little animated by the sight of living creatures as an Italian prospect. No sheep upon their hills, no cattle grazing in their meadows, no waterfowl, swans, ducks, etc., upon their lakes.— These, however, are only consequences of luxuriant plenty, for where the farmer makes four harvests of his grass, and every other speck of ground is profitably covered with grain, vines, etc., all possibility of open pasturage is precluded. Horses, too, so ornamental in an English landscape, will never be seen loose in an Italian one, as they are all *chevaux entiers,* and cannot be trusted in troops together as ours can, even if there was ground unenclosed for them to graze on."

Of birds, in Mrs. Piozzi's time, there were still plenty upon the plain; but nowadays, alas, the unending destruction waged upon them by Italians has left very few alive. Guns, nets, and the cruel *roccoli* dispose each year of the small numbers that enter from abroad; for the whole nation are the most enthusiastic bird-sportsmen upon the face of the earth, and their enthusiasm seems to increase with the disappearance of the game. There are now practically no game birds in the land, and no private preserves; but they hunt down tiny songsters, and consume their diminutive bodies, with a zest that other peoples cannot understand. Huntsmen are never-failing objects in the Lombard landscape; one cannot take a rural stroll anywhere in north Italy (outside of Piedmont) without incurring the danger of their wild shooting; they wander around the towns, generally without dogs, well content to obtain the shattered carcass of one little finch as the result of a day's tramping.

The church also joins regularly in the foolish slaughter. The report of a firearm close beside the train, on that May morning, drew me to the opposite window; — where I arrived in time to catch a glimpse of a village *parroco,* in his

long, threadbare cassock and black skull cap, with the traditional spectacles upon his forehead, clasping a smoking shot-gun and peering eagerly through the bushes. The flock follows where the *padre* leads; and every Lombard Tarasconian community has its aggregation of devoted, cap-hunting Tartarins. But the *roccolo,* I believe, is more destructive than the gun; everywhere through northern Italy one finds them,— those death-dealing traps, composed of circles of evergreen trees and shrubbery, covered by netting, furnished with decoy songsters for the lure. It is they, never ceasing to work, that provide Italian tables with their miserable *beccafichi.* So Italians have sown, and now they are reaping, —*not* the full crops that once graced the land, but crops dwindling steadily, year by year, through the unchecked operation of insect scourges; the vines especially are fast disappearing.

Baretti admitted this idiosyncrasy of his fellow-countrymen a century and a half ago: "Several of our sovereigns have their hunting-fêtes, and follow sometimes the violent exercise of pursuing the stag and the wild boar, and even the wolf." Especially true of the Piedmontese; Victor Emmanuel II and Umberto I, in our day, often hunted the wild goats and chamoix of the Gran Paradiso range.—"But this is no part of our national character, and in general we do not love such *dangerous* exercises. We are fonder of fowling, and laying snares for the feathered birds; and as to the art of catching birds, there is perhaps no nation in Europe so dexterous as the Italians." [3]

Nearly an hour had been passed in the fifteen-mile run, when the train pulled into the station of Saronno. This consisted of two long uncovered platforms, with many intervening tracks; for the place is quite a railroad junction,—

[3] Baretti's "Manners and Customs of Italy," Vol. II.

one branch line diverging northward here to Como, while another crosses at right angles, running east and west beside the old highway from Busto Arsizio to Seregno and Usmate. The town of 10,000 inhabitants lies scattered along that highway, for over a mile, mostly to eastward of the station. Its only notorious product was recalled to my mind, as I descended from the carriage, by the shrill cries of a couple of youthful venders, promenading the platform with large baskets.—*"Amaretti! Amaretti!"*— rose the repeated call, uninterrupted by the passengers who bought eagerly from the train windows. The goods were gingerbread cakes, of a peculiar make and flavour much esteemed by the Lombards, and for which Saronno has a wide renown.

On issuing forth, after leaving my luggage in deposit, I found the old highway crossing the tracks immediately north of the station, whence it continued eastward between crowded, stained, stucco buildings of indefinite age,— the one thoroughfare of the town; westward it was a handsome avenue of plane-trees, four rows in width, the beauty of whose fresh foliage was, however, marred by their being truncated at a two-thirds height, in the common Italian fashion. The buildings scattered beside the avenue, too, were dilapidated with age and neglect, looking like decayed warehouses or factories, that had been given over to the habitation of the poor. Slatternly women and dirty children hung and screamed from the windows, as I passed by; I was making for Saronno's famous *santuario,* a third of a mile to the west.

It was the friars who planted these stately trees, long ago, constructing an impressive approach from the ugly town to the shrine that brought it celebrity and custom. Saronno in itself is not, and never has been, of any special worth or interest; the fame has been that of this pilgrimage church, the *Santuario della Beata Virgine,* or *S. Maria dei Miracoli,*

which, after being for five centuries the object of a peculiar reverence and belief by the people of the whole district, has now acquired a far greater sanctity in the world of art. And this is because the monks of the early *cinquecento,* following the fashion of their period and building more wisely than they knew, used some of the superfluous riches deposited by credulous pilgrims in engaging the magic brushes of Luini and Gaudenzio Ferrari. The authorities wished a pompous decoration of the presbytery, dome and choir of their newly erected church,— which "had been commenced in 1498 from the designs of Vincenzo dell' Orto," [4]— and the result was a great series of masterpieces of painting, not to be surpassed in all Lombardy.

Luini was the first engaged, in 1523. Born at Luino on Lago Maggiore about 1475, he was now therefore at the supreme height of his transcendental powers. Foppa, Borgognone and Bramantino, whose processes he had followed in his youthful period, had left upon his genius the imprint of their vigorous characteristics; and even the overwhelming influence of Leonardo, which had captured him on arriving at maturer years, and moulded his work into lasting lines of divine beauty, had become "chastened, spiritualised, permeated with Luini's deep religious fervour; and there were side by side with it the growth of the artist's own ideas and the ability to represent them." [5] He had ceased painting those figures so exactly like Leonardo's, with the same enigmatic smile on their exquisite lips, which afterwards caused them to be everywhere assigned to the great master himself, and left the disciple's fame obscured till the rediscoveries of recent days; he had developed at last his own personality, had reached that ultimate period which placed

[4] G. C. Williamson's "Bernardino Luini."
[5] *Idem.*

him in the first rank of the Renaissance. Such was Luini's state when called to Saronno; and the consequence was that the supreme fire of his genius blazed forth upon the walls of this pilgrimage church, stamping them with a series of stupendous frescoes that are radiant with his individuality.

It is not necessary to attach any importance to the story that Luini fled from Milan on account of either crime or political intrigue, and took refuge at Saronno, and while there was forced by the monks to paint the frescoes in return for the sanctuary and hospitality that they afforded him. This story, which is still sometimes repeated at the church, is quite refuted by the records that remain, stating the emolument which the artist received for the work, and also by the freedom and entire want of restraint shown in the whole series of frescoes.[6]

Lanini, Abbiate, and Cesare del Magno were also employed by the friars, on a much lesser scale; and finally, in 1534, they engaged Gaudenzio Ferrari to paint the cupola of the presbytery, which remained unadorned. Curiously enough, this second great Lombard genius was also just at the summit of his powers, and likewise left at Saronno his masterpiece. Born but a little later than Luini, about 1481, he had yet been an early disciple of the latter, who "seems to have used his influence at this time in directing his young pupil's attention chiefly to the works of Borgognone and Bramantino."[7] The inevitable later influence entered into Ferrari's life with his discovery of the works of Correggio, which profoundly affected his whole manner of composition; and it is probably from Correggio's *Gloria* at Parma that he conceived the design for his dome at Saronno. He retained, however, and even emphasised, his individuality of

[6] *Vide* G. C. Williamson's "Bernardino Luini."

[7] Ethel Halsey's "Gaudenzio Ferrari."

colouring, which no one who has once seen can ever forget, — that " usual gay but harmonious scheme of — — yellows, browns, greens, mulberry reds, greys and whites, with blues sparsely introduced." No one can dispute his title to being at once the greatest, most peculiar, and most enchanting colourist of the Lombard school.

Another personal trait which Gaudenzio had now fully developed, and which was a reflex of his character, was the intense joyousness and activity of his holy figures,— a vivid, sprightly joy that was at once earthly and celestial. Correggio's influence lived in his methods of composition; Luini's, in the Leonardesque heads with their beautiful faces and curling, golden hair, which are sometimes indistinguishable from that master's own. Strangely like Luini's also was the fate of Ferrari's work, which underwent a similar obscurity for centuries till rescued by modern research; but the cause was different, lying in the fact that practically " all his masterpieces are in the smaller towns and villages of Lombardy, off the beaten track, and are therefore unknown to the general public." Now, however, discerning criticism has repaid neglect with interest, by labelling him " undoubtedly the most powerful and original artist that the school produced,— the Michael Angelo of the Lombard school, as Luini has been termed the Raphael." [8]

My first glimpse of the church was the appearance of its striking dome and lofty tower, looming above the trees as I approached the end of the avenue. The *campanile* rose in five brick stages with light limestone trimmings, to a limestone belfry with double rounded arches, topped by a balustrade and an octagonal lantern; the dome was indeed remarkable, consisting of a tall twelve-sided drum, capped by a slim lantern, and surrounded by a limestone arcade of ex-

[8] Ethel Halsey's " Gaudenzio Ferrari."

quisite proportions and decoration; each face contained two double arches, with medallions in their lunette, upon slender columns and pedestals underrun by a graceful balustrade; while over columns and pedestals alike were draped dainty stone festoons and arabesques.

The latter were not discernible till I had arrived at the building's foot,— emerging from the final trees of the avenue to find myself beside the rectangular choir projecting eastward; for the church faced away from Saronno, with its flank upon the north side of its piazza. So, as I advanced into the open, a clear view was afforded me of both dome and tower,— the latter rising in the farther angle between the choir and left transept. The straight side-wall of the building was simple but effective, being of plain stucco pierced by corniced renaissance windows, separated by doric pilasters; it was of one story only, with tiled roof sloping upward to the side of the loftier nave. Opposite, on the left hand of the piazza, stretched a pretty row of young shade-trees, backed by a fine old walled garden, belonging to some villa; this was surmounted by picturesque clumps of tall evergreens, in whose shady nooks several birds were sweetly singing.

On rounding the façade of the edifice, it betrayed a later erection than the tasteful rear part, being of the rococo period, of stucco with two tiers of granite columns,— four couples in each tier — and a great mass of unpleasing ornamentation. Over the central doorway was a gabled porch upheld by two huge Atlantes, with poor statues in niches at its sides; over the side doorways were broken cornices and rectangular reliefs; a triple window adorned the center of the upper storey, flanked by two other statues in elaborate niches; and the balustraded cornice was crowned by five more marble divinities, of baroque wildness,— four of them angels blowing very long trumpets, the fifth a Madonna

armed with a lightning-rod. Immediately to left here, along the piazza's northern side, stretched a portion of the adjacent monastery buildings; that visible was a two-storied, stucco edifice, colonnaded below, having a handsome plaster doorway at the left end; over the latter, from the peak of the pent roof, rose a slim *campanile* of three divisions, to a single-arched belfry with byzantine cupola. All was unchanged from the days when Luini passed in and out.

Entering the church, I found myself in a low, round-arched nave, with a most sumptuous stucco ceiling of baroque design, painted in vivid blues and greens about its glazed, white figures; each bay contained four large angels of gilded hair and wings, inclining their heads toward a central octagon, which was deeply recessed with shell-work, and filled with crude pictures. At each side of the nave were five round arches, rising from pilasters upon the sides of the heavy white piers, which separated off the low aisles with their elaborately painted ceilings; they had no chapels, nor even altars. The pilasters bore gilded corinthian caps; the spandrels of the arches were occupied by lifesize moulded figures in white Roman robes; and above them ran open galleries, adorned with large grey angels standing before the pillars, and crowned upon the arches by gambolling white *putti*. All was typical of the over-ripe baroque.

It was only on advancing to the presbytery, which occupied the place of a transept, that the true beauties of the place unfolded; here, under the soft white light raining down from the lofty dome, glistened gloriously from each side the beautiful tones of the old masters, in scores of holy personages that looked forth from every wall-space, and mounted afar, story upon story, to the tremendous climax of Ferrari's heavenly choir. Straight ahead was a curious low archway, leading to the choir, and topped by the organ;

similar archways to right and left formed deep altar-recesses, guarded by strange iron railings composed of instruments of the Passion, with black marble posts whose carved white caps represented plates of fruit, a lamb, a communion-pitcher, cups, masks, etc.; the fourth similar archway formed the entrance from the nave. Beside each aperture stood two pairs of large pilasters, with faces of white arabesques upon golden ground, each pair enclosing the heroic painted figure of a saint; two of these figures were certainly by Luini, — the St. Roch with a charming angel, second to right, and the St. Sebastian, second to left,— while some critics also credit him with the St. Anthony and St. Christopher. The others were done by Cesare del Magno. To the left of the entrance-arch there projected a beautiful oak pulpit, exquisitely carved with a profusion of cherubs, festoons, angel-heads, etc. A delightful frieze of painted *putti* extended roundabout the ground story, which, though sometimes alleged to be the work of Lanini, indubitably betrays Luini's superior talent.

Lanini's productions appear in the second story, in the six frescoed panels of saints, single or grouped, flanking the arched recesses at the presbytery's rear and sides; these are not remarkable, and the eye passes over them to the corner spandrels, curving forward a little higher, which were formerly radiant with four large striking medallions, representing the scenes of the Fall of Man. Two of them are unfortunately ruined by the damp; but the remaining two — the Eating of the Apple, and the Expulsion — are so effective in composition and treatment of the nude, that their drawing must have been done by Lanini's master, Ferrari; and documents recently discovered in the monastery archives prove that these *tondi* were executed by Gaudenzio and his pupils. Above them rises the tall drum, twelve-sided

like the exterior, presenting an extraordinary sight; for it is entirely surrounded by huge painted wooden statues of saints, projecting from niches,— twenty-three in all, a great concourse of uncouth, gesticulating figures.

But the eye still passes on, to forget them instantly, as it becomes lost in the vast and wonderful paradise glittering from the dome with a thousand lustrous colours, agitated with the movement of numberless angels more beautiful than can be conceived. Row upon row they extend upward to the vault of heaven, not ordered like a *trecento gloria,* but all in ceaseless activity,— playing with glowing eyes and cheeks on every kind of musical instrument, singing with rapturous lips and streaming hair, radiant with that loveliness of form and colour which only Gaudenzio Ferrari could produce. Ah! how graceful are those winged girlish figures, exquisitely rounded, swathed in gleaming, glossy-hued draperies that cling and float in such realistic folds, yet shower their countless vivid tints like a score of circling rainbows; how ethereally beautiful are all those Luinesque heads, with their long curling locks of shining gold and their blissful, expressive faces; how thrillingly absorbed are one and all in their heavenly music, which every fervid eye reveals to be a tremendous pæan of praise to the Almighty! This is assured by the topmost row, still higher in the sky, which consists of the chorus of baby-angels, fluttering pink and white around the apex of paradise, their eyes united upon that central Throne, where appears the majestic figure of the Eternal. And as one gazes, marvelling, the celestial chanting seems to echo in his ears, ever louder and more sublime, resounding with melodies never dreamed of upon earth,— until he feels himself being lifted to that glittering empyrean, surrounded by its immortal songsters! — Well

may one so wonder and dream,— for there is nothing else just like this in all the world.

We cannot be too thankful that it has been so splendidly preserved, in all its plenitude of grace and vivid hue,— this work upon which Gaudenzio poured out, as nowhere else, the treasures of his blitheful, beauty-loving soul. "The supreme quality of this great work is the extraordinary life that pervades it. As one stands below and looks up at this busy throng, animated with a holy joy, one can but marvel at the astonishing vitality and movement." [9] "Though the motion of music runs through the whole multitude like a breeze, though the joy expressed is a real *tripudio celeste,* not one of all these angels flings his arms abroad or makes a movement that disturbs the rhythm. We feel that they are keeping time — each in his appointed seat, as though the sphere were circling with them round the throne of God, who is their centre and their source of gladness." [10] It is related that even the stolid, avaricious monks, who had contracted to give Ferrari 200 golden scudi, besides the lodging and wine for himself and his assistants and the cost of the scaffolding and plaster, were so impressed by the result of the year's work that they voluntarily increased the emolument to 250 scudi.

Before leaving the presbytery I looked at the altar *palas* at the sides, finding them well worth a moment's inspection in spite of their modernity; for one was a very charming relief of the Pietà, of lifesize, in a classic frame of coloured marbles, flanked by frescoed scenes from the Passion; and the other was a most extraordinary representation of the Last Supper, by lifesize, realistic figures of painted plaster,

[9] Ethel Halsey's "Gaudenzio Ferrari."

[10] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

seated around three sides of a table,— the whole very effective from its startling *vraisemblance*. Then I entered the rear archway, that forms a long vestibule to the retired choir, only to stop after a few steps with a sense of keen delight; for here, upon the sides, extended the first of Luini's great tableaux,— the Marriage of the Virgin, and Christ amongst the Doctors. Nearly 15 feet long, by 10 feet high, they covered practically the whole of the two wall-spaces, above the lateral choir-benches.

If Ferrari's figures had been idealistic and beautiful, if his colours had been thrilling and his composition eloquent,— what words then remain to depict these greater beauties of a still superior genius,— to give any idea of these still more wonderful scenes, animated by human forms at once so perfectly lifelike and so lovely. He who has seen Luini's productions only at Milan and elsewhere, can form no idea of the supreme development of that genius here manifested. There are a dignity, a repose, a majesty of form and movement upon the splendid figures, that join with their Leonardesque beauty and the realism of their settings to make them shine with almost godlike power. They are conceptions of ideal humanity, that are yet strongly individualised, and full of force and purpose; they are perfectly proportioned and moulded, posed in attitudes at once graceful and dramatic, while still replete with dignity; and are arranged in compositions that exhibit the selfsame attributes. If there be one fault, it is that of too much posing.

In the Marriage scene the parties are gathered in a stately chamber, panelled and floored with precious marbles, the priest and contracting couple standing to the front, with the bridesmaids upon the right and the young men breaking their sticks upon the left; the Virgin and these youthful friends are all equally beautiful, the males even surpassing

the others in their superb modelling and grace; in their robust lines and powerful necks there is a curious resemblance to Mantegna's work, but here the stalwartness is superimposed by the charming Luinesque heads, with their rippling golden hair and regular features. The high-priest is quietly costumed and naturally portrayed,— not burdened with the customary excessive hoariness; St. Joseph, likewise, is no tottering greybeard, but a handsome man in the prime of life, who places the ring upon the finger of his bride with a movement at once stately and unpretending; and the friends who fill the background complete the fairness of the tableau by their general youth and comeliness.

It is a simple, quiet scene; but how attractive and expressive Luini has made it, by the investiture of refinement and beauty. The Disputa on the other hand is necessarily a scene of stern, dramatic intensity, filled with personages past the bloom of life, whose wrinkled severity is lightened only by the central grace of the youthful Christ. He stands upon a throne-chair amidst the arguing priests and scribes, one hand extended outwardly and the other pointing heavenward,— a lovely, inspiring figure with flowing black locks, His young Jewish countenance already marked with His tremendous fate. The gravity of the scene has been moderated in this case by the introduction of the Madonna, who seemingly enters from the right to bring the Boy to His home. The painter has also introduced himself, in the grim, white-headed friar seated at the extreme right, facing the spectator; which shows him at this time to have been far advanced in years, but still hale and vigorous. Both of these pictures are wonderfully coloured, the draperies resplendent in soft, bright hues that blend harmoniously into dazzling themes; the Sposalizio is a concord of delightful orange, blue, and yellow, the Disputa aglow with carmine tints and violet.

Advancing into the little choir, which is no more than 20 feet square, I found myself between two masterpieces; occupying practically the whole of the side-walls, about 16 feet in width by 20 in height, they filled the confined space with an unutterable glory of colours and beatific forms. On the right were the Magi, kneeling before the Holy Family, with their oriental train stretching away behind them up the steep hillside to the rear: a scene so perfectly depicted that I seemed no longer restricted by walls, but to be gazing out upon the actual landscape with its holy figures. On the left was the further illusion of a superb columned hall, seen through an archway, on whose tessellated pavement were grouped naturally a dozen persons; foremost was the venerable high-priest, holding the infant Jesus in his arms,— beside him, the very lovely Madonna, gazing anxiously at her babe, and being reassured by her emphatic mother. St. Joseph stood at the left, with a small group of friends, and roundabout moved a number of acolytes and assisting maidens.

Both of these great pictures are freely spaced and naturally yet strikingly composed,— the settings and perspective realistic, the human figures lustrous with bright-hued garments and forms of Luinesque beauty. Especially lovely is the group of the Holy Family with the Magi, sitting before a genuine old stable, with the various animals occupying its yard; amongst the group is " one young man of wholly Leonardesque loveliness, whose divine innocence of adolescence, unalloyed by serious thought, unstirred by passions, almost forces a comparison with Sodoma.—Yet Sodoma had not all Luini's innocence or naïveté.—Time and neglect have done no damage here; and here, again, perforce we notice perfect mastery of colour in fresco.— Nowhere else has he

shown more beauty and variety in detail." [11] Well may Ruskin say, "Every touch he lays is eternal; every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure; his hand moves always in radiance of blessing." [12]

Above these great tableaux, in lunettes around small, high windows, are separate figures by the master, on the same high plane of excellence: sibyls, evangelists, and fathers of the Church,— four of each. The choir's rear side contains another archway, almost entirely blocked by the high-altar with its statues, which leaves just sufficient space on each hand for passage to the little retro-choir. Advancing into this, I found two more Luini productions frescoed above its semicircular bench,— the famous figures of St. Catherine and St. Apollonia, each accompanied by a kneeling angel holding a sacramental dish; and these seemed to me the most divinely beautiful of all. The quiet, simply clad, maidenly forms of the saints were endowed with a striking loveliness that no words can portray; and the angels shone with a glory truly celestial.

In the adjacent sacristy there was a good picture by Procaccini,— a group of three saints; and on returning to the nave, I found some more pleasing frescoes that are now accredited to Luini, in a side-chapel just before the presbytery. They decorate its vaulting, in a sumptuous style, intermixed with elaborate panellings and arabesques,— four of them being large-winged *putti,* standing with instruments of the Passion in their hands (probably *painted* by Luini's assistants), and the fifth being one of those well-like perspectives invented by Mantegna, placed at the summit of the vaulting, with various persons looking down over its top

[11] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."
[12] Ruskin's "Queen of the Air."

balustrade, in a very realistic manner. The latter betrays the master's own hand.

The last, but not the least, of his great efforts here, still remained to be seen in the adjacent cloister; upon whose wall is shown the celebrated Nativity,— more properly called an Adoration of the Child. "This was, it is said, painted by Luini freely, as a gift to the monks expressive of his pleasure at the treatment he received at their hands."[13] It is a lunette, representing the Babe lying upon a basket before the open door of the stable, with the Madonna kneeling upon one side and St. Joseph upon the other; their hands are crossed or folded upon their breasts, their eyes fixed reverently upon the adored being; in the background are visible the customary ass and cow, within the doorway, and far to the left the shepherds tend their sheep upon a hillside.

Nothing could be more simple in composition, in setting, in attitudes, costumes and accessories, while of movement there is none; yet with what ineffable charm of sentiment has Luini endowed it. The homely figures are luminous with tender, holy feelings, which light their faces with an ideal beauty. In depicting such a scene the master had no superior; we behold in it exactly those qualities which were the reflex of his character, and in which he therefore became pre-eminent. For, "he was not dramatic in his expression, but rather lyric, not inductive but deductive, not objective but subjective. His visions were within his breast; they inspired his art.— The domestic element is uppermost, the heroic or epic almost absent, the idyllic in the greatest demand. Later on — comes the deep and intense religious devotion, and it is that which is the keynote of his life. Symonds recognised his wonderful power to 'create a mood.' His pictures, like a note of music, draw a corre-

[13] G. C. Williamson's "Bernardino Luini."

THE FAMOUS FRESCO OF SANTA CATERINA, BY BERN. LUINI;
IN THE SANTUARIO, SARONNO

sponding chord from the heart, and this chord is, at the will of the painter, bright with joy or tremulant with sorrow or grief.— His own tenderness of nature, the sweetness of his affections, his chivalry, thoughtfulness, serious disposition, and calm serene faith,— all these are elements of his lift taught by his pictures.— He had an original and exquisite feeling, as Symonds says, for loveliness of form, and poetic sentiment,— combined with a deep sense of life's profounder side, its pathos, its sorrow, and its suffering.— He was neither so subtle nor so profound as Leonardo. He was not so archaic as are Borgognone and Foppa, nor so architectural as Bramantini, nor so luscious nor voluptuous in style and colouring as Gaudenzio Ferrari." [14]

Ruskin best sums it up, in saying: "He joins the purity and passion of Angelico to the strength of Veronese; the two elements, poised in perfect balance, are so calmed and restrained, that most of us love the sense of both. The artist does not see the strength by reason of the chastened spirit in which it is used; and the religious visionary does not recognise the passion by reason of the frank human truth with which it is rendered. He has left nothing behind him that is not lovely, and is perhaps the best central type of the highly trained Italian painter, hard-working, industrious, who laboured with his whole heart and soul." [15]

On returning to the station, I continued along the highway through the town, which was narrowed for some distance by a continuous arcade upon the left; the ground floors of the old stuccoed buildings were filled with the usual quaint little shops and cafés, from which the sunlight was mostly excluded. Several small *alberghi* also appeared, at one of which I procured a satisfactory lunch. On re-

[14] G. C. Williamson's "Bernardino Luini."
[15] Ruskin's "Queen of the Air."

newing my walk, I found the full extent of the thoroughfare to be nearly a mile. A third of the way along, an old church was upon the right, having a grimy stucco façade of baroque design, a low wooden ceiling, and countless frescoes of the Leonardesque school all over its walls,— more or less bad and imperfectly preserved.

The principal church, Sts. Peter and Paul, appeared when I had advanced about as far again, looking down the long street from the eastern side of a wide piazza into which it debouched. The edifice was brand-new, of white stucco with grey trimmings, and of fair renaissance design both inside and out; the spacious interior being remarkable for its good taste and freedom from over-ornamentation. It was encouraging to find this evidence of a turn for the better. The piazza itself was lined with stuccoed arcades, containing groups of café-tables, and, although it was not a market-day, was thronged with peasantry and townspeople, whose decent clothes betokened their prosperity. A couple of modern monuments graced the central space, and at one side was the terminus of the tramway line from Milan. Beyond the piazza, still eastward, the town continued along the highway for another third of a mile, in the shape of more recent residences, surrounded by lawns and gardens.

By the middle of the afternoon I was out of the place, rolling northward again toward the lake-region. We had not proceeded many miles before a noticeable alteration of the scenery occurred: the perfectly flat plain gave way to a country gently undulating here and there, rising now and then into knolls covered with wood or graced by villas. We were upon the steady ascent which mounts so quickly yet imperceptibly from the 400 feet elevation of the Milanese to the 1,250 feet of the Varese tableland. The route was

northwest, gradually converging upon the valley proper of the Olona. At Tradate (1,000 feet) the mountains of the lake-region loomed into view ahead, in a stupendous, awesome semicircle, behind the detached height of the famous Monte dei Fiori. This stands a few miles northwest of Varese, in isolated grandeur between the lower ends of Lakes Lugano and Maggiore, rising abruptly from the swelling tableland to a height of 7,300 feet; and is celebrated, not only for its view, but chiefly for the shrine of the Madonna del Monte, founded by St. Ambrogio many centuries ago; this is perched upon its shoulder, 3,000 feet in air, and is one of Italy's greatest pilgrimage resorts. It is, in fact, Varese's chief attraction; and I looked eagerly at its glittering white pinnacle upon the distant crag.

At the station of Venegono Superiore, shortly beyond, I knew we were but a mile and a half from the stream and gorge of the Olona. I did not descend for Castiglione, because of the supposed primitiveness of its inn accommodations; reserving my visit — as one can do very easily — for a day's trip from Varese. A little later we joined with the line running from Varese to Como, then turned westward, and, after a short stop at Malnate, came at last to the Olona canyon itself. As the train slowly crawled over it upon an attenuated, shaky trestle, I saw its grassy bottom meandering between the precipitous banks three hundred feet below. Once across, we followed its right bank, to the northwest again; and on approaching Varese, executed a *volte-face,* making a complete semicircle before pulling into the station at the city's southeastern side.

Descending, I found another station close at hand upon the left, that of the other line, which climbs the western side of the Olona valley, *via* Busto Arsizio and Gallarate. From both stations streets quickly converge upon the main

avenue of the town, Corso Roma, which proceeds northwestward through the centre. This I followed, bag in hand, finding it lined by modern, plastered buildings of four and five stories, with large electric trams coursing in both directions; and a six or seven minutes' walk brought me to the imposing Albergo Italia,— a handsome, square building located near the city's centre, just at the commencement of the Corso's mediæval arcades. To my pleasure, it proved a most attractive, well-kept hostelry of the older style, with excellent rooms, service and cooking, and low prices. My large front chamber cost me but 2.50 lire per day. In the summer-time it is frequented by numbers of the English and Germans who come to Varese for long stays; though the great majority of them rest at the Grand Hotel Excelsior, which is situated amidst extensive grounds, a mile to the west of the town,— a genuine old summer resort of the first class, with high prices, and magnificent views over the rolling countryside with its lakes.

Though so modern now in appearance, Varese is an ancient place, having been an important military post in Roman times, when it was surrounded by a heavy wall and a deep ditch, remains of which can still be seen. It retained its importance in subsequent ages, and suffered much in mediæval days through its possession being disputed in the successive wars of the *Milanese;* for it is not only the natural capital of this rich upland region, but from its situation controls many of the routes leading northward between Lakes Como and Maggiore. The Swiss frontier now lies but half a dozen miles to the northeast; and the city is consequently one of the chief headquarters for smugglers and their plots. But yesterday, as I write, the leaders of a notorious band were arrested in their hiding-place, headed by a certain famous *marchese* who has for years past con-

ducted his operations on an unprecedented scale, with hundreds of men and vast quantities of illicit goods; regular caravans of these porters traverse the unfrequented passes by midnight, and actual battles often occur with the frontier guards.

Varese and her territory were successively possessed by the houses of Visconti and Sforza, the Spanish viceroys, and the Austrians; but later she experienced an exceptional fate, in that the town itself was handed over by Empress Maria Teresa to Francis III, Duke of Modena, as a friendly gift for the purposes of the latter's *villeggiatura*. He erected here a large palace, with beautiful gardens, in which he held a brilliant court during the heated season. "It was this prince who first launched Varese on its commercial and industrial career. He instituted and encouraged its agricultural enterprises, and would seem to have been an enlightened and judicious ruler, far in advance of his times." [16] After his death in 1780, however, Varese soon reverted to Austrian control, which was maintained until her famous plebiscite of 1860, that made her the first city in Italy to accept the government of Savoy.

So thoroughly has this town of 18,000 inhabitants been rebuilt by their modern prosperity, that it contains within its limits few objects of interest. On starting out the next morning I followed the main street, Corso Roma, northwestward through its arcades with their bright shops and cafés, to the near-by Piazza Porcari,— a small triangular space at the city's centre. Thence the Corso Vittorio Emanuele diverged to the north, likewise arcaded and devoted to business. A short way up this, opened the small Piazza del Podestà, containing a good recent bronze monument,— of a soldier holding a battle-flag and a gun, with

[16] Richard Bagot's "The Lakes of Northern Italy."

an inscription upon the base to the "*Cacciatori delle Alpi,*— who, on the morning of May 26, 1859, under the leadership of Garibaldi, fought and conquered, acclaiming for Italy and the King." This reminded me that it was here, at Varese, that that independent chieftain won one of his most important battles, driving back with his irregular volunteers the northern forces of the Austrians, and freeing the whole lake region,— while their main body was being engaged by the French and Piedmontese armies at Magenta.

"Garibaldi, who had been the last to leave Lombardy in 1848, was now the first to set foot in its territory in 1859. Since the 23d of May, he had led his own *Cacciatori* to the Lombard shores of Lago Maggiore, had defeated the Austrians at Varese, entered Como, routed the enemy afresh at San Fermo, and was now proceeding to Bergamo and Brescia, with the intention of reaching the Alps of the Trentino, to cut off the enemy's retreat."[17] He entered Bergamo on June 8th, the same day that the allies made their triumphal entry into Milan.—A bust of Garibaldi in bronze-relief appropriately adorns the face of the granite pedestal, and other reliefs of piled arms decorate its sides.

Directly opposite this, upon the eastern side of the piazza, the arcades which encircle it are broken by a tall monumental archway framed in marble, superimposed by a second story which is elaborately adorned with stucco arabesques upon frieze and corniced window-frame, and crowned by a classic pediment with three marble statues,— a central figure flanked by two charming *putti.* In the arch is framed a pleasing vista: beyond its deep passage opens another and more spacious piazza, behind which rises a fine renaissance church fronted by massive columns, with a lofty, detached, impressive *campanile* soaring beside it. It is the parochial

[17] Orsi's "Modern Italy," Chap. XIV.

church of San Vittore, dating from earliest ages, though now a structure of the *cinquecento,* designed by Pellegrino Tibaldi. The imitation stone façade, is still later, of the 18th century: the nave being faced by four ionic columns, and the lower aisles by ionic pilasters, while the large flat pediment is topped by a bronze cross upheld by two pretty marble cherubs.

I approached to examine the remarkable *campanile,* also by Pellegrino, which is the most conspicuous object in the city, rising to a height of 246 feet. It is of seven tall divisions, diversely constructed of grey limestone and red brick with trimmings of the same, decorated with classic window-frames, and clock-faces bordered by huge stone lion-heads; the handsome belfry opens with triple renaissance windows, each having two pairs of coupled doric columns, and its heavy cornice is topped by a balustrade, crowned with stone vases filled with fruits; thence it terminates in a baroque octagonal lantern, and a byzantine cupola. The labour upon it must have been enormous. Another costly baroque construction is the church's lofty peak, consisting of an extraordinary octagonal drum, with elaborate pilastered windows, a lantern, and a flashing, gilded dome.

After a glance around the other sides of this piazza, built up with three-storied dwellings painted in soft hues of red and drab and yellow, I entered the round-arched nave, which proved to have been redecorated in baroque days; decadent frescoes and stucco reliefs covered the walls and vaulting, and the sides of the low aisles were solidly hung with huge, dark, regressive canvases. The best works were those over the recessed side-altars, and at the apsidal ends of the transepts,— groups of enormous saintly figures, life-like but uninteresting, by Morazzone, Crespi, and other late Lombards. The lines of the edifice were good and spacious; the

transept, nave and choir were equally wide and deep, and the dome imposing; while the choir seized the eye with its great masses of black, carved wood, doubtless painted, but still very effective,— consisting of two music lofts, and two pulpits at the front angles, all quite large, and sculptured beyond the power of pen to describe. The splendid high pulpits were sustained each by four hermes of heroic size,— saints and mitred bishops; and four bishops of solid silver were posed upon the altar. One more noticeable object was the realistic Crucifixion, with lifesize figures of wax or stucco, posed in a side altar-recess, which was cleverly and vividly lighted by rows of electric bulbs concealed within the frame.

Walking around the exterior, I observed in the Piazza della Canonica, behind the apse, a most curious, mediæval well-top of painted stucco, covered, and opening upon one side only; near it was one of those strange old palaces with its architectural details entirely painted,— the windows endowed with fanciful baroque frames. In still another small piazza, beside the right transept, and behind the *campanile,* I found the very old, romanesque baptistery,— a square building with a grey stone face; the pilaster-strips at its angles, with mouthing faces peering out from the leaves of their capitals, and the arcaded cornice along the eaves, were of Lombard design; but the round-arched portal, recessed fourfold, with the antique image of the Lamb upon its lintel, showed gothic influence in the caps of its columns, and contained in its lunette a gothic fresco of Madonna and saints. In the right side-wall opened a gothic, pointed doorway, of good form, with another quaint early Madonna frescoed in its lunette. Thus the building was clearly of the transition period,— probably the later part of the *trecento.* Inside there was a single lofty chamber, with the ancient font in its

centre, and in the rear a low-arched altar-recess, broad and deep, upon whose walls lingered remnants of *quattrocento* frescoes. Here, upon the altar, stood Varese's one fine painting,— a splendid example of Gerolamo Giovenone of Vercelli, Gaudenzio Ferrari's fellow-pupil and follower. It represents a seated Madonna with her Child, flanked by John the Baptist and another saint,— the latter a handsome youth in long-hose, velvet cap and cloak; and though not a work of genius, it is a picture of much charm.

The font was also quite interesting,— its octagonal, grey stone base being cut upon each face with two or three figures of saints, about two feet in height, which were evidently works of the early Middle Ages,—prior at least to the 14th century. The front side exhibited the Christ with John the Baptist, and a bishop,— probably the town's protector; two of the sides were still in a rough, uncarved state. This stone of indefinite antiquity, upon which so many generations of Varesans have been baptised, without exception, for nearly a millennium,— is naturally very much prized by the people. Its ornate wooden cover is modern.

Retraversing the Piazza del Podestà, I investigated an archway in its western arcade, behind the monument, discovering that it led immediately to a curious old colonnaded courtyard of some size, surrounded by stuccoed arches upon granite columns, whose spandrels were decorated with the remains of gay Renaissance paintings; these were medallions containing busts of elaborately dressed personages, and other designs more fantastic. It had clearly been once the courtyard of a showy *cinquecento* palace; the thought was saddening, when contemplating its present abandonment and decay. But it turned out to form now a passage to the street in its rear; turning to the left in which, a few paces brought me to the Via Luigi Sacchi,— the northwestern continuation

of Corso Roma beyond the Piazza Porcari. Here I beheld, to the right, an enormous stuccoed palace, stretching for a couple of hundred yards along the avenue's southwestern side: it was the "Corte" of Duke Francis,— now used as the Municipio.

In spite of its great length this building was not impressive; for it had but three storeys in the central portion, two storeys in the wings, and exhibited the cheap appearance of the later rococo period. It was painted a light rose colour, now faded, with brown trimmings of pilaster-strips and baroque window-frames; the top parapet was graced only by a few vases and gables; all other ornamentation lay in the three grey stone entrances, equidistant,— the central of which was a granite archway framed by doric columns, and topped by a long balcony, upon whose railing, as well as from the central gable overhead, glistened the gilded ducal arms of the long-dead prince. Advancing to this portal, I caught through its archway a delightful vista of the gardens behind: beyond a deep stretch of turf and flowerbeds mounted curving green terraces, one upon another, to a considerable height, crowned by a splendid grove of cypresses; near the foot of the imposing semicircle there glistened a marble memorial of Umberto I, upon a high stone pedestal, and still higher, a marble statue upon a triple-arched grotto of grey and white stripes, that backed a splashing fountain. It was a beautiful scene,— much like the Boboli gardens at Florence.

It spread itself wide before me as I entered, revealing four magnificent evergreens — two larches and two cypresses — ornamenting the enclosed level behind the flowerbeds; flanking the natural theatre were square-cut lines of tall box-hedges, shaped into alleys and archways, backed in turn by larger groves of trees,— grand old elms, birches, maples and other cypresses; everywhere through the parterre ran wind-

ing gravelled paths, with benches at intervals, upon which a few people were sitting idly. It was now the city's pleasure-ground. But what a charming picture must it have presented in those bygone days of the royal court, when wandered over by gay *dames d'honneur* in the costumes of Marie Antoinette, attended by courtiers in silken small-clothes, rapiers and powdered hair, who followed the fashion of Versailles in seeking rustic scenes.

Over the western treetops there soared afar into the sky an object that lent its final majesty to the scene: a tremendous rocky mountain-top,— a bare and beetling pinnacle, reaching to the clouds,— crowned upon its very apex with a towered church and clustering houses, whose gleaming white walls seemed not a league away. It was indeed a startling sight, this village of the sky, suspended there so far in heaven, without the base that sustained it being visible. But I knew it for the shrine of the Sacromonte, on the shoulder of the Monte dei Fiori.

In the palace itself there was little of interest,— its plain, grey, stuccoed walls running away on each hand from the central colonnaded court. Through its middle, lengthways, extended an unbroken corridor, connecting with the four smaller courts, and lined with many busts and monuments to the patriots of the *Risorgimento*. In one wing were located the city's post and telegraph offices; in another, its solitary museum, composed of unimportant antiquities of various kinds.

Along Corso Roma and past the palace run several lines of tramcars, one of them bound for the Sacromonte, another for the western region about Lake Varese. It was one of the latter cars that I took that afternoon,— a large, comfortable, electric tram, of a single class, run very swiftly, as they are upon all the routes. It turned to the left just be-

yond the "Corte," and sped southwestward over the undulating countryside, following a highway, which brought us within not more than a mile to the gates of the park of Hotel Excelsior, at Casbeno village. I wandered through the shady roads of the pleasant wood, coming out upon the lofty garden before the hotel-building,— which was for centuries a famous villa of one of the great Milanese families. The garden was charming, the old villa spacious and imposing; but that which I had come for was the wonderful view, so long celebrated, that spread from the terrace over countless leagues of country, revealing the whole topography of the district.

Just below on the west lay the shining Lago di Varese in its shallow basin, an elongated triangle 6 or 7 miles in length; beyond it glistened amongst gentle wooded hills the smaller lakes of Biandronno, Monate and Comabbio; to southward the rich uplands billowed softly away to the plain, their elevations crowned by towered villages. Behind me rose still higher the hillside on which I stood, stretching far to east and west, and laden with countless villas,— stately, stuccoed edifices ensconced in wooded grounds. Upon the near slope to the northwest, I saw the new Casino of Varese with its heavy dome, which has just been opened to supply the foreign visitors with amusements. Behind it closely, rose the picturesque pinnacle of the Sacromonte, and behind that again, the vast mass of the Monte dei Fiori, soaring steeply from the northern shore of Lake Varese. In the far west, clouds now concealed the horizon; but when the sun sinks clear, the whole range of Monte Rosa glitters in plain view from here, a hundred mighty icicles against a reddening sky. Here if anywhere could Addison have written to Lord Halifax:

"Poetic fields encompass me around
And still I seem to tread a classic ground.
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung
That not a mountain rears its head unsung."

Still more fully were the splendid riches and views of this countryside revealed the next day, as the tramcar bore me to the sacred mountain. Everywhere over the rolling fields glistened the white walls of villas and prosperous farm-houses; and villages studded the landscape. "Silk, oil, grain, flax, grapes, and fruit of all kinds are among the abundant produce of the Varesotto; while rich pasture-lands, scientifically irrigated at the proper seasons of the year, support quantities of cattle, and form the necessary base for vast dairy-farms and cheese factories, which export their material far beyond the Alps." [18] The route led northwestward upon the continuation of Via Luigi Sacchi, passing the town of S. Ambrogio, steadily ascending to Fogliaro, and then climbing the mountain's base by means of a large loop,— till we reached the station of the Prima Capella; there commenced the extraordinary ancient highway which leads windingly up the face of the crag, past sixteen separate chapels, to the village at the summit. We could see its repeated loops, far above on the steep, wooded slope, marked by their white parapets and successive chapel-buildings, domed and shining; while over all loomed the amazing supreme pinnacle, with its cone of huddled dwellings around the shrine.

Here all the genuine pilgrims of the train commenced their climb of the sacred mountain on foot, as well as those visitors who would make the approach in proper manner, as it was made for over two centuries before electric traction was dreamed of; the rest kept on to the terminal station at the

[18] Richard Bagot's "The Lakes of Northern Italy."

western base, where the crag adjoins the Monte dei Fiori; and thence ascended quickly to the summit by the recent *funicolare*. From the same terminus another funicular, now nearly completed, will soon carry travellers to the top of the loftier mountain, and its new "Grand Hotel,"— whence they will enjoy one of the grandest panoramas in Italy.

But no one who has the requisite strength should miss that wonderful climb on foot, with the uplands and plain ever widening out below him, flashing with their silvery lakes, dotted with their countless towns and villages; — while the ever succeeding chapels, with their huge sculptured groups showing the life of the Saviour, lead the visitor step by step through the scenes of His childhood and His Passion, till the end is reached at the sanctuary itself. This extraordinary work was accomplished through the efforts of a Capuchin monk, Aguggiari, at the beginning of the 17th century, who by years of fervent preaching, all over Lombardy, collected more than a million francs for the purpose; with that sum, through 70 years of labor, ending in 1680, the approach was made and beautified. All these chapels are of considerable size,— square, stuccoed buildings 20 to 30 feet in height, finely domed, with ornate entrance-porches and steps, and rich baroque decorations; a number are truly handsome; all are strikingly situated upon cliffs or knolls of the mountain-side, in clear view of the panorama below. Their effective rococo interiors, elaborately finished, are really frames to the large sculptured groups of lifesize figures, executed in terracotta with painted backgrounds, by prominent artists of their period; and these achieved a realism of scene, a lifelikeness of the personages, a faithful representation of human emotions, which have few equals anywhere.

Each chapel is devoted to one tableau, commencing at the base of the slope with the Conception of the Virgin, and

THE SACRO MONTE: THE FOURTH CHAPEL, AND VIEW OF VARESE IN THE DISTANCE

ending next the summit with her Assumption. Those which I found to be especially remarkable were, the Presentation at the Temple, which is wonderfully lifelike, in a building of pronounced beauty; the Disputa, the Agony in the Garden, and the Jesus falling under the Cross,— all three, like the Conception, by Francesco Silva; the Ascension, also by him; and the splendid Crucifixion, by Dionigi Bussola, which makes one a genuine witness of the awful Tragedy.

At the head of the final ascent beyond the last chapel, which approaches the summit on the side toward Varese, I came to an enormous statue of Moses, that was posed before an ornamental, columned, stone wall, looking down the highway. Beyond it, slightly higher, opened a paved terrace along the southern side of the village, faced by two small inns for the accommodation of pilgrims. This was the finest view-point of all: Varese and her lake lay at my feet; the smaller waters beyond gleamed like a chain of jewels; the uplands rolled southward into the limitless, hazy plain; and far on the west circled the mighty peaks of the sunset Alps.

From this terrace a street — if such it could be called — led me windingly through the ancient mass of houses, built together like a huge stone rabbit-warren, to keep each other from falling off; westward along the narrow summit I groped my way darkly, through succeeding tunnels and courts,— decay and abandonment showing themselves in the ruinous walls, the shattered doorways, the boarded windows and the mouldering odours; till finally there opened out a tiny piazza, at the very apex, between the church on one hand and the ancient monastery on the other. The former was simply faced by a crumbling stuccoed porch, upon several steps, supported by two stone columns. I entered at once, to find myself in a low arched nave, flanked by narrow aisles, with its walls and vaulting one solid mass of decadent, gilded, stucco decoration.

This was a further result of the zeal of Fra Aguggiari. The church really dates from about the 13th century; before which there was a prior edifice, probably erected in the days of St. Ambrose, the founder. The aisles were now closed from the transept by altars, over which, and in a recess of the left wall, I noticed three curious plaster groups of lifesize figures,— those in the recess, glazed but somewhat chipped, giving a really beautiful representation of the baptism of Christ. The high-altar was located under the central cupola of the transept, in which were dimly visible some remnants of *cinquecento* frescoing. The dusk, in fact, was unusual, due to the smallness of the dingy windows; and when the sacristan, in response to my request to be shown the miraculous Madonna for which the shrine was built, turned on a sudden flood of electric light above the altar, the effect for an instant was fairly startling. There leapt from obscurity into dazzling brilliance, surrounded by an oval halo of incandescent bulbs, an antique wooden figure clad in a gorgeous silken dress, glittering with costly jewels upon its bosom, neck, hands, and painted forehead, and ridiculously overladen with scores of silver hearts, that clung to every fold of the garments.

This, then, was the crude occasion of so much fame, so much expenditure of time and money, so much piety and adoration, through half a thousand years,— this rude wooden image from the hand of some simple carver of the dark ages, which the wily monks here isolated had endowed with alleged miraculous powers, in order to bring them wealth and station. It looked to be a work of the 13th century, though it might be still older; standing there within its deep niche, upon the altar-top, the mass of incongruous finery and baubles prevented any clear inspection. Certainly its functions had

been well performed, and those sparkling hearts might well be true offerings of grateful devotees,— for countless tales are told of the cures wrought by their implicit faith.

I interviewed the delightful, benevolent, old head-priest, in his living-room far below the choir, hewn out of the cliff-side, with little windows looking out upon the plain; and received both his benediction and a permission to visit the ancient crypt, which was now shut up, from the danger of its crumbling state. The sacristan led me to it through dark stairways and corridors, also hewn out of the solid rock, more than a thousand years ago; and ended at a small cave-like chamber, lighted only by the candles we bore, so low that my head knocked against the roof. The rows of columns were but three to four feet in height, very roughly cut, with capitals of the crudest sort, bearing out the belief that they were set up in the 7th century; crumbling with age, they no longer sufficed to support the floor of the present choir overhead, which was now shored up with pieces of timber. In one corner I observed the only remnants of the former decoration, a few lingering frescoes of the Giottesque *trecento* style, remarkably well preserved: a Nativity, a Christ between two saints, and other saintly figures, poor in drawing but quaint in execution, and still of a lively colouring.

On emerging to the open air, I kept on shortly to the west of the little piazza, descending several flights of steps, and reached the summit station of the *funicolare*. From this the whole tremendous flank of the Monte dei Fiori was visible close at hand, stony and precipitous, scarred by the workings for its new cable railway; and directly above loomed its forbidding peak, tipped by the unfinished building of its Grand Hotel, floating there amidst the clouds.— In a few

minutes I was lowered rapidly to the base of the mountain; and I started back to Varese upon the electric car, feeling that I had experienced without doubt one of the most interesting excursions in all northern Italy.

CHAPTER V

CASTIGLIONE OLONA, LEGNANO AND BUSTO ARSIZIO

"The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize; you know,
With us in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string,
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine."

Robert Browning.

THE morning following my visit to the Sacromonte found me descending from the train at the station of Venegone Superiore, and inquiring for a *vetturino*. In this search I proved quite fortunate, finding a peasant with a clean new rig, a good horse, an amiable disposition, and a scale of reasonable prices,— four lire only to Castiglione and back, returning late in the afternoon. This paragon, however, seemed to have no name; for the only response to my inquiries was,—"I am the *Vetturale* of *Castelnuovo;* and everybody knows *me.*"

The country cross-road led westward between untrimmed hedges, thickly growing bushes, and rows of trees, which afforded intermittent vistas over the luxuriant fields, green with new crops, interspersed frequently with belts of woodland. The amount of growing wood was surprising, through all this region, giving it an appearance more Anglo-Saxon than Lombard. Houses were frequent, also,— well-built stuccoed dwellings as a rule, betraying the careful hand of the individual proprietor; and we passed an occasional speci-

men of this rare class of peasants, who are seldom to be found farther south. "The capitalist farmer of the — Lombard plain, often with a capital of from £16 to £20 per acre, [is] a busy, thrifty, shrewd man, of the type of the best English farmer, with little agricultural theory but great practical capacity; a hard employer,— occasionally well educated, but always tied to his isolated life and narrow sympathies and interests." [1]

We passed also a group of peasant girls of this class,— ten red-faced lasses packed together in a single two-wheeled cart, drawn by a single mule. They were gaily dressed, with bright bodices and fluttering ribbons, which matched their sparkling eyes and comely, laughing faces. Squeezed upon the floor of their clumsy vehicle, with rough- but well-shod feet hanging outward, they were clearly bound upon some errand of pleasure.

In a half an hour we were descending the steep bank of the Olona gorge, which here appeared to have a depth of fifty or sixty yards and a width of a couple of hundred, or more. Near the bottom of the long descent, we were already amidst the houses of the village; into one of which upon the right side the driver turned, through an archway leading to its courtyard. It was the little "Albergo di S. Antonio," kept by the young Giovanni Braga and his wide-awake spouse; but though small and crude, it proved so clean and homelike, with such well kept bedrooms and wholesome fare, rendered delectable by good *Piemonte* wine, that I wished I had arranged to stay a night or two. Two or three days can easily be given to Castiglione by the art-lover; and the sojourn in such primitive conditions of long-ago would have a charm of its own. In the long, low, heavy-beamed wine-room, smoked by untold generations of lamps, the villagers

[1] King and Okey's "Italy To-day."

gather at evening to gossip and sing; and the traveller mounts to his chamber in mediæval fashion, with flickering candle, up the unroofed stairway in the airy court and around the open gallery overhead.

After receiving directions, I started out down the remainder of the sloping street, turned to the right at its bottom, and soon reached the town piazza,— a large irregular unpaved space, with two other streets opening from its northern side. At the western angle of that on the left stood one of the chief objects of interest, the very curious little church of S. Sepulcro; it was a cube-shaped, stuccoed structure, strangely decorated with grey limestone carvings, and topped by a round, plastered drum whose far-projecting eaves were upheld by a colonnade of slender stone shafts. Fluted corinthian pilaster-strips reached from ground to cornice, three or four on each side; the windows were small, square-headed, simply framed, and placed two on each side at a height of fully fifteen feet; the main portal, toward the piazza, bore a continuous scroll of fine arabesque reliefs on jambs and lintel, with a delightful frieze of festoons supported by tiny cherubs, and a pediment containing a half-figure of God the Father, flanked by little angels. All this carving was excellent work of the *cinquecento,* in grey sandstone like the trimmings. But on each hand of the doorway against the plaster stood a startling, uncouth, gigantic figure of the same stone, crudely executed,— a St. Christopher on the right, leaning upon an enormous knobby club like a Goliath, shouldering his usual infant with a look that suggested he was taking it home to eat,— and a S. Antonio della Campanella on the left, carrying a heavy cow-bell. These were doubtless coeval with the edifice; but beside the latter stood a still older statue of a saint, of lifesize, with face and hands crumbled away.

At the eastern angle of the right-hand street rose another in-

teresting object,— the old Palazzo Castiglione, reared by Cardinal Branda Castiglione in the early *quattrocento,* whose stuccoed façade was pierced by a series of beautiful gothic terracotta window-frames, now mostly built up, and by a larger one of sandstone, triple-arched and filled with stained glass, in the right wing. From the centre of the piazza — which, by the way, bore the strange name of *Piazza del Padre Eterno* —on facing about southward, I was greeted with a view of the eponymous, historic home of the great family of Castiglione (meaning simply "grand castello"),— from which also this village of 2,000 souls had received its appellation:[2] it was an enormous square castle, perched high above the town, upon a precipitous elevation projecting from the eastern bank of the dale. It was remarkable for corner towers of a colossal size, square and battlemented, and appeared to be in excellent preservation, rising without outer walls from the very brink of the cliffs. This fortified dwelling was first raised by Count Corrado in the 10th century, was demolished by the Visconti in the 13th, and rebuilt by Cardinal Branda in the early 15th. Upon inquiry I learned that it was in the possession of its ancient owners no longer, but in that of a prominent Milanese family,— who had restored it from a ruinous condition, and now regularly occupied it, with abundant guests; but that admission to sightseers was denied.

Entering the church of S. Sepolcro, by its original quaint wooden doors, I found altars upon the right and rear sides of its square nave,— the former adorned with a *quattrocento*

[2] "The name of the place in Roman times was Castrum Stiliconium, and owed its origin to the Vandal general, Stilicho, who fixed his camp here in the days of Theodoric. Afterwards it was destroyed by Attila, and restored by Archbishop Ariberto of Milan." —Julia Cartwright's "Baldassare Castiglione."

pala of Madonna and saints, the latter situated in an apsidal recess containing a poor *cinquecento* fresco of the Resurrection. Around the walls stood a half dozen painted wooden statues of saints, lifesize and very old, raised four feet from the floor. The grimy plaster in its crumbling away had disclosed here and there bits of the original surrounding frescoes. But the chief object was a renaissance tomb of white plaster, ensconced in a niche high upon the left, adorned with fanciful moulded figures and reliefs in the style of Amadeo; the sarcophagus, covered with convoluted foliage and designs, was faced by three detached half-figures, of the Madonna and two saints, and its gable terminated curiously in a sort of triple candelabrum, bearing upon its tips statuettes of Christ between two cherubs; the last were the best executed, but none of the figures were very lifelike. Four coats of arms underneath indicated a deceased of noble lineage, doubtless of the Castiglione family.

Passing over to the *palazzo,* which appeared deserted, I finally roused a peasant caretaker who was prevailed upon to show the interior. This, to my delight, proved to be conserved unaltered in its early Renaissance condition,— a state which one finds nowadays only in some such occasional rural mansion. In the right wing of the *piano nobile,* reached by a stately staircase, stood the bedchamber and the library of Cardinal Branda Castiglione,— the favourite of Filippo Maria Visconti, from whom he obtained riches, and permission to rebuild his ancestral castle; he was a devoted patron of the arts, and brought Masolino da Panicale here from Florence about 1428. The furnishings of these rooms still remained unchanged from the day of his death. Here were his great canopied bed, his silk-cushioned armchair, and his other furniture of exquisite marquetry-work; the walls of the bedroom were painted with black fruit trees upon a red ground,

and white *putti* at intervals; the light was subdued to an ecclesiastical crepuscule by window-panes of purple and orange; the floor was of fine though broken mosaic. The library was paved with grey tiles, roofed with heavy beams, and painted with queer landscapes of town and country; in its farthest, upper, right-hand corner was pointed out to me a pretty female head, delicately moulded, which according to tradition was done by Masolino, as a friendly gift to his host and patron.[3]

The great hall of the palace was next reached, stretching along the rear of the main body, over the courtyard,— called "La Galleria" because of its rows of family portraits. Of these there were 35 in all, going back 500 years, including the cardinal himself in brown shades on black. Four delightful old gothic doorways of carved oak opened into the front rooms. At the end wall stood the chief artistic object of the mansion,— a splendid *quattrocento* chimney-piece, of grey cement imitating stone; it was sustained by four big Atlantes, and bore a handsome frieze of Roman arms alternating with Hermes; the top of white plaster was a modern addition, very rich in designs. Another interesting chimney was shown me before departing, — that of the old kitchen, which was really of sandstone, finely proportioned, and cut with ornate consoles supported by slender columns. The Renaissance brick ovens and the array of burnished copper utensils were a sight in themselves, and they were still in use after a score of generations.

Directly opposite the palace stood another building belonging to the same family, decorated with a most striking

[3] According to Julia Cartwright, in her life of Baldassare Castiglione,— who was a collateral descendant of the Cardinal — all of these frescoes were done by Masolino; but that is neither borne out by tradition, nor by their unequivocal poorness.

renaissance stone entrance-arch, very wide and richly sculptured, resting upon square panelled pillars with foliated caps; the quoins were cut with a profusion of grapevines, scrolls, human busts, etc., and other scrolls and little figures clambered along its decaying architrave.

I returned to the inn for lunch; then started out again on the left-hand street, past S. Sepolcro,— keeping straight on, up an isolated hill some 60 yards in height, that rose from the bank of the river just north of the town. Halfway up, an old schoolhouse appeared on the left, upon the brink of the ravine here formed by the stream, bearing on its façade a fairly well preserved *quattrocento* fresco, of the Madonna and two saints, with well moulded, graceful forms and faces,— probably another relic of Masolino's stay. At the top of the height there loomed through the trees the lofty brick walls enclosing his masterpieces: here was the Collegiate Church, which was also built by Cardinal Branda Castiglione, and for whose decoration he engaged the Florentine artist. I found it facing westward upon a little entrance-court at the very verge of the wooded chasm, which it overlooked; a gothic archway admitted me to this picturesque, secluded terrace, where the only sound heard was the rushing of the invisible waters 300 feet below.

On its right towered the red-brick gothic façade: a high gabled nave, with lower aisles, embellished with a handsome portal and rose-window of white limestone,— the former recessed with fine gothic mouldings, and its lunette filled with excellent reliefs bearing the date, 1428. These were the symbols of the four Evangelists, in separate compartments, and above them, a tableau of the Madonna enthroned between two bishops and three friars. The small lancet windows at the sides were simple. Gothic arcaded cornices of terracotta graced the eaves. A shapely *campanile* rose

between the nave and right transept, in several brick stages marked by similar cornices, to a belfry of single pointed arches, tipped by a round, slim, stuccoed spire. At the left of the façade two round arches topped by gables and pinnacles opened into a side yard, a sort of court between the church and the other collegiate buildings, which were long, two-storied structures of stucco.

This, then, was the place that has emerged from its long obscurity to be one of the world's most hallowed shrines of art; it was here, in these buildings still so fresh-looking, so prefectly preserved — as is the way of red brick — that Tommaso di Panicale, called Masolino, hid away from the world that marvellous series of frescoes, which were destined to reappear centuries later, to re-establish his fame as the real founder of Tuscan painting,— to reveal him as the true pioneer of the *quattrocento,* the initiator of the perfected art, the first to break away from the traditions and degenerated mannerisms of the Giottesque school, and depict real, tangible, individual human beings, with significance and expression. The truth was long suspected by Florence; but as she could lay hold upon no authentic works of Masolino except the few questionable figures in the Brancacci Chapel — the Adam and Eve, and the St. Peter preaching — the mantle that Masolino should have worn was placed upon the shoulders of his pupil Masaccio, whose full powers were there displayed. The mighty step forward which Masolino had made, became but a myth, with naught sufficient to support it; and so it was that his disciple's work became the admiration, the wonder, and the teacher of succeeding generations.

It was in the same year that Masaccio began his labours in the Brancacci, that Masolino was engaged, in this remote spot, in preserving for posterity that record of his genius

which proves it to have been his hand that made the revolution. For Masolino was 18 years older than his pupil, having been born in 1383, and must therefore have developed his powers that much earlier. When we think of the art-conditions surrounding his youth, the wonder of his accomplishment grows ever upon us: the decadence of the Giottesque style into graceless, unreal mannerisms,— as manifested by Agnolo Gaddi, then the Florentine leader, and continued by the Siennese, into perfectly wooden images; no paintings to learn or copy from, except their unnatural productions; no master to convey the rudiments of a proper method of representation. But if painting had languished, sculpture had not, and was even then making that extraordinary bound, from which we date the true opening of the Renaissance: in 1402 Lorenzo Ghiberti exposed to an astounded public his model for the northern doors of the Baptistery. The effect upon Masolino, at his impressionable age, was immediate and profound, and can be clearly seen in his work; he proceeded to express in colours what Ghiberti had modelled. A few years later he received the influence of another sculptor, his confrère, the young Donatello, whose slender grace of figure was added to the painter's accomplishments.

Thus Masolino went ahead upon his own new line, with none of his own craft to instruct or modify him,— with the single exception of Fra Angelico still later, by whose method he was thenceforth influenced in his colouring, and in his depiction of angelic beings. But the latter was a small matter, in Masolino's choice of subjects; in all the great essentials of his development he must have drawn upon himself alone, upon his own intuitive genius, given its impulse by the new sculpture. He rediscovered the secret of tactile value, in a high degree; he boldly launched out into the un-

charted sea of realism,— into the natural depiction of drapery, form, and perspective; he endowed his personages with individuality, dignity, and significance of gesture and expression; he became student and pioneer in the portrayal of the nude human figure; he invented a wonderful means of flesh-moulding and colouring; he learned the method of striking yet realistic composition, with powerful free spaces, effective grouping, and concentration on the principal figures; he developed easy, dignified movement, and a high power of dramatic expression. His figures in the Brancacci reveal but few of these wonderful successes, but they are all demonstrated here at Castiglione.

A great part of the praises that have been showered upon Masaccio's deeds belong therefore to Masolino, and these collegiate buildings must receive the priority so long usurped by the chapel. Much of the old laudation can even be transferred word by word: it is Masolino's work that should be "usually spoken of as the earliest specimens of the painting of the (high) Renaissance.—This cycle of pictures may be regarded as a programme of the earlier art of the Renaissance, the importance of which it served to maintain, even during the age of Raphael. Here the beauty of the nude was first revealed, and here a calm dignity was for the first time imparted to the individual figures, as well as to the general arrangement; and the transformation of a group of indifferent spectators in the composition, into a sympathising choir, forming as it were a frame to the principal actors in the scene, was first successfully effected." [4]

Entering the church, I saw a dusky nave of gothic vaulting, divided into groined bays, whose cells were painted in the early *quattrocento* manner, with medallions and designs; its walls were upheld by round stone pillars with vile,

[4] Prof. Anton Springer, on Masaccio and the Brancacci Chapel.

squat capitals of gilded leaves; and it was flanked by low aisles without altars or chapels, pierced by frequent lancet windows. The choir projected forward between the last two pillars on each side, to a voluptuous railing of black and reddish brown marbles, leaving space behind the baroque high-altar for a confined, apsidal retrochoir, which was covered with old frescoes.

These were Masolino's first productions here; but alas,—on approaching near I found them to be mostly ruined. On the apse-walls beside the windows, once adorned with scenes from the life of St. Stephen, there now remained decipherable but three fragmentary tableaux; in two of which the saint could be dimly discerned as standing before some judge or monarch, surrounded by many persons, and in the third as grouped with several others in a smaller chamber. All these figures still visible, however, were finely modelled, lifelike and vigorous, with splendidly poised heads and strong, individualised, expressive features. The ceiling was better preserved: the five triangular divisions of the groined vaulting held each a picture from the life of the Virgin, clearly discernible in its composition and outlines. They represented, from left to right, the Adoration of the Magi, Annunciation, Coronation of the Virgin, her Marriage, and the Birth of Christ; but realism had practically been banished from every one by its narrow, elongated space. The damage here, too, had been so great, that in the Marriage alone could the master's qualities be made out; its figures happened to have escaped the general destruction sufficiently to show their remarkable moulding, naturalness, and sense of power; they were exquisitely draped, and graceful both in shape and pose, while their faces were full of life and expression. One has only to compare them for an instant with the productions of Giottino or the Gaddi to realise

their worth and historical importance. The angel of the Annunciation still shone with the loveliness of Angelico, and the forms of the three Magi were fortunately distinct with a pleasing reality. The aged Cardinal Branda himself was visible in the Nativity, kneeling beside the manger.

I was not disturbed by all this ruin, because the principal series of Masolino's frescoes remained to be seen in the baptistery, where they have been fortunately preserved by a coat of whitewash, lately removed. But there were two pieces of sculpture in this retrochoir worthy of notice: a delightful stucco tabernacle for the Host, of flamboyant gothic design, holding in its gable a couple of kneeling Luinesque angels of much charm; and the tomb of Cardinal Branda Castiglione, reposing in an open archway of the left wall, between choir and aisle. The latter was executed by Leonardus Griffus after the prelate's death, in 1443, and beautifully accords with his love of art. His lifesize figure reclines in the accepted attitude on the top of the sarcophagus; which is decorated by two little saints in niches, one above the other, at each angle, by a couple of striking Franciscan saints beside a crucifix at one end, and the forms of Sts. Stephen and Lawrence upon the other; the long inscriptions upon the sides occupy scrolls upheld by pretty angels and cherubs; and the sarcophagus is supported by four larger crowned saints of the gentler sex. It is carved from the usual grey sandstone of the district, and is a fine sample of the best Renaissance work.

In the adjacent small chapel filling the end of the left aisle I observed a quaint gothic *ancona* of painted wood, or stucco, in three divisions, containing figures of the Madonna and saints, surmounted by half-figures and statuettes; and the corresponding chapel at the end of the right aisle held one still quainter and older, of six compartments, with a

THE SACRO MONTE: THE LAST CHAPEL, AND VIEW OF S. MARIA DEL MONTE. VARESE

Christ in the upper centre, and two or three saints in each of the other divisions. Adjacent to the latter was the sacristy, which a solitary aged woman advanced to open for me. Here I was surprised by a considerable show of old churchly vestments, silver communion cups artistically decorated, illustrated choir books, renaissance tapestries and embroideries, etc., all enclosed in a large glass cabinet. Among these things were a handsome gilded cross, a richly relieved ivory coffer, and, chief of them all, a little unframed panel of the Annunciation, which was executed by Masolino in his leisure moments. Such being the subject, the influence of Fra Angelico shone predominant: the delicate, charming Virgin, seated to right under an arcade, humble and receptive, and the brilliant angel appearing to left, with gilded wings and halo, might be taken directly from *Il Beato's* wonderful Annunciation in the Baptistery of Cortona.— From the small barred window here there opened a pleasing vista of the brown-tiled roofs in the vale below, extending away down to the imposing, towered castle on its hill.

My conductor now led me through a doorway in the left aisle, across the treeless court, to a little building in its farther corner; in this simple structure,— covered with mouldering stucco, but a single story in height, and looking, under its front shed, like a dingy cow-stable,— had been hidden the priceless secret of the centuries. For in Cardinal Branda's day it had been used as a baptistery. Over the plain doorway appeared a hint of the treasures within,— the fragmentary heads and hands of a Madonna and announcing angel; but such exquisite heads! — dainty, refined, expressive, lovely,— they bore the clear stamp of Masolino. We entered; — and from every wall and ceiling of the two little vaulted chambers, divided only by a wide

gothic archway, there burst upon my eyes a glistening flood of tenderest colours, radiating from countless beautiful human figures in the costumes of long-ago, which were gathered in groups or assemblages, through continuous imposing landscapes of mountains and valleys, and as angelic choirs in the blue vaults of heaven.

Every foot of space had been covered with them, and glittered once with an effulgence of hues infinitely surpassing the present, when their dazzling beauty must have been something quite beyond our prosaic conceptions; every bit of their vivid glory had later on been covered with whitewash, in a barbarism that is likewise inconceivable, but which we must thank for their preservation. Its removal, however, could not restore their pristine brilliancy, and left perforce many a vestment, not only untinted, but merely a scraped white outline. Still, the general effect remains astonishingly bright, the separate tableaux being clear in all but a few details of garment or background; and the great accomplishments of Masolino are set forth irrefutably, for all time. The antique font is left in the centre of the first compartment, but the altar has been long stripped from the platform of the second, and the place is now to be a national monument. The light enters from two small gothic windows, one in the left, and the other in the rear wall.

My special attention was first drawn to the magnificent tableau occupying the whole of the right wall in the outer room, which was splendidly preserved, and so freely spaced that its two groups of figures, although lifesize, were small in comparison with the tremendous, glowering background of craggy mountain-sides; to the foot of their slopes extended a stately perspective of two vaulted colonnades, crowned by classic loggias; and at the front of these were being enacted two tense dramatic scenes, whose grimness was finely ac-

centuated by the bare, dark summits looming overhead. On the left was King Herod seated at the banquet-table, with his daughter approaching to demand the life of the Baptist; on the right Salome was placing the head in her mother's lap, while the handmaidens drew back in horror. Here was wonderful composition. The tragedy of the theme was well carried out by the few, lifelike actors, who were so tangible and real, so vivid in their individualities and expressions, so significant in their postures, that the mind was not at all distracted by the men's *quattrocento* dress. Everywhere were evident the keen touches of the master's genius: Herod and his counsellors were genuine, puffy, discursive old men, of intelligence and high position,— the white-haired priest seated next the king being Cardinal Branda himself, now over 80 years of age; the cold, determined character of Herodias shone from her middle-aged countenance, with its carefully tended, lingering comeliness; the unlined, careless features of the tire-girls were alight with real fear and dismay; the handsome faces of the young courtiers reflected their levity, and greater by the contrast appeared the proud, passionate, but lovely face of Salome, whose compressed, down-drawn lips and fixed eyes betrayed the storm within her.

What a marvellous stride forward from the unreal images of the Giottesque school had been achieved by Masolino in figures such as these! All their details showed what a power of realistic execution he had developed from within himself: not only were the solidity, the tactile values, rendered tangible by indiscernible shadings, the costumes and draperies fitted with natural folds that revealed the firm limbs beneath, and the different parts of the human body justly proportioned and attached; but, beyond all these was the truly marvellous quality of the fleshwork,— in

moulding, consistency, delicacy, softness, and a colouring exquisite beyond compare. Of all Masolino's accomplishments this last is both unique and supreme; the first to strike the delighted eye in looking at his work, and the last to linger in the mind, as a happy memory; not only an infinite advance over the productions of all preceding and coexisting artists, but a creation that in my judgment has never since been surpassed. The tinting of the skin, in the females and the young men, was of a most delicious pink, imperceptibly graduated, that can be likened only to a peach-blow vase, or a rose-petal in its first bloom,— the pink that we see sometimes in the faint flush of a perfect complexion of sixteen years; it was not laid upon the cuticle, but seemed to permeate the whole tegument evenly, from within; it was not a blush, but the gentle glow of perfect health in a youthful body. This exquisite hue, which has emerged from the whitewash in such remarkable preservation, was complemented by the pliable texture of the skin, its evident malleability and firmness conjoined, its perfect contours, its transparent delicacy and fairness; while its shapely moulding was done in an indefinable manner, without apparent shading, that yet gave an assured effect of corporality.

The tender cheeks and long, slender necks of the women were therefore of a loveliness most singular and unforgettable; and the young men, with their curling fair hair, were almost equally attractive. It was the same in the other pictures: all over the chambers shone these beautiful, unsmiling, softly erubescent faces. But on the same degree were the hands also; in fact — and I say it without being carried away by enthusiasm — I have never seen any hands quite so graceful and expressive as the major part of these. Of the same excellence in their fleshwork, perfectly modelled and life-

like, they were at once elegant in shape, alluring in pose, and of an astonishing eloquence in gesture; their movements were neither violent nor theatric, but every graceful finger seemed replete with meaning. Especially fine were the three pairs of lovely hands in the group of Herodias, Salome and the startled handmaiden.

In the same picture was seen also the final act of the Baptist's story,— the entombment of his mutilated body, far up on the mountain-side in rear; there a few little figures were to be espied, laying the corpse in a sarcophagus, while one of them knelt beside it in tears. This was, then, the last tableau of the whole series, which together represented the principal events of St. John's life,— commencing with the writing of his name by Joachim, on the left wall of the outer room. But upon the left and entrance walls the painting had not been successfully restored, as elsewhere,— fortunately but little to be noticed, on account of the presence of the doorway and window. To left of the doorway there was dimly visible a group of grave men standing, of whom but two or three remained distinct; but the last two heads upon the left were as dignified, strong, and full of character as any of the Brancacci Chapel,— perhaps more so. To right of the doorway there could be made out what was evidently a Visitation,— with one *very* lovely young female head just peeping from the submerged spectators. Upon the vaulting lingered the four Evangelists, done in a more careless manner. On the left wall naught remained but the figures of Joachim, his wife, and the infant St. John, with the perspective of a long, vaulted hall upheld by columns; the old man, with a sweeping white beard, was writing the chosen name upon a table, and his wife stood by, holding the child. This scene must once have been very effective.

The wide pointed archway dividing the rooms had not been omitted from Masolino's labours: on its front side, to right, there appeared a soldier slaying a man lying at his feet, probably intended for the execution of the Baptist,— a striking picture, in both senses; above the arch were two flying angels, holding a scroll over the keystone; upon the left,— all had been destroyed. The broad soffit was covered with six seated figures of saints, in separate compartments, — aged, snowy-bearded men, engaged in reading or writing; the two lowest upon the left side were gone, the others still clear and realistic,— especially the St. Ambrose and St. Jerome, with their severe, ascetic faces, expressive of deep and holy thought; which proved the master to have been as expert in the portrayal of such characteristics as he was in youthful comeliness.

Coming to the rear chamber,— which was considerably smaller than the outer, having been designed simply for the altar upon its dais — I observed to left a scene of the Baptist preaching to a crowd of people, now mostly destroyed; but the other walls were resplendent with four grand tableaux, finely preserved, and the vaulting was radiant with celestial beings. Here was the acme of Masolino's labours. On the right was a daring theme, ingeniously conceived and effectively carried out,— St. John in prison, seen only through the outer bars of his cell, guarded by a soldier. From that inner duskiness stood forth his care-worn face and attenuated, kneeling form, as he raised his eyes heavenward in anguished prayer; his sufferings, his want, his enthusiastic faith, his devotion of self, were all stamped upon that meagre, holy countenance, and cleverly accentuated by the gloom and the grating. Adjacent on the rear wall, below, he had been brought up from his prison into the presence of the King and Queen, and was delivering

to Herod that awful admonition for his wickedness; its severity was evident in the saint's glowing eye, in his outstretched denunciatory finger, and in the clearly alarmed soldier who clung to him behind, fearful of danger to the sovereign and anxious to drag back the prisoner to his cell. This jailor's face is one of the most expressive of the whole series.

As for the other three faces, their perfect identity with those of the same characters in the subsequent scenes well shows Masolino's minute care; and that of Herodias here, still cold and disdainful, is the most striking of the series in its wondrous modelling and delicate skin. Unmistakably belonging to a middle-aged woman, and of irregular features, yet it is made surpassingly lovely, and keenly alive with intelligence; her agitation is shown in the beautiful hand, which is slightly lifted in dismay. She is indescribably charming, in spite of the proud, selfish character marked in the mouth and eye. In effective contrast with her elegance stands the rough, emaciated figure of the saint, his gaunt limbs and naked feet protruding from the single, dilapidated garment, his fanatical expression deepened by the long, untrimmed, black hair and beard. Yet this is in no way overdrawn.

He appears again, to still better effect, in the scene upon the opposite side of the rear window, where he is identical in form, but clad in a dark cloak and undyed goatskin shirt; listening to his words is a gathering of country folk, including Christ and several of the Apostles,— the head of the Saviour being distinguished by its pure, serene, thoughtful expression. This was evidently the meeting of Jesus and St. John. The following, supreme scene of the latter's life is placed just above, filling the whole upper half of the arched back wall,— the baptism of the Saviour. Located thus appropriately, above the altar, where it commands all

of the enclosure, it is also the *chef d'œuvre* of the series. Here Masolino has excelled himself. Its tremendous landscape of rugged mountains, stretching afar in imposing, parallel chains, that enclose a weird and barren-looking valley, — forms an effective setting for the great action in the foreground, accentuating its sublimity, and drawing at once the attention of whosoever enters the chapel.

Down the middle of the strange valley flows a winding stream, in whose rippling water, at the centre of the foreground, stands the comely figure of the Christ, naked but for the loin-cloth, submerged as far as the knees; His head is slightly bent, His eyes down-cast, His hands somewhat raised in an unconscious attitude of emotion, as St. John pours the cupful of blessed liquid upon His crown. The latter kneels upon the right-hand bank, a little raised,— the same, gaunt, skin-clad devotee,— stretching out one arm to perform the ceremony. Behind him four men are removing their garments, evidently for the purpose of receiving the same rite,— probably intended to represent disciples, for two have heads identical with apostles in the last mentioned tableau; the other two have entirely undressed, one facing the spectator and the second showing his back. Thus did Masolino effect a natural demonstration of his study of the nude; and these results are marvellous, standing forth predominant in the picture. The remaining figures, to the left of the Christ, consist of three delightful young angels, holding His garments, clad in plain dark robes but with lovely heads.

Here again is magnificent composition: the grand background with its far perspective, the free spacing, the natural but balanced grouping centering in the Saviour, the dramatic significance of disposition and gesture, all concentrate the attention upon the supreme ceremony. And there one sees

a form of unsurpassed shapeliness, perfect in proportions, stalwart yet fair, and of undeniable materiality and firmness of flesh, which have been rendered with consummate skill; in general poise, and in the shape and gesture of the hands, it is graceful beyond expression; so that when one remembers the inability of Masolino's predecessors to portray the nude at all, or even properly to indicate a body within a garment, when he thinks of their ignorance of the proportions and articulations of the human frame,— he gazes in amazement at this beautiful Christ, wondering at the genius that within one lifetime had made such a giant evolution.

This first true exposition of the human body is completed by the naked figures on the right,— figures with more of virile power and firmness and less of grace, but of astonishing realism in every limb and line; that bared back must be said to be perfect,— not a muscle omitted or misplaced. I can think of nothing that was done to equal these forms for over half a century thereafter,— nor until Signorelli's work at Orvieto, about 1500. And what is it that they remind us of so strongly,— these stalwart men undressing by a stream? They were the first, and real, precursors of Michael Angelo's great cartoon of the Bathing Soldiers surprised by the Enemy, which was designed for Florence's Palazzo Vecchio nearly a century later.

Upon the vaulting of the rear chamber, finally, I inspected with much pleasure the composition of the Eternal Father surrounded by angels, in Masolino's entirely different vein. He was indeed versatile. This was a work entirely decorative, with an eye to beauty alone; and so he abandoned realism for the charming forms and hues of the Angelico manner. In the azure heaven sparkling with golden stars appeared the half-figure of the Almighty, within a black medallion; roundabout fluttered nine angels, emerging from little clouds,

clad in flowing robes finely draped and of the tenderest bright tints; the shining wings were small, the hair golden and fluffy, and the sweetly rounded, roseate young faces were all directed toward the Father. The very simplicity of the composition, its freedom from numbers, background and accessories, augmented its loveliness of form and colour.

Italy has produced an elaborate quarto volume, with fifty full-page photogravure plates, upon the rare artistic treasures of this little town: it is entitled, "Il Borgo di Castiglione Olona," and is written by the talented Dr. Diego Sant' Ambrogio.[5] Upon my return to the inn I found that the worthy Braga's were in possession of a copy, which they are accustomed to allow visitors to examine, though it is too heavy and valuable to be carried about.— By 5 o'clock I was on my way back to the railroad; and as we neared the brow of the long ascent from the vale, my last look at the secluded village, tucked away down there for so many centuries, between its castle-hill at one end and its collegiate-hill at the other, was not unaccompanied by emotion: for it had this day shown me beauties that I should never again find elsewhere,— the inspired beginnings of our modern painting.

I stayed at Varese for awhile longer, enjoying the delightful drives and walks about the rolling countryside, with its ever pleasing prospects of the lakes and mountains, and its countless charming villas, ideally situated; a visit to some of these is well worth while,— such as the Villa Ponti, and the Litta Modignani, with its relics of Garibaldi's battle, which there took place. A large part of the district can also be covered by trips in the electric cars, including the interesting northern shore of Lake Varese, with its many

[5] Published by Calzolari and Ferrario, 6 Via Benvenuto Cellini, Milan.

prosperous little towns.— But at last, one morning, I bade adieu to the uplands, and took my seat in an early train, at the other station than the one where I had arrived,— bound for the city of Busto Arsizio. This I knew to be a very modernised manufacturing town; but it contains one important survival of the Renaissance,— a church from Bramante's own designs, which is decorated with paintings by Luini, Lanini, and Gaudenzio Ferrari; those of the latter artist being of especial merit.

This railway line I found to be run by electric power; the handsome new coaches were built in the American style, with a single long, open compartment to each car, having seats facing forward, divided by the aisle; the locomotives were massive double-headed motors, taking their energy from a third rail, and capable of great speed. The power, I was informed, comes from the large falls of the Ticino canal at Vizzola, just west of Busto Arsizio, where is located the greatest electric generating plant in Europe; a good part of the water of the Ticino — here the boundary of Lombardy — is conducted by this canal nearly 5 miles from the river, to plunge into the artificial turbine-pits; and the resulting energy is transmitted far and wide over the plain, furnishing a dozen different towns, including Busto, Legnano and Saronno, with the power for their lights, tramways and manufacturing plants, as well as running the railways of the district.

The train bore me a little west of south, diverging from the Olona River, at a rapidity remarkable for Italy. The swelling uplands were soon left behind, and the great plain stretched once more around me, in all its closeness of cultivation. At Gallarate we joined with the branch lines leading to the foot and middle of Lago Maggiore; then turned to the southeast, reaching Busto in some ten minutes more.

This little city of 20,000 people lies about three miles west of the Olona River, and nearly 25 miles from Milan; it was a smaller place in mediæval times,— never of any account in history, though included in the possessions of the lords of Milan,— and has been recently built up through its manufacturing. When I emerged from the station, at the southeastern side of the town, I noticed at once an air of intense business in its streets, a thronging and a bustle, quite indicative of its commercial spirit. The long main thoroughfare, leading northwest,— a section of the ancient highway from Milan to the foot of Lago Maggiore — was lined by modern, uninteresting, stuccoed buildings of good size, with shops fairly up to date.

Following this avenue — of old the Via Milano, but now rechristened after the everlasting Venti Settembre,— and traversing the Piazza Garibaldi, surrounded by cafés, I reached the second Piazza, of S. Giovanni, having the church of that name upon the right side, facing north. It was a large stuccoed edifice of the rococo period, with a lofty, handsome, red-brick *campanile* beside the right transept, and a curious frescoed shrine upon the outside of the right wall of the nave, adjacent to the sidewalk of the street. Through its barred opening I saw a crowned, gilt Madonna upon an altar, other gilded statues in niches, painted *putti* frolicking over the wall-spaces, and a recess upon the right piled horribly with *human skulls and bones,* around a crucifix. The utter decadence of its period was further demonstrated by the fading frescoes on its outer wall, about the opening; they represented *sporting skeletons,* crowned with laurel, embracing voluptuous females, and above these, several of the old Greek goddesses. This was indeed extraordinary decoration for a Christian edifice,— the most extreme example I had ever found of the debased neo-classic manner.

Adjacent, in the open, stood an awful baroque statue to the "Beatæ Julianæ," dated 1782,— a white sandstone female of sickening pose and expression, upon a red granite pedestal. She was rivalled in ugliness by the façade of the church, which was an unformed mess of vilest rococo ornamentation — save the word,— including a lot of dwarf-obelisks tipped with balls, and grotesque statues with whirling garments. Its central bronze doors were quite unusual, showing scenes from the Baptist's life in an exceedingly impressionistic manner. But this predecessor of Rodin had not achieved great success. The spacious, finely proportioned interior of the edifice, of good renaissance design spoiled by gaudy decoration, proved to be noteworthy only for its curious plaster reliefs, painted in imitation of polished bronze, posted around the walls, and a weird *ancona* in the right transept that might be called the apex of these baroque horrors; it was an enormous plaster construction representing an oval of coloured clouds and *putti*-heads, enclosing a figure of Christ upon another cloud, draped in an intensely vivid scarlet robe. Words could not do it injustice.

But one block farther north, however, appeared the edifice designed by Bramante, whose purity and simple grace seemed most delightful after this rococo barbarism. It was the church of S. Maria, standing upon the right side of the piazza of the same name, with its northern façade faced upon a narrow street issuing easterly: a cube-shaped building, of cream-coloured stucco, capped by an octagonal drum of nearly equal breadth; the latter part was ornamented with a handsome gallery, of four round arches per side, resting upon slender doric columns connected by a balustrade; and the flat, tinned dome was surmounted by an octagonal, columned lantern of two stages. The two façades were identically simple, each being pierced by a single doorway of marble,

with a plain circular window above it, and two at the sides; these portals were framed by pilasters, with caps made of distorted masks and horns of plenty, supporting a high entablature topped by limestone statues; and their lunettes held decaying frescoes, of the Madonna with angels or *putti*. On the south rose the graceful, detached campanile, of stucco painted brown and grey, with a belfry of double arches, tipped by a square lantern. In all these quiet, harmonious lines I saw the unmistakable imprint of the great Umbrian.

The beauties, as usual with Bramante, lay mostly in the interior, for whose effect everything was planned; this nave was not only imposing in its proportions, and charming in all its parts, it was also finely decorated; — a structure delightful to the eye, and increasing in effectiveness the more it was studied. Square in shape upon the ground, it became octagonal through projecting quarter-domes at the upper corners, so that eight huge ornamental arches ran around the walls; the rear one enclosed the high-altar recess, of moderate depth; they all rested upon tall pilasters with ornate faces, painted with arabesques and *putti* on golden ground. In their eight spandrels were frescoed medallions containing busts; on the four quarter-domes at the angles were four larger frescoes, three of them modern, the fourth a splendid work of Gaudenzio Ferrari.

It contained seven of his lovely angels,— five playing instruments of music, and two, above the others, singing from a long scroll; all were united in that *abandon* of joyous melody, and distinguished by that full beauty of form, feature and pose, that harmony of graceful gestures and rhythm of movement, that gaiety of colouring — now, alas, greatly faded — and that expression of rapt, heavenly happiness, which are so striking and characteristic of the master's genius. This painting was unfortunately in a sad condi-

tion. The other three contained similar groups of playing and singing angels, likewise disposed and gaily tinted; but what a difference,— in their lack of harmony of colours and action, and their doll-like faces devoid of meaning.

Over the great arches, all the way around, ran an arcade of niches framed with pilasters and mouldings, holding 32 lifesize statues of saints, in grey plaster; thence sprang the curve of the dome, in each of whose eight divisions there was a circular window, with a couple of painted female figures beside it, of heroic size. These were the saints and sibyls executed by Luini; and he did not seem to have taken any special pains with them,— probably on account of their height from the floor — having evidently confined himself to a decorative purpose only. In such a work, too, his pupils doubtless did a large part of the colouring. It *is* decorative, and the figures are fairly lifelike, but that is all I can say of them in their present state.

The other important paintings I found in the little choir. Upon the insides of its front piers, facing each other, were firstly the two figures of the Virgin and the announcing angel, by Ferrari's pupil, Lanini,— rather insipid and expressionless. Next, upon the left wall, was a large fresco of the Magi by the same hand, not well ordered but of natural, vigorous, lifesize characters, significant and graceful; his principal charm, the brilliant colouring, had much faded. Upon the opposite wall, at the sides of a window, were an angel playing a violin and a Nativity, also by Lanini; the latter showing the same serious fault of poor composition,— being, in fact, an aggregation of crowded heads; at any rate, it was practically ruined. But now I had reached a genuine treasure, the foremost of the city,— its celebrated *ancona* by Ferrari himself, which he painted in 1539.

This was a large canvas over the high-altar, in a splendidly

carved gilt frame of six compartments. The principal tableau was an Assumption: above the throng of apostles and friends, gazing as usual with awestruck faces and uplifted arms, soared the lovely, rounded form of the Madonna, borne upon a cloud and accompanied by a flock of winged cherubs; her face, beautiful though not very refined, was upturned with a proper expression of rapture; like the disciples below, she was clad in a simple, unadorned robe,— here of a reddish hue. In this last respect Ferrari showed his common sense. He used to "object to the Madonna and the Apostles being painted in gorgeous robes,—'which,' as he truly said, 'they never wore.'"[6] The picture was perfectly preserved, except for the inevitable slight fading of his bright tints. The male figures were virile, strongly modelled and individualised, with speaking faces. To left of this, below, stood the Baptist holding a lamb; to right of it, St. Michael, with his arm uplifted to strike a demon upon the ground,— a superb form, of exquisite shapeliness and poise, and truly celestial beauty. Above these last were two smaller, three-quarter figures of saints, and at the top of the frame, a majestic, imposing, brooding figure of the Eternal Father, looking down with outstretched hands. Though Ferrari was 68 years of age when he executed this piece, and had generally retrograded in his work toward the close of his life, I could not see in it any marked deterioration; it was not equal to his greatest productions, but nevertheless was full of his old charm of form and colour; and the St. Michael could hardly be surpassed by any hand.

Still another treat awaited me, at the back of the altar, — the *predelle* of the *ancona,* also executed by Ferrari, upon wood. They were four delightful little scenes, very prettily tinted: the Birth of the Virgin, her Presentation, her Wed-

[6] Ethel Halsey's "Gaudenzio Ferrari."

ding, and a view of her with the youthful Christ in the carpentry-shop. All these were happily set in natural, home backgrounds, the figures realistic but very pleasing, and effectively grouped to tell the tale. The Wedding was full of people, but the contracting parties were simply earnest, and impressive. Most pleasing of all was the scene of the dusky work-room at eventide, with St. Joseph absorbed in planing at his bench, the Madonna seated opposite, and the boy Christ standing by, watching him,— plainly dressed, unmoving, yet lustrous in His beauty of youth and spirituality.

Returning down the main street, I had lunch at one of the numerous restaurants, thronged with business men, and by two o'clock was again aboard train, whirling southeast. The frequency of these fast, new trains, and their invariable crowding, with well-dressed, intelligent people, were characteristic of this swiftly developing, commercial *Milanese;* but ah,— how utterly different from the dreamy mediævalism of other districts of Italy. Yet I was now advancing upon some of the most historic ground of the Middle Age,— ground, in fact, more sacred than any other to the Italian patriot. For at Legnano was fought that ever memorable battle which destroyed at last the power and pretensions of Frederick Barbarossa, and brought to the Lombard cities their long-desired freedom. If Pontida, where the league of the cities was first ratified by their consuls, can properly be called the conception of Italian freedom, Legnano is rightly named its birthplace; and in terrible travail was it born, on that day of May 29, 1176, when the Lombards of every region poured out their blood like water.

Fourteen years previously, in 1162, the relentless Emperor had taken and destroyed Milan, had razed to the ground that splendid capital with all its palatial relics of Roman days, and scattered its 300,000 inhabitants over the plain.

This deed was followed by a general sway over the plain-towns so rigorous and exacting, so forceful and tyrannical, that at the end of five ignominious years, without one dissenting voice, they united themselves at Pontida to resist the foreigner unto death. Three hundred of their leading young nobles, from a dozen cities, also joined themselves by holy rite into the famous "Company of Death," pledged by the most solemn oaths not to lay down the sword, nor hesitate at any risk, till they had purchased freedom even with their lives. No further evidence is needed, of the lasting impression made upon the Italian people by this occurrence,— when for the first time since the fall of the Roman Empire they united together for self-protection — than the fact that one still finds everywhere in Italian households representations upon their walls, in oil, chromo, engraving, or wood-cut, of the "Giuramento di Pontida."

That same year the new allies rebuilt Milan. The Emperor took up the challenge, and a long, varying struggle ensued, during which the cities held together with remarkable firmness. At last Frederick determined to end it with another great blow, and in the Spring of 1176 gathered his heaviest forces at Como; the undaunted Lombards prepared their army of fellow-citizens at Milan. Foremost in their preparations was the new *Carroccio*,[7] or battle-car, which according to mediæval custom was to advance in the front ranks against the enemy, representing all that they fought for; it was their standard, their leader, their inspiration, their

[7] This curious mediæval institution was first devised by Ariberto, Archbishop of Milan, about 1040; and "was soon adopted by cities throughout Italy. It gave cohesion and confidence to the citizens, reminded them that the church was on their side in the struggle for freedom, and served as a symbol of their military strength in union." J. A. Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

THE BAPTISTERY: BY MASOLINO,—HERODIAS AND THE HEAD OF S. GIOVANNI. CASTIGLIONE D'OLONA

ark of the covenant, by which they would stand or fall. "This car was escorted by a picked company of horsemen, nine hundred strong, and defended by three hundred young nobles,— the Company of Death, its members being sworn rather to die than lose their precious charge. The car itself was drawn by six milk-white oxen in scarlet harness. In its centre a huge crucifix surmounted a globe, above which, from a mast, floated the banner of the Milanese Republic. It contained an altar on which masses were said, and appliances for tending the wounded." [8]

Barbarossa, leaving his Empress at the castle of Baradello near Como, moved southward with his host, and the brave burghers advanced to meet him. At Legnano the clash occurred. It was the old, old conflict between mercenaries bent on conquest and citizens fighting for all they held dear; and the patriots entered upon it with feelings of sacred devotion, after inspiring ceremonies by the priests. "As the *Carroccio* moved forward towards the Imperial army, its escort kneeled down in prayer." [9] The ensuing struggle was frightful; for miles over the plain men died by the thousands, but especially around the devoted *Carroccio* did the carnage flourish. The Emperor was determined to seize it, realising that that would give him victory; for hours he launched against it his best battalions,— but its defenders fought until they fell, and their places were instantly filled, again and again. The Company of Death earned its name, going down to immortal glory. When the day ended Barbarossa's host was broken and dispersed, shattered beyond mending, and he himself was wounded and a fugitive. His very shield was in the Lombards' hands, and for three days they believed him dead, unrecognised amongst the countless

[8] Richard Bagot's "The Lakes of Northern Italy."
[9] Oscar Browning's "Guelfs and Ghibellines."

corpses. Meanwhile he was creeping from one hiding-place to another, avoiding the parties pursuing his crumbled army, and at the end of the third day "appeared unattended before the fortress of Baradello, where the Empress was already mourning for him as dead on the field of battle."

"Frederick realised the situation: he had been beaten; he was therefore ready to make peace on the cities' terms. He met Alexander III (the Pope) at St. Mark's at Venice (1177), fell at his feet, confessed his wrong deeds and begged the Pope to remove the ban from him. The Pope yielded, and a truce was declared. Six years later, at Constance, the treaty of peace was signed which granted the cities substantially all they had demanded." [9a] Four hundred years later, in 1876, the quartercentenary of the birth of Italian freedom was celebrated at Legnano with great rejoicings, by a country at last independent and united, from ocean to ocean. And 24 years after that, following the wish of the people, the national government erected upon the battleground the now famous memorial, from the chisel of the talented sculptor, Butti.

As for Legnano itself, it was until recent times a little, unimportant place, overshadowed by the adjacent metropolis; and resembles Busto also in having a single interesting relic of the Renaissance era,— a church from Bramante's design, almost identical with Busto's, which is furthermore decorated by Luini and Lanini. Luini's altar-piece (1524) is ranked amongst the few greatest works of Lombardy. Like Busto, again, Legnano has increased her wealth and size through modern manufacturing, until she too can boast of nearly 20,000 inhabitants; she is perhaps even more typical of the bustling, rebuilt factory-town. It is the silk-trade, chiefly, that has made these cities of the *Milanese* flourish. The

[9a] Oscar Browning's "Guelfs and Ghibellines."

production of raw silk has grown steadily all over the plain, from that fortunate day when it was introduced by the mediæval despots (the one great benefit which they rendered their country), until Italy's annual crop now reaches well over a third of that of the whole world. But it is above all the staple of northern Lombardy. "Till lately the great bulk of silk thread was sent abroad to be woven. But in the last twenty years the old hand-looms and their beautiful brocades have disappeared, and great textile mills with over 7,000 power-looms have sprung up in the provinces of Como and Milan." [10]

These are the wealth-producing factories with which the towns of the region are filled, increasing in number month by month. The railway trains, the steamers on the lakes, and the barges on the canals, pass before one's eyes laden always with the bags of raw silk from the farms or the boxes of woven goods from the mills. "The exports of silk have risen from £13,250,000 in 1897 to nearly £21,000,000 in 1899," and the rise has ever since continued. It is not for nothing that one sees the *Milanese* covered with a blanket of mulberry trees, wheresoever he looks.

Ten minutes only after my departure from Busto,— during which we had traversed 3½ miles — and I was again descending at a crowded, busy station. Pushing my way out, after depositing my luggage, I found the main street of Legnano running straightaway to the east; and following this I came shortly to a sunny, oval piazza, surrounded by stuccoed dwellings with walled gardens and trees, including one stately renaissance palace. But I had no eyes for aught except the oval's centre, where loomed a great monument requiring instant recognition; too many a time had I seen reproduced that giant mailed figure of a 12th century warrior

[10] King and Okey's "Italy To-day."

— dear to every patriotic heart — not to know it as the national memorial. There he stood against the blue sky, far aloft upon a mighty block of granite,— this majestic champion of human freedom, this representative of the citizen-soldier as against the robber-knight, of the Italian burgher roused to defend his land. He was clad *cap-a-pie* in the chain-armour of his time, an unvisored morion upon his head, his left arm holding a long, triangular shield; his legs were spread as if he posed upon a mountain-peak, the left one sustaining his weight, the right foot considerably higher, advanced upon a rock; in the right hand he grasped his sword, stretching it out and upward to the full length of the arm, which together with the blade, formed one straight line; the stalwart shoulders were squared, the martial head thrown back, and from the open lips of the resolute, fierce countenance there seemed to be proceeding a roar of defiance to his country's enemies,— a mighty oath upon the extended weapon, that never should it be sheathed till Italy was free.

A most remarkable, impressive figure,— so lifelike, so powerful, so thrilling with turbulent emotion, that the observer's heart beats more swiftly with the reflex of its fiery patriotism and the sense of those terrible days. It is indeed a *chef d'œuvre,* of the new, unconventional sculpture; and its daring novelty is augmented by the setting,— for its left side is toward the front of the monument, which gives the most effective view of its embattled posture. Approaching closer to this front, I examined the relief upon the polished grey granite: there was the *Carroccio,* drawn by its six white oxen, escorted by foot-soldiers, preceded by a mounted knight who gazed anxiously ahead; the wide car itself being laden with a throng of priests, who were engaged in ceremonies about its tall wooden crucifix. It was a fine, realistic piece of carving, in spite of the impressionistic manner. And it

carried my thoughts to the foregoing evening at Varese, where by a strange fortune I had chanced to witness a cinematograph-film showing this same *Carroccio* in the midst of battle. I saw its devoted defenders struggling with the hordes of savage assailants, men falling like leaves, and fresh fighters ever taking their places,— wild, fierce figures in their uncouth chain-armour, long shields and flashing swords; while through it all, quite undisturbed, the bishop and his surpliced attendants continued their sacred rites upon the platform, praying, swinging incense, sprinkling holy water and blessings upon the battling, dying Lombards below. It was the popular Italian piece entitled "Legnano"; and toward the conclusion of the vivid battle scenes disclosed the wounded, beaten Emperor fleeing alone from his triumphant foes.

Upon the rear side of the base appeared the inscription: at the sides, in two even rows, the names of the 24 cities that constituted the Lombard League, and between them the following: "Dove — il 29 Maggio 1176 — la lega di poche città — rivendicò — contra la maestà dell' impero — la libertà del commune — l'Italia — a perenne ricordanza — eresse — il 29 Giugno, 1900." [11]

Farther down the street, upon the left, I passed a long, high factory-building, of excellent style and cleanliness, occupying with its grounds a full square block. Either it was one of the latest, model silk-mills, which are renowned for the comfort of their employés, or else it was the famous electrical-machinery works of Legnano, which were founded by the late Signore Tosi, and are known to send their prod-

[11] "Where, on May 29, 1176, the League of a few cities revenged upon the majesty of the Empire the liberty of the Commune, here Italy, on June 29, 1900, erected (this monument) in perennial remembrance."

ucts all over Europe. Especially remarkable was the pleasing absence of smoke and soot, not only from the factory, but from all the buildings and the air of the city; such is the happy result of using electric power,— which comes to these towns, not merely from Vizzola, but also from the vast Edison Company at Podermo on the Adda. It is the fall of the latter river that runs the great tramway and lighting systems of Milan. So is Italy being at last freed by her rivers from the long poverty and misery entailed by her lack of coal,— and freed in a manner that will leave her glorious cities — thank Heaven — without the destroying curse of the smoke-pall. Italy is now fast becoming an industrial nation, whose sons, with their proverbial quickness of intelligence and their dexterity, have in one generation made themselves artisans of the highest quality, independent of foreign guidance. They are forming a new, educated, self-respecting class in the commonwealth.

Taking the first turn to the south, beyond, which brought me quickly to a small piazza, and again turning to the right from this, I reached finally the spacious old central piazza, renamed after Umberto I. It was a very wide, cobble-paved, treeless space, surrounded by two- and three-storied stucco buildings, more or less modern, and quite plain in appearance. At the southern end lingered one quaint, older edifice, of gothic times, painted red to simulate brick, having a pointed central archway leading to the courtyard, over which hung a fine stone balcony with gothic doors; beside the pointed windows of the second storey were painted medallions in *grisaille*, containing busts and coats of arms. But naught now remained of those noble tenants of long ago; business usurped their seat; and, passing through the ancient doors, whose great iron knockers still survived, I found a stable for horses occupying the picturesque, unaltered court,

with its singular outer stairway of mediæval, ladder-like design.

At the piazza's far eastern end I saw the object of my search,— the large red-brick church of S. Magno, with its lofty drum and baroque *campanile*. Its façade, with lean-to aisles, was noticeable only for the central portal, of classic form. Adjacent on its left appeared the new, unfinished Municipio, upon an intervening side street, built of red brick and light grey stone in a sort of debased gothic style. Crossing the sunny square and entering the church, I stood under a domed cube practically identical with S. Maria at Busto, evidently constructed from the same designs of Bramante; the only difference being that the niches around the octagonal drum were three per side, containing no statues, with no paintings above them, nor in the quarter-domes of the angles, and that here there were lateral projections of all the eight large surrounding archways,— into an entrance passage, choir, and side-chapels; there being two of the latter in each corner. The lofty dome was a horrible, decadent display of grey grotesques on blue ground.

Lanini's frescoes appeared upon all sides, more or less damaged and of varied worth. In the entrance passage there remained the lifesize figures of the Madonna, a saint, and another Madonna between two saints,— the latter quite fair, seated simply with the Christ-child on her knee; other pictures had vanished away. In the first chapel to left remained an interesting group of the Madonna between four standing saints,— two bishops and two women — fairly well preserved and graceful; St. Jerome and another adorned its entrance-pillars, and upon its right wall was a large, badly retouched Adoration. The chief attraction in all these was Lanini's bright, tender hues, which he took from his master, Ferrari.

Advancing to the choir, I found its walls also covered by his works, which were the best I had yet seen; in fact, they were surprisingly good, in spots,— for Lanini was always variable. The entrance-piers bore heroic figures of S. Magno, and Christ carrying the Cross; on the left wall, above, were the Visitation and the Marriage of the Virgin, and below, the Adoration and the Coming of the Magi. In the last two the Madonna was a most lovely, charming personage, of alluring form and pose, and devoted expression; and the other figures were almost equally attractive, especially in the Adoration. There the Virgin knelt above her Babe in rapture, while St. Joseph, the three shepherds, and two angels playing upon instruments, all bent tenderly forward with gentle, loving regard,—making a really delightful scene. On the right wall, above, there glowed in his usual lively tints the master's second-best picture, a Circumcision, flanked by a Massacre of the Innocents; below were the Disputa and the Journey into Egypt,— the former a strong, effective tableau, with a beautiful boy Christ. On the rear wall, beside Luini's great *pala,* were the large figures of Sts. Roch and Sebastian, each with an angel hovering above him in the sky; and six more heroic saints, mostly vanished, occupied the lunettes beside the three circular windows.

There were some rather interesting, early choir-stalls here, black with age, embellished with pleasing *putti* in the place of columns,— a happy idea. But above and beyond all else glowed Luini's magnificent altar-piece, illumining the whole church with the glory of its wondrous forms and opulent hues. In truth it is one of the most beautiful works conceivable. Words can give no idea of its deeply golden tone, its idyllic atmosphere, its incredible loveliness of figure and face, its deliciously moulded and tinted fleshwork, its harmonious expression of celestial joy. The Madonna sits en-

throned, with the Child on her left knee, clad in a rose-coloured bodice and green gown, looking down with her exquisitely tender and loving face at the very real and pleasing infant; beside her appear four saints, of three-quarter figure, proportioned and modelled to the life; overhead flutter three little winged cherubs, with the sublime form of the Eternal Father at the top; at her foot sit three little angels playing flutes, of the most refined, ethereal loveliness; and two more, somewhat larger, are playing upon mandolins at the sides. The central group of the Madonna, Child and three small angels, is certainly one of the sweetest, most enchanting conceptions of all Art; and perfectly executed,— they actually breathe and make melody before one's eyes. The shading throughout is most effective, the colouring a superb scheme of harmonious, gentle shades. The faces one and all reflect a beauty and a sense of bliss that could come only from Paradise.

The *predelle* of this masterpiece are strangely unworthy of it, being simply in dark-brown monotone,— nine small panels, representing the Saviour, the four Evangelists, and scenes from the Passion. But as to the great canvas itself, so perfectly preserved,— no one who loves Italian painting should miss it; and if Luini had never done another work, it would still rank him among those immortals that Andrea del Sarto dreamed of, as entitled to paint the walls of Heaven.

CHAPTER VI

THE MARVELLOUS CERTOSA DI PAVIA

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale
And love the high-embowèd roof,
With antique pillars mossy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light."

Milton.

"In the midst of that plain — stands one of the most interesting and most magnificent of Italian churches and monasteries.— This temple — so vast in extent, so minute in detail, so ponderous and so brilliant, stands apart from the road, and at the extremity of a venerable avenue, deeply secluded within the once sacred precincts of its ancient walls.— Although commenced in the 14th century, the artists of Italy were still working at it in the 18th; yet the labour of 400 years scarcely accounts for the immensity of its details, its sculptures, its carvings, its statuary, its works in gold, bronze, ivory and ebony, its accumulations of precious stones, of mosaics, of pictures, frescoes, and all the wonders of wealth and art, which go to perfecting its chapels, its choirs, and its sacristies, its altars, monuments, and mausoleums." [1]

"Those who have only once been driven round with the crew of sight-seers, can carry little away but the memory of lapis lazuli and bronze-work, inlaid agates and labyrinthine sculpture, cloisters tenantless in silence, fair, painted faces smiling from dark corners on the senseless crowd, trim

[1] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

gardens with rows of pink primroses in Spring, and of begonia in Autumn, blooming beneath colonnades of glowing terra-cotta.— Thoughts of the two great houses, Visconti and Sforza, to whose pride of power it is a monument, may be blended with the recollection of art-treasures alien to their spirit.— The Certosa is a *wilderness* of lovely workmanship." [2] — "High in the midst of its silent, solitary, and overpowering magnificence, rises the mausoleum of its murderous founder, Gian Galeazzo Visconti. This superb monument was raised by the monks to the memory of their benefactor, a century after his death; to give a hint, perhaps, to his successors, the Sforzas, to go and do likewise." [3]

"In Gian Galeazzo that passion for the colossal which was common to most of the despots shows itself on the largest scale.— He founded that most wonderful of all convents, the Certosa of Pavia." [4] Some authorities say that it was in consequence of a vow made by his wife, Catharine, when she was threatened by a great danger; others, that the tyrant was prompted by the desire to make a splendid guilt-offering to appease Heaven in regard to the crime by which he had obtained his sovereignty. For he had, as already related, mounted to power by seizing the persons of his uncle Bernabo and the latter's sons, and imprisoning them in the Castle of Trezzo; and there he had eventually killed them by poison. That the latter was one of the causes for the great building is probably true, at any rate; for it was the usual practice of the mediæval despots, especially the most bloody, thus to endeavour to buy Heaven's forgiveness of their crimes, under the crafty tuition of the priests. It is also certain that Gian Galeazzo was inspired by his passion

[2] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."
[3] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.
[4] Burckhardt's "Renaissance in Italy."

for majestic building, conjointly with the desire to leave an unsurpassable sepulchral monument for himself and his royal line.

So the convent was founded, on Sept. 8, 1396, in the open plain 17 miles south of Milan, within five miles of Pavia; a grant of wide-spread estates was made for its endowment, and the greatest artists of the period engaged to work upon it. "The church and monastery rose with incredible speed, and in unrivalled splendour; and in three years it was sufficiently advanced to receive the prior and 24 monks of the order of the *Chartreuse*. The immense estates granted by its founder rendered it one of the richest convents in Italy; and a codicil to his will, intimating that the monks should lay by a sum annually for its decoration and improvement, added to its beauty and richness. Successive donations still further increased the wealth of the house; the genius and talent of successive ages contributed to its ultimate perfection, and the cloisters of the Certosa became the studio of Luini, Giacomo della Porta, Procaccini, Sacchi, Guercino, and others of equal note and ability." [5]

Yet the long, slow labour of completing so great an undertaking had comparatively languished during the wars of Gian Galeazzo's son, Filippo Maria, the troublous times of Francesco Sforza, and the wasteful dissipations of his son Galeazzo; and it remained for that splendid patron of the arts, Lodovico il Moro, to finish the Certosa upon a scale still more glorious,— as his one lasting achievement, and as a deathless memorial to his own talents and to his family.

"This famous church and monastery had been the pride of successive Dukes of Milan, since the day when Galeazzo Visconti laid the first stone in his park of Pavia a hundred years before. Viscontis and Sforzas had alike helped to en-

[5] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

rich their ancestor's mighty foundation, and to carry on the work. But the Certosa owes more to Lodovico Sforza than to any other member of the dynasty.— This great shrine was the special object of his solicitude. In his eyes, as he said,— the Certosa was the jewel of the Crown, the noblest monument in the whole realm. The completion of the façade and the internal decoration of the great church and chapels, was one of the objects that lay nearest to his heart. A whole army of architects and sculptors, painters and builders, were employed under his orders; and so great was the store of precious marbles, brought from Carrara and other parts of Italy, that the place was said to resemble a vast stone quarry. During the 20 years that the Moro reigned as Regent and Duke of Milan, the new apse built in Bramante's classical style, the central cupola, and the beautiful cloisters with their slender marble shafts and dark-red terra-cotta friezes of angel-heads, all rose into being. Then Ambrogio Borgonone decorated the nave and apse.— But the crowning work of Lodovico's days was the façade of the great church, which, after many different attempts, was finally begun in 1491, and mostly executed during the next seven years.

"This magnificent creation, the triumph of Lombard genius, was designed by a native architect, Giovanni Antonio Amadeo.— In 1490 this gifted artist was appointed *Capo maestro* of the Certosa works. To his delicate fancy and exquisite refinement we owe much of the lovely detail in the church and cloisters." [6] "The Certosa of Pavia is the centre of a school of sculpture that has little in common with the Florentine tradition. Antonio Amadeo and Andrea Fusina, acting in concert with Ambrogio Borgognone the painter, gave it that character of rich and complex decorative beauty

[6] Julia Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este."

which many generations of artists were destined to continue." [7]

Lodovico must be granted full credit for his continued pains in engaging and keeping such aritsts, and his remarkable liberality in practically giving them *carte blanche*. In this spirit he completed the great work. And now the visitor sees, in the very centre of its transept, the wonderful tomb to Lodovico and his wife that was carved by Cristoforo Solari; it does not contain their bodies, but where else could it so appropriately lie as in the midst of the grand memorial.

During the succeeding Spanish régime, with the main power in the hands of the priesthood, the monastery steadily flourished and increased in wealth, until it became by far the richest in the peninsula. "A gentleman still living at Milan told me"— says Lady Morgan —"he perfectly remembered the *Procuratore* of the Convent driving into Milan on business in a splendid coach and four. These wealthy professors of poverty had estates throughout all Lombardy. Their tenants and farmers used to come by hundreds to settle accounts at the convent; and the brotherhood were the most enlightened agriculturists of Italy, at the period of the dissolution." [8]

It was the Austrian rulers who, no longer able to endure the sight of such vast monastic riches, and perhaps inspired by covetousness, finally, in 1782, brought about that dissolution. "One of the first acts of the reforming system of Joseph the Second, was the suppression of the Certosa of Pavia. The prior and monks were pensioned off.— Four priests were appointed to officiate in the church on Sundays and holidays; a sacristan was named to watch over and keep it in order. Except a few pictures removed by the Emperor

[7] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts."
[8] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

to Vienna, and a few by the French, the church and convent remain, rich and picturesque, as in the days of their greatest prosperity." [9] Under the sway of United Italy the Certosa has become a most cherished national monument, guarded by governmental employés.

It was the best fate that could happen to it, for its own sake and the world's. Luigi Villari, himself an Italian, spoke plainly of these convents of the past generation: "A great deal of unnecessary sympathy has been expended, especially abroad, over their suppression. The monastic establishments have very much changed in character since they were founded. They are no longer seats of learning and study, or of really religious life. Their inmates are, for the most part, men and women of the crassest ignorance, who felt that they had not the courage to face the struggle for life.—Their chief secular occupations, when they have any, consist in tilling the soil around the monastery and making liquors. Some of the nuns embroider, and make sweets and patent medicines. Many orders (as at the Certosa) do not work at all." [10] He further revealed how they have continued to exist, in avoidance of the law: "The regular clergy, in spite of the suppression of the monasteries, are still very numerous. These, as well as the convents, are found all over the country, and, although they do not own as much land as they did formerly, they are still rich. As legally they are not recognised, their property is held in the name of one or two of the monks. The members of religious orders number about 40,000 (today, considerably more), or a little over one for every 1,000 inhabitants." [10a]

[9] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.
[10] Luigi Villari's "Italian Life in Town and Country."
[10a] *Idem.*

The famous ancient route from Milan to Pavia, upon which the Certosa was built, after a long desuetude due to the railroads, is once more followed by travellers, both in motor-car and electric tram; and it should be the course of any who have time to spare, and desire to travel with the thoughts and objects of the past. The railway of course is quicker; but, starting from the grand central station, it curves around considerably to the east and runs behind the back of the Certosa's park; compelling the *voyageur* to make the half-circuit of its sturdy walls, a distance of over a mile upon very bad roads, in order to reach the front and only entrance in the middle of the western side. Generally, in the warmer season, a carriage or an omnibus will be found at the station, to make the trip; but this is not reliable, and even after carrying a passenger to the Certosa's gate, the driver may be found missing when one is ready to return. The tramway, therefore, is far more trustworthy and pleasant. It follows the ancient highway, which the Romans first laid down to their grand city of Mediolanum twenty centuries ago, and over which there have poured, ever since, such countless, variegated hosts of travellers. If one could but have a moving picture of those changing hordes, century by century, what a wonderful kaleidoscopic summary it would present, of the successive peoples and rulers of Lombardy.

First the highroad between Rome and the northern metropolis, later the connecting link between Milan and the Lombard capital, Pavia, then in mediæval times the avenue uniting those two centres of Visconti power — their commercial capital with their court and fortress,— and always the great thoroughfare of commerce between north and south,— there is certainly no stretch of highway in Europe that has borne more historic movement and seen more momentous

THE MONUMENT OF LODOVICO SFORZA AND BEATRICE D'ESTE.
THE CERTOSA DI PAVIA

changes. What extraordinary images rise from the dead past before one, as he rides southward upon it,— what cavalcades, processions, caravans, armies, barbaric hosts,— every one different, succeeding each other like shifting shadows!

Once beyond the suburbs of the swelling metropolis, the road leads straightaway through the beautiful, luxuriant plain, whose very flatness yields broad views over the smiling fields, with their varied crops, their clumps of shade-trees, copses of wood, and endless acres of gentle mulberries; long rows of stately trees make the route itself into a shadowy avenue, and lines of them far away indicate the cross-roads; while all the time, close at one side, runs a broad lane of water, laden with barges at frequent intervals. It is "that canal which, with its tributary irrigations, brings commerce and fertility to the gates of Milan and Pavia. This great work of inland navigation was first struck out under the republican government of Milan, in 1179.— Under the domination of the Sforzas the works were continued; and it is supposed that the canal from Milan to Pavia was then completed." [11] Subsequently fallen into neglect and disuse, until quite choked up, under the wretched Spanish rule, it remained for Napoleon the Great to restore it, and prosperity, to his Italian capital.

Just halfway to Pavia is reached the little ancient village of Binasco, upon the highway and canal, whose waters are overlooked by its historic castle of the Visconti, still in fair preservation. Around this building lingers the tragic memory of the unfortunate Beatrice di Tenda, the wife of Filippo Maria, last of his race. "Here she was imprisoned by a husband who feigned jealousy in order to get rid of a wife of whom he was weary. Hence she was led to execution, declaring her innocence (which none, not even her hus-

[11] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. I.

band, doubted) to the last." The execution itself took place at Milan, in the public piazza. No other interest, and no special beauty, are attached to this lonely fortress, dismantled of its mediæval furnishings.

At the village of Torre di Mangano one turns aside from the highway and canal, to visit the Certosa, which lies a thousand yards or so on the east, at the end of a fine, tree-shaded avenue of approach. I well remember the emotion with which I walked up this, one beautiful May morning, thinking upon the countless great dead who had made this pilgrimage before me. At the end appeared the simple gateway, in the long white wall stretching far away on each side, faced by a fosse of flowing muddy water; two high pillars crowned with crumbling statues guarded the outer end of a short bridge, behind which rose a sort of entrance-pavilion, arching the passage,— a single-storied, stucco building with wide eaves and an arcaded cornice, whose façade still glowed softly with the bright vestments of graceful, winsome figures, once painted there by Bernardino Luini. They consisted of two angels, four prophets, an Annunciation, and a portentous figure of God the Father, all nicely balanced and disposed amidst a flowering maze of gay arabesques; giving thus a happy introduction to the wonder-world within.

Traversing the passage, in which the ordeal of ticket-taking was performed, I emerged into a long, wide court-yard, surrounded by varied structures. On the right extended an ugly baroque façade, with hideous broken pilasters and window-frames, all in stucco imitating brown stone,— the so-called Palazzo Ducale, built in the 17th century, where the prior was wont of old to entertain prominent visitors in a princely fashion. Upon the left stretched another long stuccoed building, quite plain, where the commoner class of pilgrims were lodged. And at the end, in tremen-

dous, overpowering majesty of beauty, soared the marvellous, incomparable façade of the Certosa church,— overwhelming the observer by the mere weight of its incredible richness, at the same time exalting him by its magnificence, and its many-cólonnaded, sky-piercing dome.

The *capo di lavoro* of the Lombard Renaissance, the life-work of Amadeo, the product of a hundred of the most skilful chisels, in the hundred most artistic years of history, the richest of all lovely creations ever carved by man,— there it stood before me, glowing in the sunlight in that inimitable, soft, creamy hue which age lends to Carrara marble, flashing, scintillating also, from a thousand surfaces of its infinite sculptures and reliefs. Infinite is the only word for that countless throng of statues, busts, columns, arcades, gables, spires,— that vast and complex lace-work of *relievo* — medallions, plaques, arabesques, panels of single figures, of groups, and of elaborate tableaux, designs of every subject and nature — which cover like a glistening veil the whole mighty structure, a world of fairy beings and flowers turned to precious stone.

It was, thus, the supreme type of the earlier Renaissance method which obtained its effects mostly by surface-decoration, instead of by harmonies of line or graces of form; however opulent its beauties, they were almost purely those of the incrusted shell; the fabric itself, in general shape, proportions, and openings, was not symmetrical nor especially attractive, — its lines were neither very elegant nor concentual. Symonds has written: "Strip a chapel of the 15th century of ornamental adjuncts and an uninteresting shell is left; what, for instance, would the façades of the Certosa and the Cappella Colleoni be without their sculptured and inlaid marbles? The genius of the age found scope in subordinate details, and the most successful architect was a man who

combined in himself a feeling for the capacities of the greatest number of associated arts. As the consequence of this profuse expenditure of loving care on every detail, the monuments of architecture belonging to the earlier Renaissance have a poetry that compensates for structural defects."[12] It was the Cappella Colleoni upon which Amadeo had been working when he was called here by Lodovico Sforza; and, since he can truly be called the poet who sang in marble, the façade of the Certosa must be admitted to be his supreme *oratorio maestoso*,—as the Cappella at Bergamo was his *fantasia capricciosa*.[13]

The true design here is that of a truncated pyramid, of two grand divisions: the lower consisting of a central doorway and four quadrangular windows, topped by an arcaded gallery; the upper consisting of a central circular window, with two double-arched, blind windows at the sides, and another arcaded gallery, as a sort of frieze to the heavy cornice. The two outer windows of the lower row are also blind. The heavy buttresses at the angles, draped in their profusion of statues, terminate in empty canopies with elaborate spires, rising from the shoulders of the façade. There is, therefore, an utter confusion of styles: Lombard romanesque in the general form and the arcaded galleries, gothic in the rose-window, corner buttresses and pinnacles, renais-

[12] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts," Chap. II.

[13] Though the first designer of the Certosa in general was Bernardo da Venezia, in 1453 he was succeeded by Guiniforte Solari, under whom the façade was commenced, and the nave and cloisters completed. In 1463 Cristoforo Mantegazza began to add his labours, and in 1473, with the aid of his brother Antonio, continued the erection of the façade; to these goldsmith-sculptors is due much of its minute decoration. Amadeo, who finished the designs of the façade, worked from 1466 onward; being succeeded in time by Benedetto Briosco.

sance in all the other features,— intermingled without rhyme or reason. As Mr. Street has put it: "The west front is — of a kind of design which seems to have proceeded upon the principle of setting all established architectural styles and customs at defiance. This may be said of the whole church, which is a kind of mixture of Lombard romanesque features with some pointed, and no slight dash of the renaissance spirit; altogether a most magnificent hybrid, but certainly a hybrid." [14]

Yet, in spite of all the foregoing, so prodigious and so voluptuous is the wealth of decoration flung over the whole face like a veil, causing every part and every detail to glisten like a brooch of jewels, that the faults of design are quite obscured by its magnificence and the observer stands in wonder before its beauty. He loses himself in admiration at every separate exquisite item. The glow of the great mass of marble against the blue Italian sky, is itself a joy, that no northern clime could render. Each window is a separate poem in precious stone, sculped by the hand of Amadeo himself. Those of the lower row have ornate rectangular frames, enclosing double arches supported by tall, extremely slender columns in the form of candelabra — one in the middle and one against each jamb — that are of the most opulent carving imaginable: a succession of delicate vases, surrounded and borne by tiny figures, draped in a vine-work of daintiest designs,— and every column quite different from all the others. Delicious arabesques run around the frame; elaborate festoons constitute the frieze; upon the cornices are extraordinary, detached, open-work pediments, composed of griffins, dragons, sphynxes, birds, angels, etc., amidst intricate convolutions; and beside the frames are perpendicular

[14] Street's "Brick and Marble Architecture in the Middle Ages," Chap. IX.

rows of square plaques, adorned separately with busts, shields and many varied devices.

Underneath these windows, all along the base, extends one of the most enriching features, a series of rectangular panels of reliefs, four to five feet in height and three in width; some of them contain single figures of seated prophets, the majority represent scenes from the New Testament,— now much injured, but still, in great part, exhibiting the peculiar charm of the work of the Mantegazza. They are filled with graceful, long-hosed youths of the later *quattrocento* mode. Still lower, along the plinth of the façade, runs an unbroken row of relieved medallions, about a foot and a half in diameter, bearing the profile-heads of old Roman and other classic heroes, in excellent imitation of ancient coins. The whole façade is vertically divided into five compartments, by four buttresses hardly a third the stoutness of those at the angles, faced to the top with one lifesize statue above another.

These separate the window-spaces; and in the central, widest compartment, stands the stately, classic portal, the work of Benedetto Briosco, consisting of a shallow archway some 35 feet in height, sustained by two pairs of large detached corinthian columns, with a broad entablature; the frieze and spandrels carry the usual profusion of foliated designs; the lunette within, over the square-headed doorway, holds a throned Madonna of lifesize, between four kneeling saints; and the soffit also is embellished, with figures of the Saviour, the Madonna (really charming) and Sts. Peter, Andrew and John the Baptist. On reaching this entrance, I further observed, to right and left upon the opposing walls, a wealth of *relievo* surpassing anything on the façade,— magnificent in its multitude of figured pictures and delicate ornamentation, at the same time of a superior quality. Here were the four famous scenes by Agostini Busti, from the life

of the Certosa's founder,— two on each side, one above the other — framed in a vine-work of surpassing realism, whose successive, interlacing ovals enclosed two parallel upright rows, at the sides, of the most delightful little tableaux from New Testament history. The latter were carved by Amadeo, and in his best style.

All of these were in the finest manner of the late *quattrocento,* and but little damaged; the large panels being not so well composed as the small scenes, yet very striking, and filled with youthful figures in high-Renaissance costume, of remarkable grace and beauty. To right, above, was Gian Galeazzo amidst his court, giving the first orders for the building of the Certosa, and below, his inspection of its completed model, at the laying of the corner-stone; to left, above, was shown the dedication of the church, and below, the imposing funeral cortége which transported the founder's body from Milan, in 1474. The numerous little tableaux were still better, in grouping, perspective, realism of form and disposition, and graceful, expressive action; they could have come only from such a genius as was Amadeo, and were genuine gems of sculpture. The vines enfolding them were also of unique beauty and skill, with their perfectly natural stalks, leaves and tendrils.

Before entering I made the round of the church, finding the sides, though not marbled like the face, of splendid finish and attractiveness. From the left I examined the lofty brick nave, with its two descending steps from the ridge to the lower roofs of the aisle and side chapels,— the latter supported by outer buttresses at short intervals, capped by open-work renaissance spires; and along the red sides of nave and aisle, continuing around upon the transept, ran two handsome galleries of brick arches upon gleaming marble columns, crowned by rich terra-cotta and grey stone cor-

nices;— again the Lombard romanesque, but very decorative in its effect. The upper arcade was continued entirely around the transept, and the choir also; the lower one reappeared only under the cornices of the triple apses that enclosed the ends of both choir and transept. Those ends were further adorned by gables tipped with triple pinnacles,— of open-work light-grey stone, like all the others,— and by windows framed in beautiful, spiral, brick mouldings. But the one great feature, which dominated from afar the whole vast mass of the building, giving it majesty, picturesqueness, and distinctive character, was the enormous central tower, rising about the hidden dome in tier after tier of receding colonnades of glistening white stone; there were four of these imposing stages, octagonal in shape, the topmost becoming a lofty open belfry, within a balustrade, surmounted by a gilt ball and cross, which flash at sunset for many miles across the plain.

What a contrast to all this pseudo-classic construction was it, when I entered at last, and found a sublime gothic cathedral towering above me, with mighty clustered columns and aspiring, pointed arches![15] A sense of majesty and beauty of form, of harmony of lines and uncluttered spaciousness, immediately took possession of me. Afar stretched the polished mosaic pavement like a waveless sea, from whose depths emerged at wide intervals only the stately gothic piers, permitting the unhindered gaze to roam freely down the dusky aisles, into the duskier side chapels, into the recess of the distant choir; but the latter was guarded to a third its height by a sculptured rood-loft of glistening marbles, statue-crowned, and the wide transept was partially ob-

[15] This pointed construction, as well as the gothic features of the façade, was of course the work of Bernardo da Venezia, before the Lombard Renaissance commenced.

scured by a handsome bronze railing reaching from wall to wall at the end of the nave. The prevailing dimness, too, was counteracted by the glowing pinkish hue of the whole immense edifice, whose pillars, walls and arches were built of a hard stone of that colour; and the vaulting was still brighter, its groined bays glistening with prominent white ribs, its cells with painted designs, and golden stars on blue fields. The light that entered fell softly down from quatrefoil windows in diamond frames, set high in the walls of the lofty aisles, and from the splendid dome, with its octagonal colonnaded drum of black and white arches, surmounted by a modern paradise of giant, frescoed figures.

All this gothic construction was the primary work, of the earlier part of the *quattrocento,* following the original plans and orders of Gian Galeazzo,— who had adopted the same style for his Milan Cathedral. I saw the first changes to the renaissance manner in the entrances to the side chapels, whose low, round arches were set in frames that betrayed the classic revival. Over them extended a row of curious blind windows of double trefoil arches with painted backs. Within, these chapels opened freely into each other by connecting archways, like a continuous gallery; they were shut off from the nave by high iron railings with closed gates.

The entrance to this artistic wilderness was guarded by a governmental employé in uniform, who took the tickets; and others waited to act as guides to the visitors, who are not allowed to walk around alone. I was fortunate in securing a guide to myself, by offering a sufficient bonus; and we started out on the customary route, through the line of chapels on the left. Their rich decorations and altars, as I had expected, were Renaissance-work, and more than that, of the decadent Renaissance. The *pala* of the second chapel was a polyptich once executed by Perugino, in which

the figure of God the Father still remained of his work, but the other five divisions were now only copies,— their originals being familiar sights of the National Gallery at London. From here, then, came that beautiful St. Michael standing astride behind his rested shield, that other archangel with Tobias, and that lovely Madonna adoring the Child upon the white sack. To right and left above this *pala* were two pairs of saints, the Fathers of the Church, by Borgognone,— half-figures in a greyish tone; and in the sixth chapel was his St. Ambrose between four other saints,— youthful figures, of that delightful, polished grace and charm which he so well knew how to portray.

We passed through the fine bronze screen — a *seicento* work — into the left transept: and there, before me in the centre of its glistening pavement, lay the renowned tomb of Lodovico Sforza and his wife. I saw a low, rectangular block of creamy marble, only about two feet high, upon which lay the apparently real, sleeping forms of those famous personages, side by side, with folded hands, so vividly life-like in face, body and costume, that their bosoms seemed to move with respirations. He was clad in full armour, covered with a ducal *surtout* draped with marvellous *vrai-semblance,* his head bared, with evenly flowing hair reaching to the neck, his clear-cut, distinguished features marked with all their characteristics of high birth, power and intellectuality. Her pretty *petite* figure, considerably shorter than her lord's, was clothed in a long-trained gown, trimmed with wide-woven net, and draped with extraordinary realism,— her hair hidden by a coif, excepting its front curls and the two long locks descending upon her bosom; and her *ingenue* countenance, with its plump cheeks and slightly tipped nose, was clearly a faithful portrait, revealing with wondrous skill the duchess who was still a child, but who

had suffered in a few years all the pains of a mother, all the heart-burnings of a forsaken wife.

This, then, was the merry, vivacious, delightful Beatrice d'Este, the learned, romantic, typical woman of the Renaissance, the friend of poets, the entertainer of princes, the lover of the beautiful, the correspondent of the erudite, the patron of artists, the collector of *objets d'art*,— this pathetic, weary little form sleeping like a child. Could it really be she, who was "the type of that new-found joy in life, that intoxicating rapture in the actual sense of existence, that was the heritage of her generation?" As I gazed, I seemed to see again "this bride of the summers, flinging herself with passionate delight into every amusement, singing gay songs with her courtiers, dancing and hunting through the livelong day, outstripping all her companions in the chase, and laughing in the face of danger.— Scholars and poets, painters and writers, gallant soldiers and accomplished cavaliers,— we see them all at Beatrice's feet, striving how best they may gratify her fancies and win her smiles.—A year or two passes, and we see her, royally arrayed in brocade and jewels, standing up in the great council-hall of Venice, to plead her husband's cause before the Doge and Senate. Later on, we find her sharing her lord's counsels in court and camp, receiving king and emperor at Pavia or Vigevano, fascinating the susceptible heart of Charles VIII by her charms, and annoying Kaiser Maximilian by her wisdom and judgment in affairs of state." [16]

Yet in spite of all this, Lodovico's love seemed to weaken and grow cool, as is the way of princes, and he turned for fresh amusement to the charms of Lucrezia Crivelli;—"a thing which caused Beatrice the most bitter anguish of mind, but could not alter her love for him." Only a few months

[16] Julia Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este."

later, and she was dead,— died in giving birth to her third child, on Jany. 2, 1497. "Then suddenly the music and dancing, the feasting and travelling, cease, and the richly coloured and animated pageant is brought to an abrupt close. Beatrice dies, without a moment's warning, in the flower of youth and beauty; and the young Duchess is borne to her grave in S. Maria delle Grazie amid the tears and lamentations of all Milan. And with her death, the whole Milanese state, that fabric which Lodovico Sforza has built up at such infinite cost and pains, crumbles into ruin. Fortune, which till that hour had smiled so kindly on the Moro, and raised him to giddy heights of prosperity, now turned her back upon him. In three short years he lost everything — crown, home, and liberty,— and was left to drag out a miserable existence in the dungeons of Berry and Touraine." [16a]

All Lodovico's actions in those three fateful years proved that he had not really lost his love for his charming wife, but that he mourned her loss with a bitterness which was intensely aggravated by remorse for his faithless conduct, and for the grief that had saddened her closing days. "From that time — adds Marino Sanuto (a contemporary chronicler) the Duke began to be sore troubled, and to suffer great woes.— Beatrice was gone; and with her, all the joy and delight of the Duke's life had passed away. The court was turned from an earthly paradise into the blackest hell, and ruin overtook the Moro and the whole realm of Milan." He caused Cristoforo Solari to erect over her tomb in S. Maria delle Grazie a magnificent memorial, under which he destined himself eventually to lie by her side; these two carven figures were but a portion of it. Often he left his palace, in the most troublous hours, to go and pray beside

[16a] Julia Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este."

it, alone in the dusk, weeping for his bride; and in the last great cataclysm, when he was forced to leave his capital by the advancing French, at the ultimate moment he tarried amid the danger to pay a final visit to Beatrice's grave, to pray by her side for a final time, and take a last look at this beloved face and form. On leaving, "three times he turned around, while the tears streamed down his face;" then passed away forever.

A half century later, when the Sforza rulers were already forgotten by a changing world, the monument of Beatrice was removed from the choir of S. Maria delle Grazie, by its prior's order, taken to pieces, and offered for sale. The monks of the Certosa, who alone preserved a grateful remembrance of their munificent patron, then sent an agent to purchase the tomb's principal beauty,— its effigies of the great dead. Thus did the sole memorial of Lodovico and Beatrice come reverently to rest forever in the glorious mausoleum which he had given so much of his life to completing. And to these, their living likenesses, so fortunately immortalised by the great sculptor's chisel, as Symonds has well said, "the palm of excellence in art and of historical interest must be awarded. Sculpture has rarely been more dignified and true to life than here.—Attired in ducal robes, they lie in state; and the sculptor has carved the lashes on their eyelids, heavy with death's marmoreal sleep." [17]

On raising my eyes at last, and looking about the transept, I noticed at once its marked difference from the superb, aspiring nave; for here the renaissance forms had usurped the place of the gothic,— from the broad, rounded arches of the triple apses at each end, to the over-decorated baroque screen of coloured marbles before the choir. The latter's design

[17] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

consisted of handsome monolithic columns in pairs, standing upon a high base and crowned by a rich entablature, with statues between the pairs and on the cornice. There were Renaissance frescoes here, too, upon the upper part of the left end-wall,—remaining portions of the extensive works with which Borgognone in his earlier years embellished the whole place, at Lodovico's command. The half-dome of the central apse held a large Coronation of the Virgin, with two striking personages in *quattrocento* costume kneeling at the sides,— men of strong, bold faces and fierce, hooked noses — the Moro and his father Francesco; to right and left of this tableau were two pairs of giant saints,— Ambrose and Peter Martyr, the Georges, father and son; and above it, next the vaulting, were two angels bearing festoons of fruit, from the hand of Bramante. Before the late-Renaissance altar stood one of A. Fontana's exquisite bronze candelabra, executed about 1580.

But the chief object of beauty and interest here, next to Solari's monument, was the superb marble doorway in the rear wall near the choir, leading to the old sacristy,— one of the three carved here by Amadeo, which are reckoned amongst the few greatest treasures of the Certosa, and the few loveliest productions of the master. Here again the beauty lay in the flashing wealth of decoration, rather than in the lines of the design. The latter consisted of an archway gently recessed, supported by corinthian pilasters, carrying a broad architrave and pediment. Upon the inward slope from the pilasters, and on that of the arch, were various carved figures in niches and panels, including several charming groups of singing angels; the lunette over the doorway proper held an attractive relief of the Resurrection; the spandrels were ornamented with busts, the frieze, with four medallions, containing portrait-heads of the four Sforza

Dukes, up to and including Lodovico; in the triangular pediment above the rich cornice was a larger relieved figure, of some holy personage, and surmounting the pediment, at its corners and apex, were three more medallions with the heads of the final Visconti Dukes. All these sculptured portraits were done, not only with remarkable faithfulness and lifelikeness, but with that extraordinary decorative effect which never left Amadeo's mind. It is unnecessary to add, that all over the faces of the pilasters and archway, wherever the various panels and figures had allowed an inch of space, was draped a vesture of the most elaborate arabesque and dainty devices.

Entering the old sacristy, I found there the celebrated large gothic reredos, carved from ivory by Bernardo degli Ubbriachi of Florence, which was originally intended for the Certosa's high-altar; a work marvellous for the amount of delicate skill expended upon it. Made about 1400, it is thoroughly gothic in spirit and detail,— and even more antique in the execution of its 67 minute, figured tableaux, whose forms and grouping are almost archaic; 64 of these are collected within the three pointed arches of the tryptich, picturing the lives of the Saviour and the Madonna; the others are medallions occupying its gables. Along the base and between the clustered columns at the angles are also a great many statuettes set in niches; and all the fine architectural details are not only exquisitely shaped, and carved with foliated designs, but they are furthermore embellished by *tarsiatura*. Above this upon the wall I saw a handsome canvas by Borgognone, representing St. Augustine.

Entering now the choir, I examined its present high-altar, which is a work of the middle *cinquecento,* by Ambrogio Volpi. Upon it stood two very lovely angels, carved by Tommaso Orsolini a century later; but still lovelier was

the small medallion affixed to the centre of its face, cut with a minute relief of the Descent from the Cross by Cristoforo Solari,— or, as Mr. Perkins says, by Amadeo.[18] The pavement here was a beautiful *cinquecento* mosaic. On both sides stretched magnificent choir-stalls of the same period, carved by Pietro di Vellata, with rich ornamentation by Bart. de' Polli of Mantua; the latter's fine tarsia-pictures upon the backs of the seats, with their stately figures of prophets, apostles, martyrs, and doctors of the Church, all slightly emphasised by gilding, were still another evidence of the countless first-class artists of that wonderful age whose names today are almost unknown. The oak doors in the choir-screen were themselves a treasure of the *cinquecento,* each splendidly carved with three scenes from the life of the Saviour, with much surrounding decoration, by Theodore Fries of Brussels.

Beautiful as all these things were,— impressive as were the great stained glass windows, the deep-hued later frescoes beside them, the classic marble *tempietti* beyond the choir-stalls, holding lifesize statues of saints, the gallery sweeping around far overhead, embellished with triple gothic windows, — still the supreme features of this gorgeous choir remain to be mentioned: they were two wonderful marble structures placed against the rear wall, at the opposite angles of the central apse, rising to a height of some twenty feet with a width of five feet, each one an astonishing mass of lovely sculpture from top to bottom. They may have been intended for reredoses, or for holy-water temples, or constructed purely for ornament; at any rate, nothing more delightful in high-Renaissance work could be easily found. Each is built in five stages, in a sort of architectural scheme consisting of double bases, open loggia, entablature and pediment; the

[18] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

apex being crowned by a further group of relieved figures against the plaster of the wall,— the Saviour, or the Madonna, in a *vesica piscis,* surrounded by charming angels making melody. One structure is thus devoted to the life of the Saviour, the other to that of the Virgin; but the reliefs are agreeably varied by the pilasters of the different stages, which divide them into three unequal compartments, and by the different couples of angels and *putti* that hold aside concealing curtains. Biagio da Vairone executed the one, Stefano da Sesto the other,— but at the same time, in 1513; and they are equally beautiful in design, in exquisite grace of figures, and composition,— equally luxuriant in detailed adornment, and voluptuous in wealth of imagery.

Entering now the right transept, my attention was first captivated by the magnificent tomb of the Certosa's founder, which occupied upon this side the same relative position on the floor that the monument of Lodovico Sforza occupied on the other. The Visconti and the Sforza, the founder and the finisher, the two greatest rulers of their respective dynasties,— how fitting it was that they should so lie opposite, dominating the two transepts of their immortal shrine. But Gian Galeazzo's monument was entire,— one of the most splendid of the Renaissance ever conceived; for it was not constructed in the gothic style of his period, but was designed nearly a century after his death, by Galeazzo Pellegrini; its execution having been begun by Cristoforo Romano and Benedetto Briosco (who also carved some of the reliefs on the base of the façade) and completed about 1560 by Gab. Alessi and several helpers. Giacomo della Porta, Nardino Novi, and a number of other excellent sculptors, also worked upon it. It consists, in a word, of a two-storied rectangular canopy covering a sarcophagus, the second story being apparently solid in construction, with its

sides devoted to statues and reliefs. It is about 10 feet in length, 5 in breadth, and 20 in height; is built entirely of Parian marble, and surrounded by a fanciful iron railing.

The proportions of this splendid masterpiece are ideal, its lines delightfully graceful and harmonious, its glowing beauty enhanced by the absence of that over-decoration which distinguished the school of Amadeo. It stands upon a plain base about a foot in height; from this rise the canopy's six supporting piers, faced with corinthian pilasters, and connected by round arches; within these lies the rounded sarcophagus, capped by a rectangular lid longer and broader than its body, upon which, between two lifesize winged angels sitting at the head and feet, reclines the armoured figure of the great despot, in his ducal robes. These slender, very charming angels, holding the emblems of Fame and Victory, were the work of Nardino Novi. The tyrant's form appears tall and heavy-shouldered, the head distinguished by the peculiar hair-dress of his period,— curled like a fillet about the brows and descending to the nape of the neck — and by a short pointed beard, with absence of moustaches. The large, full-throated features are plainly marked by the passions, troubles and ambitions that made his life such a torrent of agitations; the lips are firmly compressed, and the brows still meet in a painful frown above the prominent, pointed nose.

Along the tops of the arches and pilasters runs a most lovely frieze, of flowered festoons intersected by shields of arms,— which is crowned in turn by a delicately wrought cornice. In the middle of the front side of the upper storey stands a pleasing, lifesize statue of the Madonna holding her Child, before a shell-like niche; in the middle of the rear side stands a smaller statue of Gian Galeazzo himself; on each hand of these figures, and at the ends, are a series

A DOORWAY BY ANTONIO AMADEO. CERTOSA DI PAVIA

of excellent reliefs depicting scenes from the conqueror's life, enclosed between pretty pilasters with arabesqued faces, and topped by garlands of flowers. All around upon the cornice are posed statuettes in antique costume, four or five to each longer side, interspersed with short candelabra guarded by little twin sphynxes. Further classic ornamentation lies in the Roman arms interlaced in the arabesques upon the faces of the lower pilasters, which are really quite effective. The whole monument is delightful. A curious thing about it is, that it does not, like the Sforza's tomb opposite, contain the remains of Gian Galeazzo,— although they had been brought to the Certosa in solemn procession for just such a consignment. But ninety years had elapsed since that ceremony, when the memorial was completed; and the friars, upon looking for the place of temporary interment, found to their amazement and perplexity that it had been totally forgotten. So the greatest of mediæval despots to this day sleeps in some neglected corner.

He is represented also by a painting in this transept: in the upper portion of the central apse — balancing the opposite fresco of the two Sforzas, at the other end — I saw Borgognone's picture of the mighty Visconti with his two sons, kneeling before the Madonna; he holds in his hands the model of the Certosa church, thus indicating its dedication to her name. To right and left of this were two more pairs of Borgognone's giant saints, and above it, another pair of Bramante's angels. But the chief beauties here, after Gian Galeazzo's tomb, were the two other celebrated doorways of Amadeo,— both cut, like the first one, entirely from a glowing, creamy-white marble, and both likewise supremely decorative, with a great wealth of luxuriant carvings. One of them opened into the friars' Lavabo — or lavatory — just to the right of the choir; it was of the same general design

as the doorway upon the choir's left, into the old sacristy, and further balanced it by the portrait-heads of seven duchesses, instead of dukes. Upon its frieze were the four Sforza duchesses, up to and including Beatrice d'Este,— attractively divided by winged *putti*-heads, and upon the corners and apex of the pediment rested the three Visconti busts. Every one of them was lifelike and full of charm, with their faithful variations of age, form, head-dress and expression. In the Beatrice one observes " the same soft, beautiful face, the same long coil of hair and jewelled net, that we see in her portrait in the Brera." The other doorway is in the opposite, west wall of the transept, leading to the adjacent cloister; it is smaller in size, but is equally embellished in every part, and perhaps even handsomer in the grace of its lines and the dainty loveliness of its reliefs.

Inspecting the Lavabo, I found a small room lighted by a stained window of the *quattrocento,* with a trough running along its right side for washing purposes, surmounted by an elongated marble tank pierced by six bronze spigots; and over the tank, in the lunette of the enfolding archway, stood an interesting marble relief of many figures, showing Christ washing the feet of the Apostles. The whole thing was uniquely conceived and well executed,— by Alberto Maffioli of Carrara, in 1490. Still prettier, however, was the small fresco by Luini on the opposite wall,— the so-called Madonna of the Carnation, a half-figure of exquisite tenderness and blissful feeling, as lovely in colour as in lines and moulding.

There was a third door in this transept, simply framed, in the end wall to right of the middle apse. Passing now through it, I found myself in the so-called New Sacristy,— a spacious, lofty chamber, furnished with the usual appointments of a vestry, including some desk-cases down the centre containing a lot of *cinquecento* choir-books, very handsomely

illuminated. In one book I was shown a rare, lifelike portrait of Gian Galeazzo, that was executed soon after his death. But the whole room was itself illuminated in splendid colours by a superb canvas occupying a large part of the end wall,— a glorious Assumption of the Virgin, grandly designed, richly toned, full of noble, inspiring figures and grace of lines; it was the celebrated masterpiece of Andrea Solario, which was finished 50 years after his death by Bernardino Campi. As Symonds put it: "From Borgognone's majesty we pass into the quiet region of Luini's Christian grace, or mark the influence of Leonardo on that rare Assumption by his pupil, Andrea Solario.— Northern Italy has nothing finer to show than the landscape, outspread in its immeasurable purity of calm, behind the grouped Apostles and the ascendant Mother of Heaven. The feeling of that happy region between the Alps and Lombardy, where there are many waters — and where the last spurs of the mountains sink in undulations to the plain, has passed into this azure vista." [19]

On the other walls I observed some productions of the other two artists mentioned, but not in their best methods,— a group of two angels by Borgognone, and two figures of saints now attributed to Luini; while over the entrance hung a good specimen of Bart. Montagna of Vicenza [19a] (about 1490) depicting one of his quaintly graceful Madonnas between two saints and three angels.

From the transept I traversed Amadeo's third beautiful doorway, into the smaller of the two cloisters, on the south side of the church, whose arcades were called by Symonds "the final triumph of Lombard terracotta"; and

[19] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

[19a] *Vide* Montagna and his work, in "Plain-Towns of Italy," chapter on Vicenza.

with the dazzling sunlight their loveliness burst upon me like a flood of joy. From the great temple of marble I stepped thus by a single pace into the ideal abode of that other material of the sculptor, so often cried down, which in Renaissance hands gave us these unsurpassable monastic closes. I stood at the inner corner of the Chiostro della Fontana, with its airy arcades stretching away at right angles, supported by slender marble columns mounted upon parapets,— with its spacious quadrangle blazing before me in the sun, backed by the beautiful outer sides of the farther arcades. This enclosure could be called "smaller" only by comparison with the immense one still to be seen; the trim outlines of the garden, once tenderly cultivated by the monks, were obscured by the rank growth of weeds and grasses; above the farther sides rose long brick structures of two and three stories; the inner sides were dominated by the lofty buildings of the church.

I turned to look at the outer face of Amadeo's doorway behind me; it was most daintily enchanting, although one of his earliest works, having been executed when he was only 19 years of age; the jambs were carved with two columns of fascinating *puttini,* in bas-relief, mounting upon one another's head and shoulders; the outer frames consisted of ingeniously novel arabesques in high-relief, interspersed with graceful figures of angels, prophets, monks, etc.; there were neither columns proper, nor an entablature, but it was crowned with a lunette containing a most engaging relief of the Madonna surrounded by adoring friars. I now inspected the wonderful cotta-work of the arcades. This was entirely upon the outer sides, the corridors being white-washed from arch to floor. The delicate beauty of the broad, round arches on their slender shafts was inexpressibly enhanced by the wealth of glistening red sculpture overhead,

with its countless variations: pretty angel-forms topped the foliated capitals of the columns, half-figures of saints protruded from medallions in the spandrels above; and the mouldings, beneath the spiral architraves, were delightfully modelled of little baby-figures, end to end. The frieze upon two sides consisted of a row of monkish heads in panels, and upon the other two, of festoons upheld by enticing *putti*. The astonishing fertility of invention and felicity of execution in this work, which was done by Rinaldo de' Stauris, from 1463 to 1478,— might well have inspired Freeman's dictum that "the true home of the terracotta figures of Naples is north Italy, and they illustrate — one of the happiest phases of the art of Lombardy, which, on the whole less intellectual, less poetic and less scientific than the sculpture of Florence, has much to attract in its grace, its sprightly realism, its portraits, and its richly decorative effects." [20]

A more ambitious feature of the same work was revealed to me on reaching the southern corridor, where I saw, set in the wall, another *lavabo* of the monks,— another marble trough supplied by a row of bronze spigots, and decorated by many cotta figures, nearly lifesize, at the sides and overhead. The principal tableau was a large relief of Christ at the well, with the attendant Apostles, in the lunette of the enclosing archway; in its spandrels were two pretty angels, and above the cornice was a quaint Annunciation, of homelike setting. The contrast of the gleaming white marble with the glowing crimson of the terracotta was most effective.—Along the western side of the quadrangle stretched the great refectory-hall, where all the friars once ate together. I found its broad walls adorned with a number of old frescoes, of no special value, including several by

[20] Freeman's "Italian Sculpture," Chap. VI.

Borgognone. From this corner there opened a fine view of the church's nave and transept, towering far above the opposite arcades, to their picturesque colonnaded galleries and the crowning majesty of the dome.

Penetrating a passage beside the *lavabo,* I emerged finally upon the great cloister, to the south, which was the one chief contribution of Filippo Maria Visconti to the Certosa. Its size was fairly startling. Around its immense square field extended the unbroken arcades, airily borne by similar slender columns mounted upon parapets, and carrying an almost equal wealth of cotta decoration. Good-sized statues of saints stood over the capitals of the shafts, with busts projecting from medallions aboue their heads, (in large part the work of de'Stauris and A. Riccio); and the mouldings of the arches were exquisitely sculptured into angels and winged *putti*-heads. The frieze and cornice were conventional, but very handsome. On the farther sides the arcades were backed by two- and three-storied dwellings, 24 in all, each containing three friars' rooms, and surrounded by a little garden. This unique monastic idea seems to have been quite successful. It was in one of the attics of the adjacent larger buildings, then devoted to the storage of grain, that King Francis the First is said to have been confined for a short time immediately after the near-by battle of Pavia which shattered the French cause in Lombardy, in 1525, and led Francis himself to a Spanish prison.

On returning to the church, its front entrance was regained, and my visit completed, by traversing the right-hand line of chapels. In these I found a series of excellent pictures: the first chapel (or seventh from the entrance) contained a pleasing Annunciation by Procaccini, with a charming modern *predella* showing the Flight into Egypt, by Galli da Romano; the second and third contained two more specimens

of Borgognone, in his happiest vein,— St. Syrus, the first bishop of Pavia, and a Crucifixion of remarkable beauty, considered by many to be the artist's masterpiece; in the fifth was a fine polyptich, its chief compartment showing a Madonna between two Cistercian saints, by the rare Macrino d'Alba, and the other compartments being from Borgognone's hand; while the seventh chapel, next the entrance, displayed a handsome St. Veronica by Procaccini. All of these chapels were richly furnished in late-Renaissance style, with splendid altars of *pietra-dura.*

The so-called Palazzo Ducale, I found, was now partly devoted to a museum consisting of various sculptures, paintings and artistic odds and ends, none very remarkable, that had been collected during the Certosa's building or removed during its decadence.[21]— With a last look at the marvellous façade, glittering with its infinite carvings in the western sun,— a last thought of the great dead who had laboured at this wondrous temple, and given up to it their lives and genius,— I went out through the old vestibule, under the softly glowing frescoes of Luini, down the tree-lined avenue toward the sunset. And as I glanced over the luxuriant, far-spread meadows, softened by the long evening shadows of their copses of wood, Symonds' words once more came to my mind: "They are poems now, those fields; with that unchanging background of history, romance, and human life — the Lombard plain,— against whose violet breadth the blossoms bend their faint heads to the evening air."

[21] The visitor may find that one or more of the church's pictures have been removed to this museum,— which is also occasionally done to permit of copying.

CHAPTER VII

PAVIA THE PRIMEVAL

"Great cities, greater in decay and death,
Dream-like with immemorial repose,
Whose ruins like a shrine forever sheathe
The mighty names and memories of those
Who lived and died, to die no more,— shall close
Your happy pilgrimage; and you shall learn,
Breathing their ancient air, the thoughts that burn
Forever in the hearts of after-men."

J. A. Symonds.

PROUD is ancient Pavia, not of her decadent present, but of her glorious past, with its transcendent leadership of centuries in the plain of Lombardy. Nowhere else, save in Rome alone, is there such a contrast between comparative modern insignificance and historic grandeur; nowhere else has there been such a fall,— from peerless heights of power, pomp and intellectuality, to a strangulated, amorphous desolation. The splendid Ticinum of imperial Rome, the royal residence of Theodoric the Great, the magnificent Papia from which Lombard dynasties ruled northern Italy, have left not a portico nor a column to mark their grandeur; the Ghibelline capital of the royal Fredericks and Henry VII, the strong, perennial leader of imperialistic leagues and forces, the brilliant court and formidable fortress of the Visconti and Sforza tyrannies,— even they, so much more recent, have left behind them not one worthy monument; and this ancient metropolis of marbled palaces, this mediæval stronghold of a hundred towers, has sunk into a little, sleeping, provin-

cial town, with dark, monotonous streets and ugly buildings, inhabited by a population of only 30,000 souls.

Yet in spite of all this, perhaps from the very sense of contrast, Pavia is still interesting,— *very* interesting. Her tragic, momentous history invests every fragment, every stone, surviving from those great epochs, with a fascination round which the imagination builds. The remaining quadrilateral of her Visconti Castle, first and foremost of the palatial strongholds of mediæval despots, still seems to re-echo with the gay laughter of the blithe Beatrice d'Este, and the lamentations of the dethroned Isabella of Aragon. The classic quadrangles of the University, for so many ages the seat and centre of Lombard learning, still vibrate with the undying words of Volta and Spallanzani. Imperial Rome still lives in the even rectangularity of the narrow streets; and their sombre architecture still bears the brutal imprint of the conquering Lombards.

This last is the most striking feature of the town today: gone are its ancient palaces, vanished are the innumerable mediæval towers which for so long gave it the name of the *Città delle cento torri;* but the place yet lingers in that same grim, savage mould which was given it in its grandest era, as the capital and metropolis of the Lombard kingdom. Here then, more than anywhere else, can one see the strange semi-civilisation, power, and cruel superstition of that barbaric race, set forth in its ponderous, dark buildings and rude, grotesque art. Many and many a dwelling in those confined, dusky streets remains practically unaltered from that heroic age, with its heavy walls and little, rough windows, and the stump of a fighting keep that once soared aloft;[1] but it is in the churches, unchanged by later ages,

[1] Bell, in his "Observations on Italy," remarks justly upon Pavia's "decayed fortifications and fallen battlements,— her gloomy

with their profusion of barbarous carvings, intact as nowhere else,— that one fully discerns the race's fierce, wild character. S. Michele Maggiore is admittedly the oldest and most remarkable Lombard edifice of the plain; S. Pietro in Ciel d'Oro is nearly as old, and holds, besides, one of the greatest artistic productions of the *trecento,*— the famous *Arca* of St. Augustine, containing the ashes of that Father of the Church.

It was the location of Pavia that perforce made it from earliest ages a city of importance: situated upon the northern bank of the Ticino river about five miles only from its confluence with the Po, and being thus practically at the junction of those two largest waterways of the plain, which were until the railroad era the principal routes of transportation, — it became inevitably a city of the first rank, both commercially and strategically, from the epoch of the Roman dominion downwards. It lay also upon the great north and south highway,— from Milan and the lake region to Genoa and the *Meridionale.*

The Roman Ticinum was therefore a large and prosperous city.[2] We read of it in 352 A. D. as being the scene of one of the last battles between the usurper Magnentius and the forces of the Emperor Constantius.[3] Its position made it always an important camp for the legions in charge of Cisalpine Gaul. Here they assembled in A. D. 408, preparing to contest for Emperor Honorius the approach of Alaric with his Visigoths; Stilicho, the great general who had

Gothic towers crumbling into ruins,— all present symbols of desolation, most painful and depressing."

[2] Here Cornelius Nepos was born, about 80 B. C.; and here Augustus and Livia, enjoying a sumptuous *villeggiatura,* received with triumphal honors Tiberius, returning from victory over the Germans.

[3] Gibbon, Vol. II, Chap. XVIII.

already twice saved the empire, was at the foot of the Julian Alps with the advance guard, leaving most of his faithful lieutenants in command at Pavia; but the cowardly Honorius had determined to rid himself of his feared preserver, and accordingly, upon his arrival at the city, incited the soldiers to that infamous massacre which in one day destroyed all of Stilicho's adherents. They murdered "the most illustrious officers of the empire.— Many lives were lost; many houses plundered; the famous sedition continued to rage till the close of the evening; and the trembling Emperor, who was seen in the streets of Pavia without his robes or diadem — approved the innocence and fidelity of the assassins." [4] This was followed by the assassination of Stilicho himself. Whereupon Alaric, no longer to be resisted, advanced to the occupation of Italy and the sack of Rome.

Pavia escaped the attention of this conqueror; and saved herself from Attila, 44 years later, by handing over to the Huns most of her amassed treasures; but in 476 she was taken by assault, and saw enacted within her walls the fall of the Western Empire. For it was to fortified Pavia that Orestes fled, with his son Romulus Augustulus, the last Emperor of Rome, when menaced by the revolted Visigoths under the lead of Odoacer. "Pavia was immediately besieged, the fortifications were stormed, the town was pillaged." [5] Orestes was slain, Augustulus dethroned, and Odoacer became the first King of Italy. That the strength

[4] Gibbon, Vol. II, Chap. XXX.

[5] *Idem;* Vol III, Chap. XXXVI. It was Epiphanius who, when the stormed and sacked city was being burned by Odoacer, and all its young womanhood had been dragged to the Gothic camp, boldly presented himself before the savage king, and by the majestic eloquence of his address obtained both the stoppage of the flames and the release of the maidens.

of Pavia was not much injured then, is proved by the fact that only 14 years later, when Odoacer fell in turn before the invading Theodoric, the latter made the city his central camp; and when, after the murder of the Visigothic King, the Ostrogoth turned his arms against the Burgundians, "Theodoric's own family and the non-combatants of the Ostrogothic nation were in safe shelter, though in somewhat narrow quarters, in the strong city of Pavia, whose Bishop, Epiphanius, was the greatest saint of his age, and one for whom Theodoric felt an especial veneration." [5a] This was the founder of the sect of Epiphanites.

At Pavia, when the conquest had been completed, Theodoric the Great fixed for a time his residence and court. He "built a palace, baths, and amphitheatre, and erected walls around the city;" [6] and continued to divide his time between this city, Ravenna and Verona. It was here that he perpetrated the unfortunate tragedy of the great Boëthius, which has left such a tarnish upon his glory. Boëthius, "the last of the ancients, and one who forms a link between the classical period of literature and that of the Middle Ages, in which he was a favourite author,— after filling the dignities of consul and senator in the court of Theodoric, fell a victim to the jealousy of the sovereign. The 'Consolation of Philosophy,' the chief work of Boëthius, was written in his prison. Last of the classical writers, in style not impure, — in elevation of sentiment equal to any of the philosophers, and mingling a Christian sanctity with their lessons, he speaks from his prison in swan-like tones of dying eloquence." [7] This prison was a tower in the city of Pavia, which, according to tradition, stood until 1584, and whose

[5a] Gibbon, *supra.*

[6] T. Hodgkin's "Theodoric the Goth."

[7] Hallam's "Literature of Europe," Vol. I, Chap. I.

THE MONUMENT OF GIAN GALEAZZO VISCONTI.
THE CERTOSA DI PAVIA

site is still pointed out. In 528 the persecuted writer,— who had been the final Latinist to translate from the Greek poets, and whose own works were translated by Alfred the Great centuries later,— having been accused of witchcraft and magic, was done to death at Theodoric's command, by strangling and beating with clubs. His father-in-law, Symmachus, was also slain.

The mind of Theodoric never recovered from the shock of this double crime. Only a year or two later he lay dying himself, overwhelmed by the weight of guilt, confessing in a broken voice his miserable repentance. So he passed away, and was buried in his magnificent tomb at Ravenna.

In the troublous times which soon followed, when Italy was swept by the formidable armies of the Emperor Justinian, in his efforts to unite the peninsula to the Byzantine crown, Pavia was for some while the only city remaining in Gothic hands. "From its magnificent position at the angle of the Ticino and the Po, it was often in the early Middle Ages the last stronghold to be surrendered in northwestern Italy."[8] This was soon shown again in the invasion of the Lombards, when the Byzantine forces held out in Pavia after every other city had fallen. "The royal camp (of Alboin) was fixed above three years before the western gate of Ticinum — and the impatient besieger had bound himself by a tremendous oath, that age, and sex, and dignity should be compounded in a general massacre. The aid of famine at length enabled him to execute his bloody vow; but, as Alboin entered the gate, his horse stumbled, fell, and could not be raised from the ground. One of his attendants was prompted by compassion, or piety, to interpret this a miracu-

[8] T. Hodgkin's "Theodoric the Goth."— In 553, however, Pavia fell into the hands of the Byzantines, and there remained until Alboin's coming.

lous sign of the wrath of Heaven: the conqueror paused, and relented; he sheathed his sword, and peacefully reposing himself in the palace of Theodoric, proclaimed to the trembling multitude that they should live and obey. Delighted with the situation of a city which was endeared to his pride by the difficulty of the purchase, the prince of the Lombards disdained the ancient glories of Milan; and Pavia, during some ages, was respected as the capital of the Kingdom of Italy." [9]

Once more was this same drama enacted: for when the Lombards had in their turn decayed, and their last sovereign, Desiderius, had in vain tried to ward off the looming Frankish storm by offering to Charlemagne his daughter, it was here, at Pavia again, that he made his final heroic stand against the invaders. "After a blockade of two years, Desiderius — surrendered his sceptre and his capital." [10] Thus did Pavia, after a royal pre-eminence of nearly 300 years, fall at one stroke, in 774, to the state of a provincial town; and 150 years later she suffered a far worse calamity,— the practically total destruction of nearly all her edifices, which had stood since Roman days. The splendid metropolis of Theodoric, of Alboin, and of the long line of Lombard Kings, with all its accumulated wealth of buildings and

[9] Gibbon, Vol. IV, Chap. XLV.—"From this moment commenced the great story of mediæval Ticinum, henceforth named Papia.—The Lombard kings enlarged the city walls, and founded schools, palaces, and sumptuous edifices. Then arose also the greater part of its celebrated churches."—Giacinto Romano's "Guida di Pavia."

[10] Gibbon, Vol. IV, Chap. XLIX.— Charlemagne "conduit en France le roi vaincu, qui, enfermé dans le couvent de Corbrè, y mourut bientôt oublié." Partouneaux: Histoire de la Conquête de la Lombardie.— The conqueror highly prized Pavia, and bestowed upon it many benefits. Under the strong rule of the Frankish Counts it reposed peacefully for several generations.

chattels, was stormed by the ferocious Hungarian invaders of the plain, and sacked with fire and slaughter. As Gibbon says, speaking of that time: "Among the cities of the West, the royal Pavia was conspicuous in fame and splendour; and the pre-eminence of Rome itself was only derived from the relics of the Apostles. The Hungarians appeared; Pavia was in flames; forty-three churches were consumed; and after the massacre of the people, they spared about two hundred wretches, who had gathered some bushels of gold and silver (a vague exaggeration) from the smoking ruins." [11] With only too just sorrow did Ariosto cry:

> "Our Italy was given in a later day
> To Lombard, Goth and Hun a bleeding prey—
> Whom, because men still trod the crooked way,
> God sent them for their pain and torment sore."

Not long after this the town (now, and from 900 onwards, an independent republic) incurred a repetition of the conflagration, at the time of Emperor Henry the Second's first expedition into Italy, consequent upon a great riot between his soldiers and the citizens; when the flames consumed all that was still left of the ancient grandeur. And again, in 1139, it was taken by assault, on this occasion by the Emperor Lothaire, whose troops stripped the wretched inhabitants of the little they had. Yet, extraordinary as it may seem, during these centuries of calamity Pavia did not retrograde into a city of the second class, but in spite of the repeated destructions continued to be large enough and strong enough to head the imperial league of Lombard towns. This position she held always, being the chief stronghold of the emperors upon the plain,—with the exception of a brief reversal of policy during the reign of

[11] Gibbon, Vol. IV, Chap. LV.

Lothaire, which he punished as narrated. In this early epoch of the Middle Ages Milan was the head of the Guelfic towns, and continued so to be until she fell into the hands of the Visconti. These two municipal leaders, with their respective followers, were therefore almost incessantly at war. But through it all Pavia, rebuilding ever since the fire of 1004, steadily increased in strength and prosperity; like all the other cities of the plain, she raised new walls, churches, and public buildings, by the self-devotion of her people.

When Frederick Barbarossa descended into Lombardy in 1152, inaugurating the great era of Guelf-Ghibelline strife, he placed Pavia at the head of a new league of imperial cities; her militia accompanied him to the siege of rebellious Tortona; and it was at Pavia's principal church, St. Michele, in 1155, that he solemnly placed upon his head the Iron Crown of Lombardy. During the subsequent 21 years, and after the razing of Milan, and the revolt of all other Lombard towns, Pavia alone remained steadfastly faithful to his cause, showing how deeply and ineradicably grounded had been her royal prejudices. She proved similarly true during the subsequent era of Frederick the Second. Shortly after his death, when his grandson Conradin appeared in her midst, bound upon his luckless expedition to claim the throne of Sicily, and escorted by Mastino della Scala of Verona and other princes, Conradin presumed to bestow upon Mastino the lordship of Pavia; the faithful citizens accepted the transfer without a murmur. This was in 1267; and just ten years later the Visconti seized Milan, by imprisoning the Della Torre. Pavia soon threw off the Scala yoke; and when Emperor Henry VII appeared in Lombardy in 1310, at once submitted herself to him, and received the appointment of an imperial vicar.

When Henry had departed, however, the strong Matteo Visconti immediately assumed possession of Milan, in 1311; and two years later he took possession of Pavia, which thus became a member of the Visconti dominions,— with the family of the Beccaria as viceroys. The Beccaria thus emerged supreme locally from their strife of several generations with the Longasco.[12] The revolt of 1357-8, which was characteristic of that curious age, being religious in its character and headed by the friar Jacopo de'Bussolari,— ended only in riveting the citizens' chains the tighter. When the Visconti territories were soon after divided for awhile, amongst the three sons of Stefano, the son of Matteo, Pavia became the chief portion and capital of the magnificent Galeazzo, who was celebrated as the handsomest prince of his period. It was he who then built the great Castello which subsequently held the city in thrall, and became renowned as the first and grandest despotic stronghold of the plain. His son Gian Galeazzo resided within it, and largely added to and adorned it, until he had disposed of his relatives and made himself master of Lombardy; then he removed to Milan. The celebrated investiture of 1395, from the Emperor Wesceslaus, created him Count of Pavia as well as Duke of Milan, with the lordship of 26 other towns.

At the great tyrant's death in 1402, the Countship of Pavia was willed to his son Filippo Maria, together with the possession of a number of adjacent cities; the castle was again

[12] During Pavia's 400 years of glorious independence, first the local Fallabrini and Marcabotti families, later the Beccaria and the Longasco, contested long and fiercely between each other for predominance; the last Longasco, Ricciardino, meeting a storied, heroic death in the city's final defence against the Visconti.— *Vide* Luigi Ponzio: "Storia di Pavia."

inhabited; and from it Filippo, like his father before him, proceeded to make himself master of all the Visconti domains. After his death, Pavia was one of the first towns to recognise the lordship of Francesco Sforza. The latter and his son Galeazzo successively resided at Milan; but upon the murder of Galeazzo in 1476, and the accession of Lodovico Il Moro as regent for his infant nephew, Gian Galeazzo, the latter was removed by the regent to the Castle of Pavia, which Gian Galeazzo continued to occupy until his death. It was here, in 1488, that the festivities of his marriage to Isabella of Aragon were celebrated with great *éclat,* including in their scope two of the most brilliant tournaments of Italian knighthood. And but three years later Pavia witnessed a still grander pageant, upon the wedding of Lodovico himself to the charming Beatrice d'Este, who first set foot here in her husband's realm after journeying by boat up the Po.

> "Whose fortunes well shall with her name accord;
> Who, while she lives, not only shall not miss
> What good the heavens to those below afford,
> But make, with her, partaker of her bliss,
> First among wealthy dukes, her cherished lord;
> Who shall, when she from hence receives her call,
> Into the lowest depth of misery fall." [13]

"The bride landed near the chapel on the bridge, and in the fading light of the short winter's afternoon, rode at Lodovico's side through the chief streets of the old Lombard capital.— On the princely cavalcade wound, amid a dense crowd of people shouting 'Moro! Moro!'— up the long Strada Nuova, with its marble palaces and newly painted loggias adorned with busts and frescoes, in front of the stately *Ateneo* with its halls and porticoes, which had the

[13] Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," LXII; Rose's Tran.

reputation of being the finest university in all Italy, past the rising walls of the new Duomo, which Lodovico was building on the site of the ruined basilica of Charlemagne's time.— The beautiful park and gardens lay deep in snow, their lakes and fountains were all frozen over; but there was plenty to interest and amuse the visitors within the walls of the great Castello, of which they had heard so much, and which was said to be the grandest of royal houses in the whole of Europe. Three or four generations of masters had been employed by successive Visconti dukes to rear this glorious fabric.— On Tuesday the 17th of January, the long-delayed wedding formally took place in the Castello — in the ancient chapel of the Visconti. The bride, arrayed in a white robe sewn with pearls and glittering with jewels, was led to the altar by the Duchess of Ferrara and Marchioness of Mantua, supported by the young Don Alfonso (d'Este) his uncle Sigismondo, and a select retinue of Ferrarese courtiers." [14]

Much of the subsequent tragedy was played on this Pavian stage. Its earlier acts continued to resound with festivities of every kind. Lodovico and his wife spent a large part of the summer seasons at Pavia, in the company of Gian Galeazzo and Isabella, entertaining innumerable guests, joining together in hunting parties, theatricals, card games, and amusements of every nature. They indulged in elaborate pageants and tournaments upon the christening of their several children, and upon any other occasion that afforded a fair excuse for fêtes. Bramante himself arranged their dramatic performances, and other artists of the first rank were called upon for their services. In the city itself Lodovico rebuilded the Cathedral and a number of civic structures, revivified the old University into a new splendour and

[14] Julia Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este."

reputation, and did all in his power to establish a lively prosperity. But underneath it all ran the dark undercurrent of his nephew's virtual imprisonment, the dissatisfaction of the Duchess Isabella, and Lodovico's own determination, inspired by the birth of his sons, to seize the throne in his own name.

A climax was brought on by the arrival of Charles VIII of France in 1494, whom the Moro had so unwisely called upon to seize the throne of Naples. He came directly to Pavia, *via* Asti and Casale, and was gorgeously entertained by Lodovico at the Castello. There, however, he saw perforce the weakly Gian Galeazzo, his own cousin, now stretched upon a bed of illness; and Isabella, falling at his feet, poured out with tears her lamentations over their dethronement and begged him to secure justice for her husband. "The situation was indeed enough to move a stouter heart than that of the feeble young King." [15] But he was firmly bound to Lodovico; and had to go on his way to Naples, leaving the young couple still unsatisfied. The Moro, who was naturally enraged, accompanied his guest as far as Piacenza. There the news was brought them of the death of the unfortunate Gian Galeazzo, within a week of the royal interview. Occurring so suddenly, under such circumstances, so aptly to remove all danger from Lodovico's path, he was immediately accused by general voice of being a poisoner. The accusation has clung from that day to this, — even Symonds positively affirming the truth of it; but the best of recent criticism, weighing the young duke's severe illness and Lodovico's character, holds him guiltless of the death. Of his innocence I have not the faintest doubt.

But although the Moro and Beatrice thus realised their ambition, the final acts of the tragedy soon occurred: Lodovico turned faithless; Beatrice pined, and died; Louis XII

[15] J. A. Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA, VIEWED FROM THE SMALL CLOISTER

of France, following the example set by Charles VIII, descended with his army to seize the throne of Milan; Pavia and its Castello were occupied by him; and Lodovico was led away to his French dungeon. The conquerors, however, were not long suffered to enjoy their possession; Louis died immaturely, and with the accession of Francis I to his crown, and that of Charles V to the joint thrones of Spain and Austria, there commenced the supreme struggle between them for northern Italy. Once more was Pavia the centre of strife for Lombardy's ownership; once more was she the final stronghold of present owners against new invaders; and around her she saw enacted the closing scenes of the catastrophe. They succeeded each other like the flashing films of a cinematograph. For three years, from 1512 to 1515, her Castello and that of Milan were occupied by Maximilian Sforza, the elder son of Lodovico, who was supported against the French armies by the Swiss; Francis I then dethroned him, and held the country for six years; in 1521 he was in turn driven out by the Spaniards, allied with the Pope and several other Italian princes, including the Marquis of Mantua,— who thus assisted in placing upon the precarious Lombard throne his cousin Francesco, the younger son of Lodovico.

"Lautrec (Francis' commander-in-chief) now concentrated all his forces on Pavia, which was valiantly defended by Federico Gonzaga (Marquis of Mantua) who successfully repulsed a determined assault of the French, and, in spite of the small numbers of his force and the lack of artillery, compelled them to retire to Monza." [16] There they were decisively beaten, and then retreated across the Alps; leaving the Castle of Milan still, however, in the hands of a French garrison. Duke Francesco, the last of the Sforzas,

[16] Julia Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este."

therefore occupied the Castello of Pavia; it was like a shadow, an echo, of the bright days of his parents forever past. He was constrained still to remain there, when Francis, approaching in 1524 at the head of the largest army he had yet raised, first seized Milan, then invested Pavia by assault and siege. The immemorial stronghold resisted all his attacks and arts from October till February; then Pescara, Charles' general, advanced from Lodi with the imperial forces which he had been so long preparing, and the tremendous drama, which the Moro had inaugurated thirty years before, was brought to its terrible culmination.

The two armies closed between the walls of Pavia and the Certosa. The battle "was very hardly contested, as both sides knew that the possession of Italy was at stake.— The bravest nobles on the side of the French had fallen, the King himself was wounded.— He was borne down by force of numbers and compelled to surrender himself prisoner. He was in a terrible condition, bleeding so as scarcely to be recognised.— The French army was entirely destroyed; out of 36,000 men, 12,000 lay dead on the field." [17] Well could Ariosto cry,—

"Il meglio della nobiltà
Di tutta Francia alla campagna estinto." [18]

[17] Oscar Browning's "Age of the Condottieri."

[18] "Orlando Furioso," canto XXXIII; which is continued by Mr. Rose thus:

"How many swords, how many lances, see
The Spaniards round the valiant monarch wield.
Behold! his horse falls under him; yet he
Will neither own himself subdued nor yield.—
The monarch well defends him from the foe,
All over bathed with blood of hostile slain.
But valour stoops at last to numbers: lo!
The King is taken, is conveyed to Spain."

It was another Cannae; the best and bravest of the noble families of France strewed that bloody ground as thick as fallen leaves in Autumn. Gal. di San Severino, La Tremouille, La Palisse, De Lescun, the Dukes of Suffolk and Lorraine, and hundreds of other famous soldiers slept their last sleep. Many others went into Spanish captivity with their sovereign; who wrote after the disaster those famous lines to his mother,— "De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie!"

The Spaniards, now undisputed masters of Lombardy, quartered their cruel soldiers in Pavia and Milan, and for many months indulged in a continuous orgy of plunder, rape and torture, that left an ineffaceable impression upon the miserable populace. The following year they dethroned Duke Francesco. In 1527 France made another effort, and a new army under Lautrec suddenly appeared in Lombardy, marched straight upon Pavia, and captured it by surprise. "During eight days they barbarously pillaged that great city, under the pretence of avenging the defeat of their king under its walls."[19] From this final destruction the historic town never recovered. The French marched away southward, to perish before Naples; the vile Spanish sway was resumed; and under it the city steadily dwindled away for two centuries. Peace was made with France in 1529, and Charles received the two crowns of Italy and the Empire from the Pope in 1530. At the same time he restored the sickly Francesco Sforza to his dukedom of Milan; but it was for five years only, for Francesco died in 1535, and while he lived was but a puppet in Spanish hands. Wretched Pavia, however, was not at first included in the transaction, but was handed over to the rapacious and

[19] Sismondi's "Italian Republics," Chap. XV.

tyrannical Leyva, Charles' general, to be misruled and plundered as a reward for his services.

But the city and its territory alike were now completely ruined. "There were no dwellers in the villages, and in the once flourishing cities of Lombardy, whole families might be seen begging their bread. 'It is, sir,' wrote Nicholas Carew to King Henry VIII, 'the most pity to see this country, as we suppose, that ever was in Christendom.—Betwixt Vercelli and Pavia the whole country has been wasted. We found no man nor woman labouring in the fields, and all the way we saw only three children, gathering wild grapes. The people and children are dying of hunger.'"[20] It was into this desolation that there now entered, to rend and torture what little of humanity was left, those frightful evils which Symonds called "the seven Spanish devils,"—and foremost in which were the Inquisition and Jesuitry. Conditions naturally grew still worse, year by year, till "wolves prowled through empty villages around Milan; in every city the pestilence swept off its hundreds daily; manufactures, commerce, agriculture, the industries of town and rural districts, ceased;—art and learning languished; there was not a man who ventured to speak out his thought or write the truth; and over the Dead Sea of social putrefaction floated the sickening oil of Jesuitical hypocrisy."[21] Who can wonder that the ancient metropolis of the Lombards became the insignificant city of today; the wonder is that it still exists at all.

It did, in fact, during those two terrible Spanish centuries, dwindle into naught but a shadow of a town, in whose ruins dwelt a few hundred denuded spectres, owned by some scores of "noble families" that eked out an existence by

[20] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."
[21] J. A. Symonds' "The Catholic Reaction."

currying favour with their rulers; the very same families whose patricians of today look boastingly back to the Spanish origin of their pride and fortunes. But with the War of the Spanish Succession, and the reversal of Lombardy to Austria in 1715, came a change for the better. The great Empress Maria Theresa suppressed the fearful Inquisition, expelled the Jesuits, reformed the extraordinary privileges and abuses of the clergy, abolished judicial torture, founded and endowed schools, academies and universities,[22] patronised the arts and sciences, and gave a new impetus and development to Lombard agriculture. Her son Joseph II was another sincere reformer, who still further relieved the people from their unequal burdens and their thraldom to the Church. The result was a new life in the plain of Lombardy,— a steady rebuilding of Pavia, and its other ancient cities.

The coming of the great Revolution was not welcomed by Pavia as fervently as elsewhere in Lombardy. Still imperialistic to the bottom, she showed a hostile front to Bonaparte's exhortations; and, when he had advanced into Venetia, she fathered a wide-spread revolt against his garrisons which, though unsuccessful in Milan, cleared her own streets of the French invaders. "Bonaparte hastened himself to Pavia, the seat of the revolt; and storming the town, delivered it over to sack and pillage, and restored order. The people had spared the lives of his soldiers; he shot the popular chiefs, and declared that if the blood of one Frenchman had been shed, he would have erected a tall column bearing the inscription,—"Here stood the city of Pavia!"[23] Such was

[22] It is to this Empress, and Joseph II, that the remarkable revival of Pavia's historic university is due, as well as the rebuilding of several other institutions.

[23] G. Hooper's "Italian Campaigns of Gen. Bonaparte."

the old town's final disaster,— upon a final manifestation of her seemingly ineradicable imperialism.

When Napoleon became imperial, Pavia was content, and greeted him upon his arrival with Josephine in 1805, on their way to the coronation at Milan, with unanimous and loyal "*Vivas*." "The people of all ranks," says Lady Morgan, "came to meet this Cæsar of the day, as his imperial barge was wafted down the classic waves of the Po.— An elegant *Bucentoro* transferred them, with their suite, to our shores.— The cannon fired a salute, to which the *vivas* of the spectators replied.— Then came prefects, and corporate bodies, from all the departments, to do homage to their sovereign.— Pavia was brilliantly illuminated to receive her new Theodoric; and she appointed for his body-guard the *élite* of her population." [24]

The Emperor's first visit was to the city's one great and lasting institution, the University, whose first foundations, as the oration of the welcoming Rector reminded him, were laid by his glorious predecessor, Charlemagne. Gian Galeazzo had richly endowed it; Lodovico il Moro had raised it to its early pinnacle of greatness; and, after the ruin of the Spanish era, Maria Theresa had revivified it, placed it in the splendid new buildings that yet exist, and started it upon a new prosperity. It remained for Napoleon to imitate the Moro, and cap it with a second climax of aggrandisement. Nobly he performed the task, making it "an object of munificent protection to the new government of the Kingdom of Italy." The present government has continued such fostering care; so that, though the institution may not quite equal its supremacy of Sforza days — when it had 3,000 students, and 90 professors the most illustrious of the world, — still it is one of the two or three foremost in Italy's total

[24] Lady Morgan's "Italy."

of twenty-one, with numerous and varied colleges, a huge library of 200,000 volumes, and important collections covering nearly every branch of science and art. To it is due the reputation of Pavia of today, which is embodied in Forsyth's dictum: "This is the present metropolis of Italian science." [25]

But there was another institution associated with Pavia, it will be remembered, which was fully as important to her prosperity as the University: this was the old canal to Milan; and Napoleon again followed the Moro's example in putting this, at large expense, into an effective condition. The resulting traffic has done more than aught else to restore the city to a state of comparative wealth and comeliness. Upon looking at the map, where the town appears in the shape of an irregular hexagon upon the northern bank of the Ticino, one sees the canal approaching straight from the north and striking the hexagon beside its northernmost point, whence it diverges along the eastern fortifications to the river. The extensive main docks and warehouses lie beside it without the northern gate, Porta Milano,— just on the outer side of the Castello. The hexagon has two sides upon the west, and three upon the east, the latter forming the longer line, because the Ticino here flows to the southeast. Upon the sixth side, formed by the stream itself, a famous old covered bridge crosses to the small suburb on the southern bank, carrying, as did its predecessors, the ancient Roman highway to Genoa and the south.

This highway, approaching from Milan beside the canal, enters by the Porta Milano, and traverses the middle of the city in a straight line to the bridge, forming thus from earliest ages the one principal thoroughfare of the town. Now it has, of course, been renamed the Corso Vittorio

[25] Forsyth's "Excursions in Italy."

Emanuele. Near its centre, and one block on the west, lies the principal Piazza Grande, with the Duomo upon its southern side; from which extends the wide Corso Cavour to the single western gate, of the same name, beside the great bastion in the middle of that side of the fortifications; and just without this stands the railway station. An eastward continuation of Corso Cavour, the Via Mazzini, runs to the Piazza and large Palazzo of the Municipio. These two main avenues thus divide the city into four quarters, of which that on the southeast is considerably larger, on account of the extension of river and town in that direction; and this is itself divided by the third chief avenue, Corso Garibaldi, which extends midway between Via Mazzini and the Ticino, from Corso Vittorio Emanuele to the main eastern gate, Porta Garibaldi. Without this lie the cemetery, and a subsidiary railway station on the branch to Cremona, which is connected with the main station by a line curving around just outside the city walls.

It was a beautiful May morning when I approached Pavia, upon an express train from Milan; and as we traversed the level meadows between the Certosa and the ancient city, and I gazed out over their fruitful expanse of smiling crops and orchards, brightened by numerous shining farmhouses with their out-buildings, it was difficult to realise it as the scene of one of the most momentous battles of all history. Here indeed would apply those lines of Macaulay:

> "Now on the place of slaughter
> Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
> And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
> And apple-orchards green —
> Little they think they on those strong limbs
> That moulder deep below." [26]

[26] Macaulay's "Battle of Lake Regillus."

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH, CERTOSA DI PAVIA

When the huge northern bastion of the city walls loomed before us, we parted company from the canal, diverging to right along the western ramparts, whose imposing brick structures were crowned with modern avenues of trees. In another minute the large covered station was entered; and descending, I climbed into the 'bus of the famous old inn of the *Croce Bianca,* and we rattled away over cobble-stones through the Porta Cavour, down the Corso of the same name. The hostelry proved to be situated most centrally, at the very intersection of the two main thoroughfares, and to be of the most pleasing old-fashioned style, which combines antique comfort and quaintness with modern cleanliness and low prices. When I say cleanliness, I am necessarily speaking comparatively, confining my thoughts to the smaller cities of the peninsula. A woman, moreover, is often shocked by what a mere man will never see. But I know that my stay in Pavia was made very pleasant.

Sallying out at once for my first promenade, I made for the Piazza Grande a block to the west, my spirits exalted with those keen sensations which Rogers has so well expressed: "The day we come to a place which we have long heard and read of, and in Italy we do so continually, is an era in our lives; and from that moment the very name calls up a picture. How delightfully too does knowledge flow in upon us, and how fast."— What a splendid first picture was this glorious old piazza now opened before me, three or four blocks in length from north to south, and half as wide, surrounded on all sides by enchanting mediæval houses of lofty stature, painted in all the proverbial colours of the rainbow, and rising upon stuccoed gothic arcades with heavy pillars. The façades wound in and out, curving irregularly this way and that, pierced by windows of every age and style. Under the shadowy arches lay still darker little

shops and cafés, thronged by gesticulating people. The wide central space was filled with a village of wooden booths, of canvas roofs and umbrellas, exposing every kind of eatable and household article,— an agitated sea of colours, moved by the vociferous crowd of bargainers. Midway it was broken by a flowing column of vehicles and pedestrians, crossing transversely,— the traffic of the Corso Cavour, which exactly bisects the long parallelogram.[27]

The buildings, though picturesque, were not noteworthy, with two exceptions: in the middle of the western side was one façade bearing the remains of a huge Tiepolesque fresco, of the Madonna amidst various mitred saints; on the south side rose a stately Renaissance edifice, fronted by a three-storied colonnade of grey and white stone shafts upon stucco railings, and surmounted by a clock-faced gable. This was the ancient Broletto, which was for nearly 1,000 years the centre of the city's administration.[28] Behind this loomed the massive brick choir, and upon its right, the left transept, of the Cathedral that was rebuilt by the Moro,— which fronts to the west upon a separate piazza; and far above them soared into the sky its gigantic dome,— consisting of an octagonal brick drum of unfinished sides, a leaden cupola, an octagonal grey stone colonnade, and a two-storied lantern of the same material, tipped with a gilded cross. The bells, however, were visible in a lower, baroque tower this side of the dome, protruding ponderously from the arches of the little belfry.

[27] This central space of the city, for centuries the hub of its mediæval and Renaissance life, was formerly fronted by the Palazzo del Comune,— now disappeared; here were held the countless pageants of those lively generations,— including the celebrated tournament of 1587, about the last of its kind in Lombardy.

[28] Here in 1175 was entertained Frederick Barbarossa. The *logge* were added about 1563.

I walked round to the smaller Piazza del Duomo, to view the curious façade, which was left unbuilt in the Renaissance era, and only partly completed in 1898. Except for two colonnaded galleries of marble or whitish stone, crossing the front at its middle and top, it was entirely of rough brick, painted a reddish hue with drab buttresses and window-frames; its three vertical divisions contained each a plain portal, surmounted by a circular window between the galleries. But that which instantly engaged my attention to a greater extent, was the extraordinary *campanile* rising beside it on the left,— the so-called Torre Maggiore,— a monstrous erection of the 12th or 13th century, whose massive, quadrangular brick walls ascended without an aperture till they reached the ornate renaissance belfry, 256 feet above the pavement; the latter was of grey stone, with double arches on each face, adorned with coupled columns and pilasters, upholding a heavy entablature,— and looked incongruous enough upon such a typical mediæval tower. This was emphasised by the ruinous romanesque architecture about its base,— the congregated remains of the adjacent church of S. Stefano which preceded the present Duomo,— including a fine stone doorway, quadruply recessed, with byzantine designs upon its mouldings and tympanum; over which lingered two fascinating early windows, also deeply recessed,— one with six concentric mouldings, the other double-arched, and divided by quaint little shafts one behind the other; while scattered about in the brick wall were various other romanesque fragments and bits of coeval sculpture.

These are all that are left of the pre-existing church of S. Stefano, a famous Lombard edifice, remodelled in the twelfth century, which Lodovico cleared away in 1488 in order to erect his more ambitious pile. For the latter he commissioned Bramante to make the plans, assisted by Dolce-

buono and Cristoforo Rocchi;— though the last two seem rather to have superintended the actual building, aided also by Ventura Vitone and Amadeo. The hand of the great Bramante was visible as soon as I entered; for I found myself under one of his typical imposing constructions, in the form of a Latin cross beneath a mighty dome. The tremendous size and majesty of this dome dwarfed to insignificance the short arms of the cross,— so spacious was it in breadth, so ponderous in its huge supporting blocks of white granite, so glistening in their polished surfaces and its flood of showering light; and it towered to heaven above the uncluttered marble pavement as if it would pierce the clouds, higher even than the great tower without,— an even 300 feet above the floor. The nave also was lofty, its ribbed vaulting supported by three huge piers on each side, composed of clustered square pillars with corinthian caps, which also divided off the lower, vaulted aisles, with their semicircular altar-recesses. These last were separated by clustered corinthian pilasters, mounting to a heavy cornice. Over the broad arches connecting the piers, along the upper walls of the nave, ran a series of colonnaded niches. All was constructed of the same polished granite.

The vast octagonal rotunda of the dome formed a prolongation of the nave, still wider, into which the aisles opened freely, and beyond which they were continued beside the deep, elevated choir. From six of the eight of the ambulatory surrounding the rotunda (the seventh being the opening of the nave, and eighth that of the choir) projected giant recessed archways in the master's usual manner, upheld by enormous piers with double cornices and many angles. The left-hand recess held simply an ugly baroque altar; the right-hand one formed a raised chapel, with modern reliefs on its walls and above and below its altar. The choir termi-

nated in an apse pierced by a window of blue stained glass; and from this there fell a strange, ghastly radiance upon the coffined bier standing before the high-altar, with its burning candles,— while from its dusk echoed the hollow, sepulchral chant of the service for the dead.

The altars and walls of the aisles were adorned with various paintings of the later Renaissance, of which but two were noteworthy,— those on the right and left of the nave just before the rotunda, by D. and G. B. Crespi. The more important pictures, by Gatti and Gianpetrino, had been removed to the city museum. In the crypt beneath the choir I was shown a very richly sculptured altar of the decadent period, dedicated to S. Siro, the patron saint of the church, who was the first bishop of the city; Tommaso Orsolini was the artist. On emerging from the Duomo I noticed the Palazzo Vescovile opposite,— a large, stuccoed building, with a handsome renaissance arcade, supported on coupled columns.

Returning to the main street, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, I started to walk up its northern portion, confined between three- and four-storied buildings of stained and crumbling stucco, several centuries old for the most part. Here there were few shops, and but an occasional café,—which are mostly to be found in its southern half, and upon the Corso Cavour. I had taken not a hundred paces when, upon the right side, I came to the great edifice of the University; it was fully 300 yards in length, but only two stories in height, of plain stucco, with barred lower windows and a heavy cornice; — the same building which was begun by Lodovico Sforza, and finished under Maria Theresa.[29]

[29] Here Christopher Columbus, about 1450, came to perfect his studies in cosmography, astrology, and nautical science; and it was here, a generation later, that the genius of Leonardo da Vinci developed, upon the studies of natural and anatomical science.

Some of the rear portions are of other periods, so that it might better be called a congeries of buildings, as it is of colleges. Five separate quadrangles extend parallel with the Corso, entered from it by short passages; though usually all the ingresses are closed except the central. As I approached, large numbers of students were promenading the avenue, lounging about the corridors, and filling the courts with disputatious groups. Looking at their conventional modern garb, I thought of the priestly gowns forced upon them in Spanish days, and of the military uniforms and cocked hats in which they swaggered under Napoleon.

Entering the middle quadrangle, I found it imposingly surrounded by two stories of arcades, with coupled, monolithic, granite columns, and adorned by a statue of Volta in the centre; round the walls were many sculptured memorials to past teachers and scholars, some of them quite handsome,— especially the Leonardesque relief to Prof. Bugitella, and another of 1495 showing four charming Raphaelesque pupils seated on a bench, listening to a lecture. The other courts, reached by connecting corridors, proved similar in style and ornamentation; exceptionally numerous were their busts and tablets to the honoured dead,— while one contained two well preserved columns of the Roman city, and various stone and terracotta architectural fragments of the Gothic period. Between the second and third courts mounted the handsome marble staircase to the upper floor. The spacious Library, the Hall of Natural History, the Gallery of Animal Life, 200 feet in length, in fact all the different cabinets of the collections, were striking in themselves and most interesting in their contents.

The distant collegated botanical garden, with its varied hothouses and assembled exotics, later afforded me a lively pleasure; and the *Gran Sala* of the attached Collegio Bor-

romeo, in the extreme southeastern angle of the city, which was founded by Cardinal Borromeo and erected by Pellegrino Pellegrini, and which is still used for the conferring of degrees and other important gatherings,— proved magnificent both in form and decorations. Its extensive late-Renaissance frescoes by Federico Zucchio, were worth seeing for their ornamental quality, as a complete decorative effect.

CHAPTER VIII

PAVIA THE PIOUS

"Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!"

Longfellow.

In the afternoon I continued my walk upon the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, proceeding farther north. Though the chief thoroughfare of the city, it was only eight or ten yards wide from wall to wall; opposite the University, and upon both sides beyond, it was shadowed by the old mouldering stuccoed palaces of the Pavian noble families, interspersed with occasional churches and public buildings. Among the latter were the stuccoed palace of the Provincial Council, and the plain brick Prefettura, both opposite the University's northern end; before them rose a modern monument to Italy, represented as a female with castellated crown, bearing a shield with these words inscribed,—"Ai Pavesi Caduti per la Patria."[1] Several blocks farther north, an extraordinarily wide avenue opened to the west, shaded by four rows of horsechestnut trees, running between simple dwellings to the distant ramparts; it was the so-called Allea di Piazza Castello, which was laid out by the French during their short occupation. The Castle itself here appeared upon the right, facing southwesterly toward me, at the rear of a

[1] "To the Pavians fallen for their country." A memorial of the *Risorgimento.*

broad piazza. Behind this extensive space, bare except for a monument to Garibaldi surrounded by flowerbeds, I saw an enormous, square, brick edifice, three stories in height, with four-storied quadrangular towers at the angles, and numerous large pointed windows in pleasing terracotta frames, placed at regular intervals; those in the towers were double-arched, and divided by gleaming marble mullions; machicolated, forked battlements crowned every wall; around it still stretched the wide, deep moat, crossed at the front-centre by a solid modern bridge; the latter was arched midway by the old guard-tower, which formerly, as its apertures showed, served to raise a pair of drawbridges.

This central structure, or *palazzo* proper, was all that now remained of the once glorious fortress; gone were all its outer buildings and wide-sweeping fortifications, which formerly covered the broad empty areas today extending upon three sides. In the rear it still abuts directly upon the city's northeastern rampart. Shorn of its ennobling enceinture, the desolate *palazzo* exhibited its ruined state in the discoloured walls, and windows blocked up except for small, square-headed openings. It was now desecrated — for so it seemed to me — to the uses of a barrack, and soldiers lounged about the bridge and unframed portal; I was obliged to secure the permission of the officer of the guard in order to enter. Traversing the vaulted passage, I stood in the spacious court-yard that had glittered so often with the pageantry of Sforza and Visconti, and gazed upon the very windows from which had hung the laughing Beatrice and her fair bevy of noble maidens. The grand colonnades of the ground story, that then surrounded it upon three sides, were now bricked up; but the splendid second-story gallery of the front side still remained, glistening as of old in its white stone columns

and gothic arches; and upon the other sides lingered the fine cotta mouldings of the large pointed windows.[2]

Within, the denudation was complete; naught survived in these bare halls and dormitories to indicate that wealth of furnishing which under the hands of the splendour-loving Galeazzo Visconti had made this the most celebrated royal residence in Europe. Vainly I tried to imagine in this ruined setting the magnificence of his famous shows, or the ostentatious weddings of his daughter Violante to the Duke of Clarence, son of King Edward III, and of his son Gian Galeazzo to Isabella, daughter of King John of France. On the former occasion Galeazzo made such "splendid presents to more than 200 Englishmen, that he was reckoned to have outdone the greatest kings in generosity. At the banquet Gian Galeazzo, the bride's brother, brought to the table with each course fresh gifts. At one time it was a matter of sixty most beautiful horses with trappings of silk and silver; at another, plate, hawks, hounds, horse-gear, fine cuirasses, suits of armour fashioned of wrought steel, helmets adorned with crests, surcoats embroidered with pearls, belts, precious jewels set in gold, and crimson stuff for making raiment. Such was the profusion of this banquet that the remnants taken from the table were enough and to spare for 10,000 men. Petrarch, we may remember, assisted at this festival and sat among the princes." [3]

It was of that occasion that Symonds also well remarked:

[2] This famous palace-fortress, which Petrarch in his letter to Boccaccio called "the most noble among modern works," was certainly the foremost of its time in luxury and decoration. Amongst its designers were probably Bernardo da Venezia, first architect of the Certosa, and Bonino da Campione, who fashioned the *Arca* of S. Agostino. Amongst its painters, of different epochs, were the renowned Foppa of Brescia and Bonifazio Bembo of Cremona.

[3] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

"It must have been a strange experience for this brother of the Black Prince, leaving London, where the streets were still unpaved, the houses thatched, the beds laid on straw, and where wine was sold as medicine, to pass into the luxurious palaces of Lombardy, walled with marble, and raised high above smooth streets of stone." At the second marriage, also celebrated in these walls, Galeazzo indulged in a similar extravagance, besides paying some 600,000 florins to Isabella's brother Charles.

It was equally difficult today to call up any picture of these halls and chambers in their greater wealth of decoration under the rule of Gian Galeazzo, who during his early years of residence here spent vast sums upon the castle. Having "discovered several plots directed against him — he shut himself up in his castle of Pavia — doubled his guard, and took pains to display his belief that he was surrounded by assassins. He affected, at the same time, the highest devotion: he was always at prayers, a rosary in his hand, surrounded by monks." [4] While thus engaged in deceiving his uncle Barnabas, and preparing the way for his *coup-de-main,* he spent much time upon his famous collection of saintly relics, and his wonderful library, in which Petrarch laboured during a long stay to arrange and translate the precious manuscripts. During that wretched sack of 1527, when the Christian French ruined the castle, and did more damage to Pavia than any of the hosts of barbarians, those invaluable manuscripts and volumes of ancient lore, which only the wealth and power of a Gian Galeazzo could have collected, were seized by General Lautrec as a part of his personal plunder, and irretrievably dispersed.

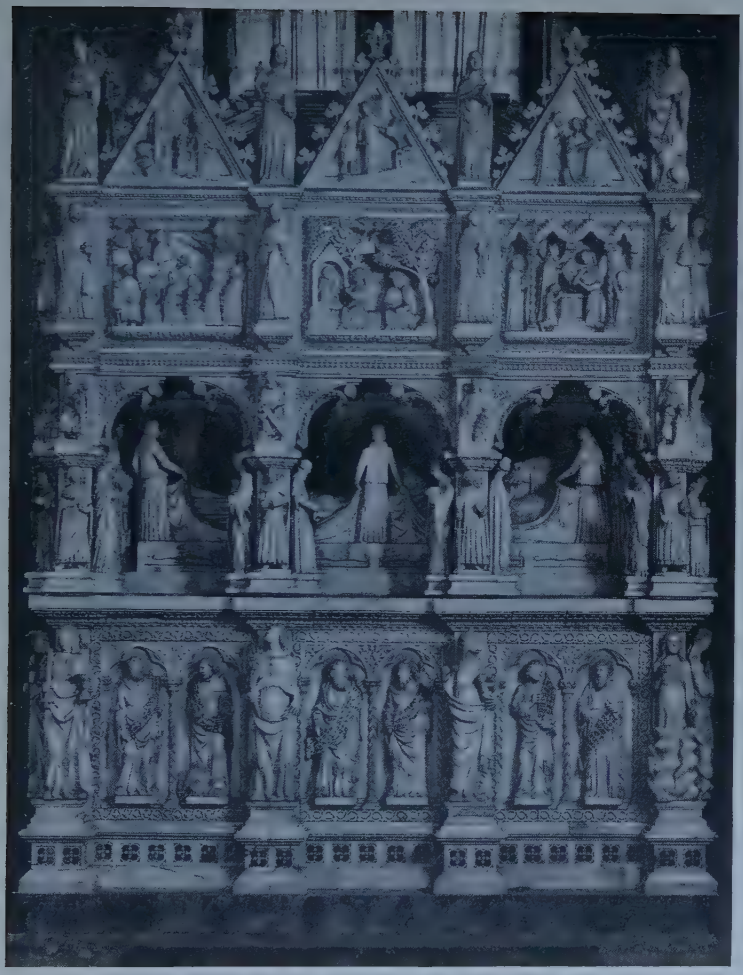
With still more difficulty could I call up those more marvellous decorations of the height of the Renaissance, laid

[4] Sismondi's "Italian Republics."

on by the Sforzas, and amongst which their tragedy was staged. "The vaulted halls were painted with the finest ultramarine and gold; and the arms of Sforzas and Viscontis, the lilies of France and the red cross of Savoy, appeared on the groined roof between planets and stars of raised gold. The vast *Sala della Palla,* where the dukes and their courtiers indulged in their favourite pastime of 'pall-mall'— which Burckhardt calls the classic game of the Renaissance,— was decorated with frescoes by the best artists of Pavia and Cremona, representing fishing and hunting scenes. Portraits of the dukes and duchesses were introduced, together with lions and tigers, wild boars, and stags flying before the hounds, in the forest shades or on the open moor. The ballroom was adorned with historic subjects from the lives of the earlier Viscontis. The poet Petrarch was seen, delivering an oration before the duke; and Gian Galeazzo was represented, seated at a festive board laden with gold and silver plate, entertaining foreign ambassadors,— while huntsmen and falconers with horses and dogs awaited his pleasure. Of later date were the frescoes in the Duchess' room, representing the marriage of Galeazzo Sforza at the French court, and the reception of Bona of Savoy at Genoa; while the paintings which adorned the chapel had only lately been completed by Vincenzo Foppa and Bonifazio da Cremona." [5] And of all this glory, sad to say, hardly a single vestige now remains, except a frescoed figure of Christ in the entrance to the former chapel.

On returning to the Corso, I noticed the strange monument of Garibaldi, which is composed of imitation rocks and earth formed by composite, rising to a height of some 20 feet, with a marble lion at the base, a weeping female Italia standing halfway to the summit, and a bronze statue

[5] Julia Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este."



THE *ARCA* OF ST. AUGUSTINE, BY BONINO DA CAMPIONE.
PAVIA

of the hero upon the top. At the western angle of the Corso with the Piazza I observed a simple private palace which is dear to every Pavian heart,— the Palazzo Cairoli, that was for many generations the home of the distinguished noble family of that name, and from which its five celebrated sons departed to offer their lives for Italian freedom. In it, as an inscription records, Garibaldi rested for awhile in the stormy days of '48, and spoke therefrom eloquently to the citizens.

As it grew late in the afternoon, the Corso was thronged with pedestrians, and antiquated, coroneted vehicles bearing the relics of noble families, taking their solemn, daily outing. These were the modern "Spagnuolissimi," mentioned by Lady Morgan as the "party full of the old Spanish prejudices, and devoted to the descendants and representatives of Charles the Fifth; — all coming forth "per pigliar il fresco" (to take the fresh air) as they call swallowing dust and perspiring between rows of heated walls, which render the street an oven."

Advancing halfway down the *Allea,* I observed upon its right a renaissance palace with a handsome court, adorned with interior colonnades and further courts, all prettily planted with shrubs and flowers,— the Teatro Guidi; and turning by it to the north, in about 200 paces more I reached a sequestered, silent, triangular piazza, bounded by simple dwellings, with the famous church of S. Pietro in Ciel d'Oro upon the east. This Lombard relic of the 12th century [6]

[6] The original building was of the seventh century; during the eighth King Luitprand raised the connecting Benedictine monastery, and transferred to the church those bones of St. Augustine which drew upon it the attention of the Catholic world. Charlemagne in 774 instituted an annexed school.— The present façade dates from about 1490.

had an unpainted brick façade, with a portal, window-frames and buttresses of grey stone; the portal was quadruply recessed, with romanesque carvings upon the mouldings, and a quaintly sculptured Virgin in the lunette between two archaic devotees; the windows were small but double-arched, with slender octagonal shafts, upon the second story, and single-arched upon the third; while the interesting frieze consisted of an arcade upon detached columns, surmounted by a cornice of inter-crossed round arches. It was thoroughly dilapidated, and looked its age. Inside, I found a dark vaulted nave with red ribs, upheld by stone pillars with romanesque caps, flanked by low aisles with little windows instead of altars; the choir was considerably elevated, with central steps, flanked by other steps descending to the crypt, and the aisles continued along beside it, at their own level; the front of the crypt, and the frescoes of the terminal apse, were portions of the restoration effected about 1880; at which time the crypt was excavated from its mass of accumulated rubbish and its 24 columns were renewed. In the centre of the high choir stood Pavia's great shrine, the celebrated *Arca* of St. Augustine, which is one of the finest productions of the early Renaissance.

It is in the Pisan style, having been executed — as the best authorities now agree — by Matteo and Bonino da Campione, about 1362–70, under the influence of Giovanni Balduccio of that school; the latter, having been called to Milan by Azzo Visconti, had there carved the equally famous shrine of St. Peter Martyr, in S. Eustorgio, many of whose statuettes are imitated in this work. It is entirely of white marble, about 10 feet in length, 4 in breadth and 12 in height; and consists of a heavy base surmounted by an equally solid canopy, upheld by four short pillars on each of the long sides, between which reclines the lifesize effigy of the saint, in

his episcopal robes and mitre; round about it stand six quaint little gowned figures, about one and one-half feet high, representing deacons of the Church, who are holding the edges of the sheet in which the body is wound,— and four others representing the Fathers of the Church, standing in couples at the head and feet. Seen through the small, highly ornate arches connecting the pillars, this makes a charming picture; whose embellishment is greatly added to by the numerous statuettes grouped about the pillars, seven on each of the corner supports and four on each of the others,— saints, bishops and martyrs,— all executed with a grace and naturalness, a realism of drapery, and a varied effectiveness of pose and expression, truly wonderful for their period. "The figures, which are very Pisan in style, have their surfaces highly polished, the borders of their robes carefully elaborated, and the pupils of their eyes painted black, according to a common custom of the time." [7]

All around the base stand larger figures,— the twelve Apostles, in trefoil gothic niches, six per side, surrounded by a lavish wealth of foliated designs covering every inch of surface, and some fourteen female virtues and martyrs, placed at the ends and upon pilasters between the pairs of Apostles. The canopy is still more elaborately decorated: each side bears six separate tableaux in high relief, the upper three being located in the equilateral triangles of the crocketed gables, with more statuettes posed between them and at the angles; while each end carries three scenes similarly disposed,— two below and one above. The lower series represent the chief events of the life of the saint, including the institution of his order, the translation of his body from Africa, and its transference to this church. The upper series display, in a more confined manner, a number of his reported miracles. In

[7] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

none of the tableaux are the figures so natural or graceful as are the statuettes, but they are, considering their epoch, remarkably dramatic and full of force and purpose. Most striking and beautiful of all, perhaps, is the effect of the monument as a whole, with its fine proportions, harmonious lines, and extraordinary richness of ornamentation.

As I gazed upon it, my thoughts roved over the remarkable history of the saintly dust reposing within it, both before and after death. It once formed that Father of the Church of whom Tullock well said, that "no single name has ever made such an impression upon Christian thought;" for when, "in the death-agonies of the Western Empire, the ashes of paganism showed flickering life, Augustine's hand it was which quenched the false fire finally.— Luther and Calvin drew largely upon his writing; Jansenius preached Augustinianism *pur et simple;* and if we take away from the popular theology of the protestant sects what it has gathered from Augustine's teaching, little will remain.—Augustine occupies a unique position amongst the great ecclesiastics. He is at once the most human and the most spiritual of them all; the most daring of offenders, the most heart-stricken of penitents." [8]

Who does not know his life of startling contrasts: its youth of wildest dissipation, which gave such sorrow to S. Monica, his mother, and was so frankly set forth in his "Confessions"; his conversion and baptism by St. Ambrose at Milan; his appointment to the bishopric of Hippo, in Africa, followed by so many years of glorious deeds for the faith, and so many invaluable treatises upon its tenets. But the history of his remains was even more adventurous: first translated to the church of S. Saturnino at Cagliari, Sardinia, 60 years after his death, on account of the Vandal

[8] W. G. Waters' "Five Italian Shrines."

conquest of N. Africa; worshipped there for two centuries by devout pilgrims from every land; again compelled to flight by an infidel invasion, this time of the Saracens, and transferred by King Luitprand of the Lombards to Pavia, in 710; deposited then in the earlier church of the Benedictines — subsequently of the Eremetani — upon this same spot, where they were placed in a subterranean vault closed with masonry, whose location became eventually forgotten; vainly searched for in the 14th century, when the Eremetani monks had erected this splendid memorial to contain them, — after exhausting their own wealth upon it, and inducing the magnificent Gian Galeazzo to complete it, by donations and by a legacy in his will; the relics finally came to the light of modern day in 1695, "when, in digging in the sacristy of S. Pietro in Ciel d'Oro, the workmen came upon a marble tomb, which bore the inscription 'Augustinus,' and contained a silver casket in which were found bones and ashes." [9]

They were thus united with the shrine built to hold them; but in a few years commenced a further wandering by going to the Duomo of that time. Returned to S. Pietro, then transferred to the church of the Jesu, and again to the Cathedral about 1800, when the Eremetani were suppressed and S. Pietro dismantled,— they finally came to rest here in 1902, upon the originally destined spot, the church having been restored for their reception. Behind the tomb I saw, set in the floor, a piece of the original Roman mosaic pavement that floored the cathedral of the saint at Hippo. King Luitprand himself is buried in this church, through his expressed desire to lie beside the remains of the great Boëthius, whose memory he adored; [10] but the place of the joint

[9] W. G. Waters' "Five Italian Shrines."

[10] "Il avait voulu par son testament être enterré aux pieds di

sepulchre is unmarked, and forgotten,— doubtless due to the church's dismantling in 1800. That Boëthius was laid to rest here is proved by the lines of Dante, in "Paradiso, canto X, 124-129,—"Lo corpo ond'ella fu cacciata giace — Giuso in Cieldauro." In the large adjacent monastery, now used as a barrack, at an angle of one of the cloisters, rest the remains of the Dukes of Suffolk and Lorraine, who were slain in the great battle of 1525.

On coming out, I inspected with interest, from a suitable view-point, the exterior of the church's Lombard cupola, which is octagonal and completely arcaded, in that romanesque style which was the prototype of the Lombard-renaissance; also the picturesque exterior of the choir, with its typical Lombard pilasters and colonnades; — both of these features remaining from the edifice of the 12th century. Then returning to the *Allea,* and crossing it, I struck off down a broad street called the Piazza Petrarca, parallel with the Corso; which after some 300 yards brought me to the huge, brick structure of S. Maria del Carmine, two blocks west of the University. This was an imposing gothic building of the late *trecento,* which even the critical Street admitted to be "a masterpiece of terracotta and brick architecture,— more akin to our own pointed work than any other church" [11] he had seen in Italy. The façade, of Lombard pyramidal shape, was adorned by three pointed door-

Boëce, afin, disait-il, qu'en cessant de vivre, il ne parut point cesser de lui manquer son respect."—Valery. His fine tomb, which Valery described, has entirely disappeared during the changes of the ages. —It is to this greatest of the Lombard monarchs that the name of the church is due: for, after restoring the then edifice from basement to roof, he caused the latter to be gorgeously embellished with a "golden frieze."

[11] Street's "Brick and Marble Architecture in the Middle Ages," Chap. X.

ways,— the central containing a fair cotta relief of the Annunciation,— a large and very handsome rose window, enriched by cotta mouldings and other decorations, two single- and four double-arched gothic windows in charming cotta frames, and a cornice of the same material topped by pinnacles. The lofty sides and choir were also impressively pierced by excellent, large, recessed windows; and upon the south side rose the enormous *campanile,* to a fine belfry of triple-pointed arches, and a spire capped with a columned lantern. The colour effect of these unusually red bricks and the glistening terracotta, joined with the massive dignity of the edifice and the grace of its adornments, renders it thoroughly delightful.

Its interior, which I visited upon a later day, proved equally enchanting,— so much so, in fact, that it lingers in my memory as one of the most interesting gothic churches of the plain. Its individuality was very pronounced. The pointed groined nave of spacious dimensions, the numerous heavy, gothic piers, connected by narrow, pointed arches, the considerably lower aisles, similarly vaulted and flanked by a succession of deep, narrow chapels, the longer transepts, and square choir, of equal height and breadth with the nave,— were all constructed of the same red brick, but in lines and masses so effective that for once at least they were fully as impressive as any stone. This effect was heightened by the omnipresent gloom which shrouded the ponderous pillars, deepened to obscurity the chapels, and was traversed by glints of oriental hues from the smoky, stained windows. No dome lent its lightening influence. And the prevailing sense of vast, unaltering age was complemented by the ancient pavement of worn, red tiles. The Italian-gothic plan, which reminded me strongly of S. Anastasia at Verona, was filled out by four more narrow, deep chapels, in the transept,

— two upon each side of the choir; and there were various interesting appurtenances of that style, including a carved wooden pulpit upon the right-hand middle pier, a gothic wooden *ancona,* highly carved and regilded, in the last chapel of that side, and a curious but elegant baptismal canopy, richly sculptured in terracotta with many reliefs and statuettes, in the first chapel upon the left. Only two renaissance works worthy of notice were to be seen: an early *cinquecento* painting of the Madonna between two saints, effectively posed and coloured, placed over a little altar against the entrance-wall, and illumined by encircling candles; and a Swooning of the Madonna by the Leonardesque school, with a number of enchanting angels, in the fourth chapel on the left.[12]

Upon the eastern side of Piazza Petrarca, and a few paces farther north, stands the plain Palazzo Malaspina, a dignified, fair-sized edifice whose restorations have prevented any show of its great age; but as long ago as the 14th century it was the seat of the noble family of that name, and only in recent times has left their possession, to become the quarters of the city's artistic collections,— Pavia's Museo Civico. In the latter part of the said century, the then Marchese Malaspina had an estimable factor named Francesco da Brossano, who occupied a dwelling adjacent to the palace upon the east. There he lived with his wife, the daughter of Petrarch; and Petrarch himself often stayed with them for long visits, preferring the company of his dearly beloved child, and that of his little grandson, to the royal luxury of the Castello. The house has now disappeared; but, on traversing a lane called Vicolo S. Zeno to

[12] In this church lies buried one of humanity's great benefactors,— the monk Bernardino da Feltre, who originated here at Pavia in 1492 the institution of the *Monte di Pietá.*

the back part of the palace, I came to a little memorial indicating its site,— a bust of Petrarch, with a long inscription, upon the outer wall of a rear courtyard. The inscription included the simple but touching Latin epitaph which was composed by the sorrowing poet when his adored grandson died.

Upon the other side of the gateway in this wall, I saw another bust and epigraph, to the martyred Boëthius; for this was the spot, according to the unchanging tradition, upon which stood his prison-tower. The subscription, by the Abbé Morcelli, reminded me that this was holy ground, which had witnessed such undeserved sufferings, and seen them pour forth the pious wisdom of the "De Consolatione Philosophiae."

Besides the Museo, which, according to my wont, I left for inspection at the end of my visit, there was one more place of interest in this quarter of the city,— the northwestern ramparts, reached at the end of the Allea di Piazza Castello. I found a pleasure in pacing their lofty promenade toward sunset, under the shade of their arching foliage, amid a silence broken only by an occasional passer-by; while the golden radiance of the western sky illumined the far-spread plain with a sheen of glory which seemed to revivify its dramatic scenes of the tremendous past, throwing a glistening mantle over the railroad yards and factories of the modern suburb, from which resounded the flashing arms of the countless hosts of bygone assailants,— from Alboin with his Lombards to Francis with his doomed array.[13]

One day I devoted to the remaining objects of interest

[13] These ponderous bastions remain from the *enceinture* of 1547, built by Fr. Gonzales as governor for Charles V.— In the preceding centuries, of Pavia as a stronghold, there were three complete circuits of walls, one within another.

in the northeastern quarter. Following the narrow street running eastward from the Corso along the northern side of the University, it terminated after four blocks in a small piazza fronted by the large church of the Franciscans, looking westward. Its long, low, dark interior, with huge stuccoed columns, was entirely renovated and of no special merit; but the early façade was most exceptional, its body being of stucco painted a tessellated red and white design, with red brick buttresses tipped by quaint gothic pinnacles; the four little second-story windows, grouped together in the centre, were recessed with red and white mouldings; and the single large upper window was a beautiful gothic work, with three pointed arches divided by marble mullions, and enclosed in a frame of delicately wrought terracotta. This front was a production of the 13th century, recently restored without variation.

One block behind it there opened a square almost as extensive as the Piazza Grande, holding in its centre a heroic bronze statue of Pope Pius V, bearded, and draped in a Berniniesque manner. His hand is extended in blessing toward a large palace upon his right, the Collegio Ghislieri, which he founded in 1569. This seminarial attachment of the University, looking northward from the square's southeastern angle, has a plain stuccoed façade, with a stately renaissance portal framed by columns. Two blocks directly south of San Francesco I found the curious little church of S. Maria di Canepanova, designed by Bramante. Its façade, with the master's usual indifference, consisted only of rough brickwork; but the interior was in his customary classic form of a domed octagon, adorned by an arcaded gallery in the second story, consisting of double arches on each side, separated by corinthian half-columns. The dome was prettily proportioned and designed, and recently painted in

a bluish grey ground with regular devices. Upon the right and left were shallow recesses devoted to altars; the choir and entrance occupied deeper archways; and each corner was adorned with a couple of mediocre paintings. The building's grace and smallness combined to give it a sort of cameo-like charm. Here I was amused and repelled by an assistant sacristan to whom the palm for idiocy must certainly be awarded. His unremitting attentions, composed of chucklings, snortings, gurglings, shakings, and a meaningless jargon of his own, prevented any proper appreciation of the building.

A block to the east of this rises the large Palazzo Municipale, on the northern side of the piazza terminating Via Mazzini. When I have said, after due reflection, that it is the most extremely rococo structure I ever saw, I can give no stronger idea of its horrible barbarities of mass and detail. It is of course of stucco, painted in imitation of stone around the doorways and windows, with two real stone columns framing each portal; the window-cornices and balconies are masses of flying, twisted, involved lines, no line nor curve being held for a foot's distance. It is ugly to the point of interest. But it is spacious, and affords the admiring *Pavesi* plenty of room for their city government. On one side the piazza was now being enlarged by the demolishing of some very old building, to make space for lawns and flowerbeds.— Several blocks to the northeast here, against the city wall on this side, lie the botanical gardens attached to the University, already mentioned. And several blocks to the south, seen over the housetops from the elevated ground on which the Municipio is perched, rise the two or three surviving mediæval house-towers, of the celebrated hundred which gave their name formerly to the town. Their dark, quadrangular, brick walls soar with hardly an opening far into the blue sky,

to broken, crumbling summits, deprived of the battlements from which the mediævals waged their fratricidal city strife.[14]

Their attached dwellings, remnants of noble houses,— as I found later on walking to their feet,— are likewise crumbling, dingy, and more or less abandoned. Many of these dusky side-streets are lined throughout by ancient buildings of this character, still, as in Lady Morgan's time, "sad, desolate and silent; some terminate in piazzas, opening before vast and cumbrous palaces, with windows half-sashed, doors hanging from their hinges, balconies mouldering over beautiful but fallen porticoes, and the grass shooting up everywhere between the pavements."

In this same southeastern quarter there remained to be inspected that famous edifice, at once the most ancient and most perfect of all Lombard buildings, which, according to Lord Lindsay, "existed as a sanctuary as early as 661,— the church of S. Michele Maggiore,— when Unulfus took sanctuary in it to escape the vengeance of King Grimoaldus";[15] though the present structure is of the 10th century. It is located a couple of blocks east of the main thoroughfare, and one block south of Corso Garibaldi, facing westward upon a small piazza of the same name. On starting out one morning to visit it, however, I first stopped for a few minutes to examine the so-called *Mercato Coperto,* or covered market, which adjoins the hotel upon the south, extending through from Corso Vittorio Emanuele to the sequestered little Piazza del Popolo. It was a typically handsome, modern, Italian arcade, glass-roofed, with a central, domed rotunda of four stories; its stucco façade was in quiet renaissance lines, its

[14] From 1100 to 1300 was the chief era of tower-building,— which was done really more for show than for use; they reached, says Breventano, to the number of 160.

[15] Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," Vol. I.

hall decorated with many fine granite columns, upon the walls and about the doorways; and the stately rotunda was beautified by an upper gallery, surmounted by a circle of three-quarter columns. Here the central post-office was located. Occupying the little rear piazza, and framed in the long vista of the arcade, I found Pavia's monument to the heroic Cairoli.

This was a splendid masterpiece of modern Italian sculpture (1900), and the artist, Enrico Cassi, had fully taken advantage of his inspiring subject, to produce a group teeming with pathos and lofty patriotism. Upon a heavy granite pedestal, and before an obelisk of the same stone rising from its back, stood that wonderful woman, Adelaide, daughter of Count and Minister Benedetto Bono, and mother of the Cairoli, bestowing a battleflag upon her five departing sons, —four of them leaving her forever, to give their lives for Italy. The lifesize bronze figures were thrilling in their realism of form and garb, and in the patriotic self-devotion that radiated from every line of the eager faces and every gesture of the youthful limbs. In deeper dramatic contrast stood the bereaved widow, in her severe mourning dress, as straight as any warrior, the fine eyes of her noble countenance plainly glowing with fervour and pride, while yet the lines of the cheeks betrayed the heart-rending emotions of the forsaken mother. Well indeed could she say,—"More I give to my country than my own heart's blood: I give that of my children!" And well say the Italians, that she died four times, to free her fatherland. Another monument records her bravery and sacrifice at Groppello, where she resided. And all travellers must remember that touching memorial in the Pincian gardens of Rome, showing two young soldiers making their last stand, one of them stretched upon the ground: those were two of the brothers, who perished in

Garibaldi's attacks upon the Eternal City. Of the others, one fell at Varese, and the fourth in Sicily, during that memorable expedition, which Adelaide had assisted in sending off from Genoa. The fifth, Benedetto, though wounded at Catalafimi in the ranks of the Thousand, lived to serve United Italy as one of her greatest statesmen, and to save King Humbert's life, in '78, when attacked by Passanante.— Now Adelaide and her five sons sleep together, in a chapel that has been made a national monument.

> "In the name of Italy,
> Meantime her patriot dead have benison.
> They only have done well; and what they did,
> Being perfect, it shall triumph.
> Let them slumber." [16]

Taking my way out the Corso Garibaldi, whose straightness and larger width make it comparatively imposing, and turning to the right, I soon arrived before the 10th century temple of the Lombards, which at once held me in delighted wonder. It was far from beautiful, in its stern dark walls and irregular lines, whose evenly fitted marble blocks had been turned by the ages to the colour of clay; but the lofty massiveness of the grim façade, lightened hardly at all by the little windows, impressed me with a sense of power and majesty; to which were added strange feelings of savage wildness and ferocity, by the extensive bands of weird and uncouth carvings that stretched from angle to angle, in contrast to the skilfulness of the masonry, which the builders had learned from the Roman structures. It was indeed a thesaurus of the artistic accomplishments,— an exponent of the semicivilised traits and practices,— of that strange race of vanished conquerors.

[16] Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows."

The pyramidal front was taller than usual at the shoulders, and its broad gable was remarkably flat; beneath it ran an arcaded sloping cornice of extraordinary dimensions, deeply recessed in the heavy wall, with its round arches supported by slender marble shafts, whose crude capitals were surmounted by distorted beasts, and whose bases rested upon successive steps. Four imitation-buttresses (two of them at the building's corners) divided the façade into three unequal compartments, the central being wider; they were formed like clustered columns, of even size to the top; or rather, each was composed of a half-column flanked by three receding mouldings on each side, alternately round and square; the two middle buttresses being cut to a third and a half their height with vertical, spiral and circular grooves, while the outer ones seemed still more unfinished, with unevenly spaced patches of zigzags. A fine rounded portal opened in each of these compartments, the middle one considerably taller; each was recessed five-fold, and sculptured all over its mouldings and outer face with a wonderful display of Lombard reliefs, infinitely varied,— oriental-looking devices, grotesque human figures, and beasts real and fanciful, interwoven with great fertility and ingenuity. In each of the lunettes stood a solitary figure in high relief, with a saintly halo, and upon the summit of the arch, another and larger statue.

Over the main portal opened three tiers of small windows, grouped closely in the centre of the façade, three openings in each tier; the lowest consisted of double-arches, once recessed, divided by slender octagonal shafts of marble; the next, of larger, single arches, very deeply recessed; and the topmost, of a Greek cross flanked by recessed circles. Over each of the side portals opened but a solitary aperture, level with and similar to the lowest row in the middle. These few windows, not ungraceful in themselves, served to emphasise the stern

ponderosity of the whole front. Between those of the lowest tier, and equidistant below, as far down as the mid-height of the doorways, extended the successive bands of uncouth reliefs, which constituted the main ornamentation and interest of the construction.

In these unparalleled carvings are set forth the full story of Lombard beliefs and dark superstitions, their active outdoor life of hunting and warfare, their ignorance and mental limitations, their cruelty and savage practices. The desolate and wooded wilderness to which the Lombardy of their time had retroceded, is also fairly indicated. The archaic human figures, chain-clad or garbed in loose, rough clothes with steeple-hats, like those on the doors of S. Zeno at Verona, are engaged upon horseback in the chase or in combat,— are riding and playing with beasts of every description, returning from expeditions with carcasses, strings of fish, or spoliations, and employed in shoeing horses, making arms, and other occupations attendant upon such an outdoor life. Inter-connected throughout are the full category of weird creatures that peopled their barbaric imaginations,—" dragons, griffins, eagles, snakes, sphynxes, centaurs — the whole mythological menagerie which our ancestors brought with them from their native Iran,— interspersed with warriors, minstrels, and even tumblers; in short, the strong impress everywhere meets you of a wild and bold equestrian nation, glorying in war, delighting in horses and the chase, falconry, music and gymnastics,— credulous, too, of old wives' stories, and tenacious of — the marvellous and the strange." [17] Here we see indisputably how " the Longobardi seem to have been stamped with nature's own mark of physiological superiority. They brought with them — a fierce but generous courage, and a powerful and dominant instinct of liberty,

[17] Lord Lindsay's " Christian Art."

VIEW OF THE TICINO RIVER AND ANCIENT BRIDGE, PAVIA

which has been found working at intervals through all the successive stages of Italy's woeful existence. It was that spirit which so early resisted the prescriptions of feudality, and gave the first shock to foreign influence under the German emperors. It was that spirit which enfranchised northern Italy, founded her glorious republics, and cemented that holy alliance of free citizens, the League of Lombardy!" [18]

In the southern wall of the edifice there opened a doorway even more remarkable than those in front, recessed *seven-fold,* and likewise profusely sculptured,— in fact, the most ornate Lombard-romanesque portal that I had ever seen. From the street upon this side the characteristic cupola was visible, above the crossing, its octagonal drum surrounded as usual by airy colonnades. Entering by the front, I found that "the interior of this temple is equally gloomy, and almost as barbarous as the exterior."—"The dark, dank entrance, or portico, is painted in fresco, in forms so terrible as to add to its awful gloom. Here are the large, grinning, staring figures of doctors, saints, and Madonnas, which were well fitted to be the idols of the dark, unsettled faith of the times, in which not one ray of the light of Christianity seems to have penetrated, though every crime was sacrilegiously committed in its hallowed name.— The frescoes are by Andrino d'Edesia, a contemporary of Giotto.— There is one spot curiously paved with ancient mosaic, where, it is said, the Lombard kings were crowned." [18a]

I saw a broad, high-vaulted nave, sustained on each side by four heavy piers, faced with half-columns, which were tipped with Lombard capitals of unsurpassable grotesqueness,— their forms of unspeakable, mouthing beasts being involved with deformed, grinning "figures,— differing so much from the

[18] Lady Morgan's "Italy."
[18a] *Idem.*

human figure as to appear belonging to another species." [19] Above the broad, rounded side-arches extended another series, of equal width, forming a triforium gallery, without any clerestory. Curious premonitions of the gothic occurred in the diagonal groining of the roof, and the subdivided bays of the low aisles; those upon the right side being incongruously frescoed with *cinquecento* designs and panelled tableaux. The side-chapels occupied shallow recesses, separated by relieved columns bearing more of the demoniac capitals. The dim light entered through the picturesque stained glass of the front windows, the little circular windows of the chapels, the octagonal arcade below the dome, and a solitary, small rose window of blue glass which cast an unearthly effulgence from the deep apse of the elevated choir. The latter was approached by central steps, flanked by side steps descending to the crypt; the wide transept was vaulted in romanesque fashion, with the supporting arches springing from lofty half-columns against the walls. In these "main arches we have the work of an age, of which in northern countries we have nothing but a few uncertain fragments." [20]

The first chapel to right contained a pleasing surprise,— a beautiful painting of the Madonna and S. Siro, by Massacra of Pavia, simple in form but lovely under close inspection. The end recess of the right transept held a handsome little gilded reredos of the *cinquecento,* and its chapel beside the choir was adorned with a wooden crucifix as old as the 9th or 10th century. Opposite this chapel, high upon the wall, hung another charming canvas of the Madonna and saints, by an unknown Renaissance hand. Facing the crypt were a number of Lombard columns from the earlier church, of the 6th or 7th century; and the rows of columns within it are

[19] Lanzi's "History of Art," Vol. II.

[20] Freeman's "Historical and Architectural Sketches."

said to date mostly from the same period,— as well as the two entrance archways,— being entirely covered, upon shafts, capitals, frieze and arches, with reliefs of the most original and amusing character. Upon its left wall I observed a handsome *cinquecento* statuette of the Madonna and Child; and upon an adjacent capital, several carved beasts that were perfectly Assyrian in design,— a fact noted several times elsewhere, and which may be taken to indicate the near Asiatic descent of the Lombards. Against its front wall stood the exquisite tomb of Martino Salimbene, executed by Amadeo in 1491; whose chief feature was a lovely relief of the Madonna with an adoring monk.

The left transept contained some very fine Lombard carvings, including a pair of beautiful windows recessed from within, and an elaborately adorned recess holding a modern baptismal font in imitation of the same style. At the front of the high choir I found imbedded in its pavement the interesting fragments of the mosaic flooring, transferred from the earlier edifice, with crude designs of animals in black and white and red — showing their following of the Roman art, — upon which the royal Lombard coronations once took place.[21] This was indeed a close touch with those far-off barbaric times. And coming slightly nearer,— upon this same spot the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, on Easter day, 1155, received upon his brow the Iron Crown of Lombardy: "assembling round him all the rulers of Lombardy, the bishops and nobles of Italy,— after the elevation of the mass

[21] After the long succession of Lombard kings, Charlemagne himself received the Iron Crown upon this circle of mosaic pavement; and, during the succeeding 300 years, a number of strange and half-forgotten rulers,— such as Berengarius of Friuli in 888, Arduino of Ivrea in 1002, and Arrigo II of Germany in 1004. Some of them indeed might be called mere adventurers, who thought that the touch of the revered circlet would sanctify their aspirations.

he was crowned, with Beatrice Augusta, with the crown which 3 years before he had refused, swearing that it should not be placed on his head until he had taken the city of Milan." [22] What a spectacle must that have been, in all the armed and multi-coloured pomp of the savage Middle Age! It seemed incredible that these very stones had witnessed it.

In the half-dome of the apse, finally, glowed a splendidly preserved fresco of the *trecento,* representing Christ crowning the Madonna, amidst a choir of truly charming angels. This extraordinary relic is the surviving masterpiece of that same Andrino d'Edesia; who also painted, with his scholars, the figures that have left but faint traces of their quondam glory upon the piers of the nave. He "flourished at the period of Petrarch and Giotto — and is said to belong to Pavia; though his name — leads us to conjecture that it must have been of Greek origin." [23]

In this earliest of remaining Lombard churches, which had been rebuilt on its original plan of the 6th century, I beheld most clearly the changes which the race had made in the first ecclesiastical architecture of the Christians. That had been, very naturally, naught but an adaptation of the Roman basilica,— as we still see in the earliest churches at Rome, or in S. Ambrogio at Milan. Here I saw the full revolution accomplished by the Lombards: the abolition of the temple fore-court; the narthex, or ancient portico, at first swept away entirely, as here, and later resumed only as an ornate porch above the entrance; the adoption of the aspiring, gabled façade, sometimes with triple pediments, corresponding to the three portals and indicating the Trinity; its novel decorations, consisting of the colonnaded galleries and belts of sculptured

[22] E. Seeley's "Artists of the Renaissance."
[23] Lanzi's "History of Art," Vol. I.

reliefs, often continued along the sides and apse,— and sometimes the covering of the whole front with colonnades, tier upon tier, as in the celebrated S. Maria della Pieve of Arezzo; the alteration of the basilica-form to a Latin cross, the symbol of the faith; the substitution for timbers of a stone-vaulted roof, whose weight was sustained by clustering the columns into massive piers; the adoption of arcaded triforium-galleries along the loftier nave,— originally conceived in the East for the isolation of the women; the raising of the tribune, the ancient *cella,* and its termination by an *abis* oriently directed, so as to afford a loftier and longer crypt, which was still adorned with rows of columns; the lighting of this greater edifice by windows in the apse and clerestory; and the capping of it by a majestic octagonal dome, decorated within and without by airy colonnades. The main parts of this new design the Lombards brought with them from the territory of Byzantium; the amplifications, natural and gradual, they developed here in Italy; and we do not often enough stop to remember this great debt that we owe them for the beautiful and significant forms of our church architecture. We owe to them also the bell-tower, or steeple, which they developed at first as a separate but adjacent structure; importing into Italy from the Orient the use of bells, some time during the 8th century.

This neighbourhood was the centre of importance in Lombard days; the royal palace, which Theodoric first raised and occupied, lay immediately south of S. Michele, upon the bank of the Ticino; and the street next upon the west, leading riverward, still bears the name accordingly given it at that epoch,—" Via della Rocchetta," or Street of the Castle. This would suffice to mark the spot alone; but on proceeding directly south from the Piazza of S. Michele, and through a tunnel-like archway, I reached in a few paces the remains of

a huge brick structure near the stream, of the Lombard era, which is therefore probably a last remnant of the royal edifice; in the subsequent Middle Ages it was made, and still is, a part of the city *enceinture*,— connected with the adjacent gateway which is called "Porta Salara." The palace was still standing as late as the tenth century; when it was burned in a general conflagration started by the German troops of Emperor Adalbert, during his visit of 924.[24]

With the attainment of the river-bank a splendid prospect burst upon my eyes: this was the noble stream itself, some 200 yards wide, shining gloriously in the dazzling sun, sweeping on with resistless, impetuous current, and curving far away to the southeast. The opposite shore was lined with the straggling houses of the suburb, bounded on each hand by a flat, marshy country largely overgrown with wood, whose reed-beds in the west extended well into the water. Along both banks stretched the laundry of the city,— scores of bright-hued women kneeling over the edges of the current, acres of white linen spread to dry upon the stones, a forest of variegated garments swinging from sticks and lines. But the chief object in the landscape was the grand old bridge, now close upon my right, striding majestically across the stream on eight or nine splendid, white stone arches of enormous size, springing from massive piers of the same material; — that bridge which has been truly called "one of the most curious objects in Italy, and one of the most striking monuments of the energy and activity of the Italians of the Middle Age."

Though built as long ago as 1350, it looked still in perfect condition,— except perhaps for the decaying wooden roof, which was tiled without, and supported by two long gleaming

[24] See Ricci's "Storia dell' Architettura," Vol. I.

colonnades of quadrangular granite shafts, tapering toward the top and faced within by pilasters. At the middle, and highest point, rose its picturesque two-storied guard-house, arching the passage. But the whole structure, set in such a brilliant scene, beside the ancient, towered city, was more picturesque than pen can tell.[25] Across it poured, in each direction, a steady procession of townsfolk and peasantry, the latter in large part driving mules or oxen, or riding diminutive donkeys,— their two-wheeled carts bound cityward being laden with garden produce or piles of sawed wood. These one and all paid *dazio* duty under the tall gateway at the bridge's hither end, an ornamental construction of the government of Napoleon. And I reflected how much more interesting must have been the scene in that epoch, when the *Ponte* was still crowded with its innumerable little mediæval " oratories, and temporary chapels, mostly consecrated to the Virgin, but raised equally for exciting piety or extorting charity; when each shrine was guarded by a very noisy solicitor in a pilgrim's habit, demanding *carità* in the name of the Madonna, and of all the saints who had taken the bridge under their special protection."

Shortly to the northwest of this spot there stands, in a little back street, another old church of the Lombard era, S. Teodoro, which once enjoyed some fame for its characteristic architecture and sculpture, but has in modern times been so altered that it no longer merits notice. Scores of the religious edifices with which Pavia was filled in mediæval times, have entirely disappeared; of the forty-six wealthy

[25] Petrarch spoke of it admiringly.— Sen., V. 1.— The present colonnaded roof dates from 1583. Upon the farther bank a pleasant walk runs along the river, commanding interesting views of the city; and one may take an even pleasanter boat-ride, for 1½ francs per hour.

convents which remained in habitation as late as the reign of Emperor Joseph II, not one exists today.

I had now finished my visit to Pavia, proper, with the exception of several minor churches,[26] and the Museo,— to which I proceeded to devote a full afternoon, finding amongst its collection of nearly 500 paintings quite a number of value; these were mostly the works of which the churches had been so freely stripped, and which I had missed in their desolate interiors.

The ground floor of Palazzo Malaspina contained only relics of the *Risorgimento*. From its court I mounted to a narrow upper hall with insignificant canvases, labelled Room I, which opened into a large, central, front chamber,— numbered II; here there was an extensive assortment of paintings, of many schools, but mostly mediocre and poor in quality. Chief amongst the better class were a fine specimen of Liberale of Verona,— the Madonna standing in adoration before her Child, clad in a lustrous white robe spangled with golden stars,— and a panel of the Madonna with the two sacred infants, before a quaint background (52), which I judged to be a valuable specimen of the rare Buonfigli of Perugia. Upon the right here opened the third room, equally large and well filled, but distinguished by more pictures of the first order. Of the Venetian school, there were — a panel of Luigi Vivarini, showing Sts. Francis and John the Baptist,

[26] Among these minor churches I found two only worth noting: that of SS. Primo e Feliciano, for its ancient ruinous façade of the 12th century, and its ancona of 1498 by Agostino da Vaprio,—a Madonna with two saints,— considered one of the best surviving pictures of the Pavesan school of the *quattrocento;* and the edifice of S. Eusebio, for its remarkable crypt of the first half of the seventh century, with its curious ribbed vaulting, and its archaic capitals of the columns, which are judged to be the most ancient example of the "cubic" capitals of the pre-Lombard style.

walking together; a characteristic and very lovely Madonna and Child by Giov. Bellini (signed), and a large Annunciation in the peculiar *chiaroscuro* of Palma Giovane (30). Of the Paduan school of Squarcione was an interesting Madonna with two Saints Anthony, in a bower of greenery (54); of the Veronese school, a handsome Marriage of St. Catherine, with St. Francis in rear and a couple of little angels overhead; by Paolo Farinata; of the Milanese, a small but glorious fresco by Bern. Luini, displaying the half-figure of a lady, and several fine works of unknown authorship, including a very Leonardesque Holy Family (73); of the Florentine,— a Madonna with two infants, half-figures, by Fra Bartolomeo; of the Vercelli,— a charming example of Girolamo Giovenone, the four Doctors of the Church, depicted as stately, full-length figures, very handsome and lifelike; and there were several, other, anonymous works of much merit, including a Madonna with two enchanting angels (43) and a pleasing Adoration of the Magi, done in fresco, in a bright tone and gay colours (133). The specimen of Correggio here was damaged beyond attractiveness or value.

The fourth room, on the south side of No. II, proved to contain a fair collection of engravings, embroideries, and other *objets d'art;* including the original plan for the façade of the Duomo, and a very remarkable piece of broidery depicting the chase of a stag, which was the gift of the late Emperor of Austria.— On departing I observed in the walls of the courtyard three beautiful terracotta windows,— one frame being delightfully carved into a string of *putti;* while the centre held a classic marble statue of Apollo. And in wending my way back to the inn I discovered some further charming cotta work, upon the windows and cornices of a handsome old palace on the south side of Corso Cavour.

Before departing, finally, there were two interesting old

churches to be visited without the city, upon the highway leading northwestward up the Ticino,— S. Salvatore and S. Lanfranco (the latter originally named S. Sepolcro), situated respectively about one-half mile and one mile beyond the Porta Cavour. Both were edifices of the Lombard period,— S. Salvatore having been erected by King Aribert in the 7th century, S. Lanfranco by the imperialists of the 11th century; but the latter looks much the older, because it has conserved its type, while the former was reconstructed in the *quattrocento*. The latter, too, besides its characteristic forms and carvings, is connected with a small cloister decorated with beautiful *quattrocento* terracotta sculptures, in the manner of Amadeo, and is adorned with the second great shrine of Pavia,—the *Arca* of S. Lanfranco. This saint was *not*, as is often asserted, the renowned monk of Pavia in the 11th century, who, celebrated in Normandy for his vast clerical learning, became the adviser of William the Conqueror, and was by him elevated to be the first Norman Archbishop of Canterbury; this was that Lanfranco Beccari who became Bishop of Pavia in 1180, and closed his beneficent life at this church and monastery of S. Sepolcro, since named after him.

The *arca* is one of the greatest and the latest works of Amadeo, executed in 1498. It rises to a height of nearly 30 feet, sustained upon six slender corinthian columns, with fanciful, bulging, vase-like pedestals, which are mounted upon smaller, cubical plinths,— a strange combination. The sarcophagus is plain in form, but decorated with the usual three reliefs on each side and one upon each end, representing scenes from the bishop's life; these are designed with admirable perspectives and landscape-backgrounds, and their multitude of delightful little figures, typically slender and graceful, are arranged in most effective, dramatic groupings, while

yet reflecting intense devotional feeling. Six similar reliefs adorn a smaller cube, raised above the sarcophagus on frail supports, and capped by an airy canopy. It is an example of the master's very best work, and exceedingly enjoyable.[27]

The other suburban church, S. Salvatore, is interesting both for its artistic decorations and its historical associations. King Aribert, who raised the edifice, was buried there soon after its construction, in 661; and it subsequently gave sepulture to other Lombard monarchs. In 999, as evidenced by a tablet still to be seen in the nave, occurred the burial of the beautiful Queen Adelaide, the widow both of King Lothaire and also of Otto the Great, the first of the conquering German emperors. Berengarius II, it will be remembered, after slaying treacherously by poison her first husband and succeeding to his throne of Lombardy, tried in vain to force her into a marriage with his son Adalbert; and after the failure of his wiles, conveyed her by force to a prison-tower beside the Lake of Garda. Thence she was later rescued by a pitying priest. Otto of Germany seized the tale of her woes as a convenient excuse for invading Lombardy with a mighty host, driving Berengarius from his seat, and having himself crowned in his stead at Pavia. Conquered then himself, by Adelaide's charms, he married her at Pavia in 951, and carried her back with him to Germany. In 988 she returned to Pavia, to assume the regency for Otto III, her second husband's youthful nephew; and then it was that she erected, annexed to this church, the spacious monastery of the Benedictines, after having enlarged the sacred edifice itself. In the later *quattrocento* the buildings were restored and redecorated; to which period are due most of the frescoes, the

[27] "These *bassorilievi*"—wrote the critic, Meyer,—"are the most beautiful and accurate that Amadeo ever sculped"; and I am inclined to agree with him in this judgment.

handsome choir-stalls, and the sculptures of the high-altar and the cloisters,— the last being now converted to a barrack.

The high-renaissance adornments of the church, though incongruous with the gothic construction, render it a brilliant and somewhat imposing edifice; the side-walls and pillars, the frieze and roof, being one rich mass of fanciful stucco-work, gilding and *affreschi,*— on the unmistakable lines of the Cremona school. The first chapel on the left contains those frescoes the most interesting and valuable,— a fine, well preserved series by Andrino d'Edesia, depicting scenes from the life of S. Majolo, Abbate: perhaps the best remaining example of that artist's work, and of the Pavesan school of the early Renaissance.

CHAPTER IX

LODI AND CREMA

"Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame."

Lord Byron.

TWENTY miles southeast of Milan, and thirty miles south of Bergamo, upon the eastern border of the *Milanese,* the Adda, stands the little city of Lodi, with 27,000 inhabitants; renowned amongst Italians for its prominent imperialistic part in their history of the Middle Ages, and amongst foreigners chiefly for the critical capture of its bridge in 1796, by the great Napoleon. Important, however, as this exploit was to the Conqueror's successes, it stands insignificant compared with Lodi's centuries of troublous and varied history.

About 100 years before Christ, Pompeius Strabo, the father of Pompey the Great, planted a Roman colony here, five miles to the west of the river and the present town,— a typical incident in the long, slow process of Latinization of Cisalpine Gaul, and but one of the long chain of military settlements designed to hold in check the Celtic Insubres, who then occupied the district of the *Milanese.* It was called after its founder, Laus Pompeia, the first word of which — from the Latin dative, Laudi,— in the course of a thousand years became corrupted to Lodi. Situated in the midst of the most fertile section of that luxuriant plain, the town survived the fall of the Western Empire, escaped de-

struction at the hands of the successive barbaric invaders,— perhaps from its then insignificance — and with the wane of Frankish power became an independent republic; this waxed mightily from the 9th to the 12th century, into a large and powerful city that was, next to Pavia, the most determined upholder of the Ghibelline cause. Ever foremost in any effort to advance imperialistic ideas or welfare, it was Pavia's first lieutenant in the company of Ghibelline towns; and the forces which it put into the field in the 11th and 12th centuries, the undertakings which it accomplished, prove it to have been a city of the first rank, much larger than at present. It was visited and favoured by successive emperors, up to and including Frederick Barbarossa, who with good reason esteemed the people of Lodi as one of his most valuable and faithful allies.

The propinquity of Milan, in those days the head of the Guelf party, naturally brought it into frequent collision with the imperialistic ideas of Lodi; and the final result was a disaster to the latter, similar to that which overwhelmed Civita Castellana at the hands of the Romans, centuries before. Milan conquered the ancient city, and razed it to the ground, compelling its inhabitants to seek shelter in the adjacent villages; thus paving the way for the very same calamity to herself, which Barbarossa soon inflicted. This happened shortly before the latter's first descent into Italy, in 1154; and was one of the first grievances brought to him at the diet of Roncaglia, by the deputies of the ruined town. Frederick thereupon "proposed — to punish in particular the Milanese for their arrogance,— and to oblige Milan to render to the towns of Lodi and Como, which it had dismantled, all the privileges which Milan itself enjoyed." [1] From that time he

[1] Sismondi's "Italian Republics."

did not cease his attacks, until the metropolis had been meted out its terrible fate.

Ancient Lodi never arose from its devastation; but its inhabitants continued dwelling in the villages near-by, and in 1158, Frederick, "following the course of the Adda, made choice of a situation about four miles from the ruins of the former Lodi. Here he ordered the people of Lodi to rebuild their town, which would in future secure to him the passage of the Adda. He summoned thither also the militias of Pavia and Cremona, with those of the other towns of Lombardy, which their jealousy of Milan had attached to the Ghibelline party." [1a] In this extraordinary manner sprang up the present Lodi. That it was quickly erected into a city of some size, with proper churches, inns, and public buildings of every nature, is shown by the fact that only 8 years later, in 1166, the Emperor assembled there an important diet, of the representatives of all his faithful Italian boroughs. In the counter-assemblage, the following year, at which the League of Lombardy was formed against him, Lodi, with Pavia, refused to take part; but was later compelled by the allied cities "by force of arms, to take an oath;"—a thing which they could not force upon the powerful metropolis of the Lombards.

Before this time, however, the people of Lodi had secured their revenge upon the Milanese by helping Barbarossa in his capture of the great city, which he accomplished only through famine. For three whole years he kept Milan invested, the crops and fruit trees cut down for 15 miles on every side, and all entry of eatables prevented by incessant watchfulness. It is related how he "commanded the Germans and the men of Lodi to watch the roads day and night,

[1a] Sismondi's "Italian Republics."

lest the men of Brescia and Piacenza should carry provisions to the Milanese." When the final surrender came, in March 1162, the militia of Lodi marched beside the Emperor into the doomed city; "and he commanded the men of Lodi to destroy the Eastern gate, with La Tora," while the other quarters were similarly parcelled out for rasure. "The men of Lodi, mindful of their injuries received from the Milanesi, not only destroyed the Eastern gate, but a great part of the Roman.— Lamentations mingled with the sound of arms, until it seemed as if heaven and earth together were falling in ruins." [2]

But Lodi, strange to say, later compelled by force to join the Lombard League, remained then Guelfic of her own accord; united with Milan and other cities of that persuasion, she participated in the disastrous defeat of Ghibello, 1218, administered by the Ghibellines; and in 1226 she joined in the renewing of the Lombard compact against Frederick II. So far did she now go in her Guelfic tendencies, that in 1259 she elected as her military lord Martino della Torre, the captain of Milan; thus voluntarily and unsuspectingly entering upon a thraldom which soon became servitude, and held her prostrate for centuries. When Archbishop Otho Visconti dispossessed the Della Torre in 1277, Lodi received him "with enthusiasm"; and accepted as her immediate masters the local family of the Fisiraga, under the appointment of Otho and Matteo. It was Antonio Fisiraga who laid down the tyranny of Lodi at the behest of Emperor Henry VII, in 1310.

The city nevertheless remained subject to the Visconti, being included in "the sixteen flourishing towns" that obeyed Archbishop Giovanni, toward the middle of that century, and forming a portion of the domains of Galeazzo II during

[2] E. Seeley's "Artists of the Renaissance."

his rule at Pavia; while in 1395 it was listed in the decree of Emperor Wesceslaus granting the Duchy of Milan to Gian Galeazzo. Under the latter's sway, and probably that of his father, the local despots representing them at Lodi were changed to the family of the Vistarini; as is proved by the glimpse afforded us upon the death of Gian Galeazzo, when the resulting turmoil was taken advantage of by the earlier line of tyrants to regain possession of their power: "At Lodi, in 1402, Antonio Fisiraga (a namesake of him who was displaced by Henry VII) burned the chief members of the ruling house of Vistarini on the public square; and died himself of poison after a few months. His successor in the tyranny, Giovanni Vignate (a millionaire, who purchased his elevation) was imprisoned by Filippo Maria Visconti in a wooden cage at Pavia, and beat his brains out in despair against its bars." [3] Truly a typical picture, of that most terrible age of the world's history.

As if exhausted by this outburst, Lodi remained quiet for the next hundred years, until the French occupation of Lombardy; then she suffered a disaster, in 1522, when garrisoned by the French army under Lescun; for the latter was surprised and driven out by a sudden attack of the imperialistic forces, who forthwith sacked the city. They followed up Lescun, and compelled him to capitulate at Cremona. This was the cause of the first French evacuation of Lombardy, and the installation of Maximilian Sforza as Duke. The Spaniards and their allies remained in force at Lodi; and made the town their headquarters upon the return of King Francis with his new army. While he besieged Pavia, the imperialists slowly gathered their strength at Lodi, until

[3] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."— Filippo had seized by treachery both Vignate and his son, after they had solemnly acknowledged his lordship, and been confirmed as his vicars.

they felt strong enough, in February, 1525, to advance and give him battle. The city suffered severely from being at the heart of this great struggle; and after it was ended, she suffered equally with her neighbours from its long desolating effects, and from the terrible "seven Spanish devils." Like Pavia, she was for a time nearly exterminated.

With the coming of the French again under Bonaparte, Lodi once more found herself at the centre of strife, owing to her critical position in command of the only bridge across the Adda between Treviglio and Pizzighettone. At one of the three places Bonaparte must pass, if he would drive the Austrians from the plain; for they had retreated behind the Adda, and held the bridge of Pizzighettone, where they expected the French to make their effort to cross, by a force too strong to be dislodged under such conditions. But Bonaparte, leaving a division there to mask his movements, made one of his sudden, forced marches to Lodi, with the main part of his army, and instantly attacked the Austrians who were guarding the bridge with 20 guns. After great loss the passage was finally carried, not — as has so often been said — under the personal leadership of Bonaparte, but under that of Berthier, Lannes, Massena and other generals. The wreck of the Austrian force succeeded in rejoining its main body, which at once retreated behind the Mincio; while Napoleon from Lodi sent a triumphant despatch to the Directory, stating that "the whole of Lombardy belonged to the Republic."—"It was on this tenth of May that Bonaparte first felt, as he tells us, that he was destined to be great." [4]

There are two ways of proceeding by rail from Pavia to Lodi; one is by the steam-tramway, which runs straightaway northeast to that destination, passing midway the large but uninteresting village of S. Angelo Lodigiano, where it is

[4] G. Cooper's "Italian Campaigns of Gen. Bonaparte."

necessary to change cars and make a wait of some time; the trip requires in all three to four hours, and is not worth the trouble. The other route is by the eastbound railroad to Cremona, as far as Casalpusterlengo,— where a transfer is made to the main line running northward; a trip of but half the time of the first-named. The latter was accordingly my choice. In setting out upon it, however, I was leaving behind me, unvisited, one corner of Lombardy. This was the so-called Lomellina, a district about 25 miles square on the farther side of the Ticino, bounded by the Po and Ticino on the south and east, and the Sesia on the west. It is, therefore, geographically not a part of the Lombard province, and in fact belonged to Piedmont until the modern reconstruction of United Italy.

But I had another sufficient reason for not including it in my present tour: its only two cities, Mortara and Vigevano, of 9,000 and 24,000 inhabitants respectively, located in its northern part within a dozen miles of the Ticino, have neither of them sufficient interest to warrant a visit. Mortara has one good picture, the Madonna with Sts. Roch and Sebastian by Gaudenzio Ferrari, and several of lesser worth by Lanini and the decadents; Vigevano has a large and picturesque central piazza, framed in Renaissance arcades, and a castle built by the Visconti, to which the despots of Milan occasionally resorted in the summertime. This is ponderously gothic in design, with two renaissance features added by Bramante under the directions of Lodovico Sforza,— who seems to have been fond of the place, having also adorned its piazza. A graceful loggia, and a tall tower like that of Filarete upon the Castello of Milan, constitute Bramante's additions. Aside from these things, and a few old churches of different epochs, the Lomellina contains nothing worthy of annotation.— On the opposite, eastern side of the Ticino,

a dozen miles west of Milan, lies a town which was much more of a summer-resort for the despots,— Abbiategrasso, whose name we are always encountering in the Lombard chronicles of the *quattrocento*. But its castle, to which the gay court so often repaired, and its model dairy-farm which the Moro delighted to show to his princely visitors, have gone the way of the past; and naught now remains worthy of inspection save the church which Bramante erected for Lodovico, in his typical style.—

The journey from Pavia to Lodi revealed no new features in the luxuriant, well-watered plain, whose closely set riches gleamed joyously in the dazzling June sunshine. At the village of Belgiojoso, 9 miles from Pavia, I was reminded of the line of noble princes of that name, several of whom distinguished themselves in Lombard history; — but none of them more so than their brilliant daughter-in-law who played such a striking part in the *Risorgimento:* that woman [5] "of remarkable presence — a sincere, a passionate crusader,— romantic, in spite of herself, in a life of eminent exile, of conspiracy, of all sorts of adventurous fellowship — (with) her strange, pale, penetrating beauty, without bloom, that was yet the mark of an astounding masculine energy." Christina Trivulzio,[6] Princess of Belgiojoso, we remember fleeing as a young woman from the Austrian tryanny at Milan, to lead for a time the fashionable world of Paris, assiduously cultivating art and letters; we remember her in '47 laying aside that life, to raise and equip from her own resources a

[5] Henry James' "William Wetmore Story."

[6] Of her own family of Trivulzio it is said: "The aristocracy of Europe boasts no bluer blood than that which runs in the veins of this distinguished race, tracing descent from the 12th century, and numbering amongst its scions marshals of France."— H. R. Whitehouse in his "A Revolutionary Princess."

patriotic regiment of cavalry, at the head of which she entered revolted Milan, wildly acclaimed by the people,— and for which these wide hereditary lands were duly confiscated; and again we behold her, in '49, conspicuous at the siege of Rome, animating every heart by her courage and activity, furnishing and directing the hospitals for the wounded, and tending them with a loving care.

"Her hair was tawny with gold; her eyes with purple were dark;
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.
Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.—
Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, which gathered her up in a flame,
While straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.
In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
'Many and low are the pallets; but each is the place of a friend.'
Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.
'Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou!' she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him; he dreamed in her face — and died.
Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. 'And dost thou suffer, my brother?'
Holding his hands in hers: 'Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom, sweetest to live or to die on." [7]

The magnificent castle of Belgiojoso, which was the scene of splendid entertainments in the days of Maria Theresa, when its princes held high authority at Milan, still stands in fair repair; and I also caught, as I thought, a sight of the great aqueduct that was constructed by them to bring water to their spacious gardens of historic beauty, and their paternally guided little town.

After the change of trains at Casalpusterlengo (what a mouthful) we soon approached Lodi through a country more

[7] Mrs. Browning's "A Court Lady."— See also Raffaelo Barbiera's "La Principessa Belgiojoso."

strikingly fruitful than any district yet beheld, every square yard of its rich loam being minutely cultivated, with magic effects. Irrigation has ever been the wonder-worker in this great garden between the Lambro and the Adda; I saw the innumerable ditches and rivulets traversing its fields, in large part prettily lined with trees. Its fecundity has been famous for hundreds of years. Evelyn wrote in the 17th century: "Passing through a continual garden, we went on with exceeding pleasure, for it is the paradise of Lombardy, the highways being as even and straight as a line, the fields to a vast extent planted with fruit about the enclosures, vines to every tree at equal distances, and watered with frequent streams. There was likewise much corne, and olives in aboundance." [8]

Here is produced all the celebrated Parmesan cheese,— not any being now made at Parma; and this accounted for the remarkable sight of extensive grazing pastures in land so rich. The meadows devoted to the great herds of cows are freely irrigated for most of the year; which not only furnishes grass of exceptional growth and peculiar succulence, but in many places, where warm springs are available for winter use, enables the cattle to continue grazing through the cold months; so it is no wonder that they have the reputation of producing a third to a half more milk than is possible elsewhere,— besides making it of that special richness and flavour which are necessary to the cheese. And what would maccaroni be without Parmesan, or Italy without maccaroni!

The station of Lodi proved to be on the west of the city;

[8] Evelyn's "Diary and Letters."—"Je ne puis trop exalter"— wrote also Charles de Brosses of this countryside in 1740—"la beauté des routes, et de tout le pays, riche et fecond, partout planté de beaux arbres, et coupè d'une quantité de canaux entre lesquels on marche presque toujours."—*Lettres sur l'Italie.*

and a tree-shaded avenue led me quickly, following a *facchino* bearing my luggage, to an unarched gateway in the mediæval brick walls, and a sunny piazza just inside it, from which the two principal streets diverged eastward. The more northern of these was the Corso Vitt. Emanuele, fairly broad, paved with little cobbles, and lined with two- and three-storied stucco buildings, of the last two or three hundred years; amongst them, on the left, rose one larger palace of the rococo era, containing the post and telegraph offices. But this was a later discovery; for I followed now the other street, Via Garibaldi, which was of the same general character, and in six or seven minutes reached the principal inn, upon its left side. Though the best the city could boast, this was so primitive, that I should not advise a lady to plan a stay of more than one night. They have not been accustomed to foreigners yet, in Lodi.

Setting out northward, a block or two brought me to the central Piazza Maggiore, at the end of Corso Vitt. Emanuele,— a large, treeless square surrounded by arcades, supported mostly upon heavy mediæval columns with crude capitals. At the northern angle of the Corso stood an exception to the general stucco construction of the buildings,— a delightful brick *palazzo* of gothic days, with graceful pointed arches of that material, and charming pointed windows overhead, under whose ledges ran sections of a beautiful trefoil cornice of terracotta. On the piazza's eastern side stood the Duomo and the Municipio, adjacent; the one large and ponderous, surmounted by a massive tower, the other small and graceful; the one of dark, rough brick, the other of light, polished stone; the one in severe gothic lines, the other in pure renaissance; as different therefore from each other as two buildings could be.

The enormous quadrangular *campanile* of the Duomo

rose upon its right side, occupying nearly a third of the façade; it bore a large clock-face at mid-height, and was practically unperforated as far as the incongruous belfry of double rounded arches. The single doorway was shaded by a fine gothic porch, whose pointed brick archway was sustained by slender marble columns rising from dilapidated crouching lions, and by two pairs of reed-like three-quarter columns with romanesque capitals of distorted human figures and beasts, quite boldly executed; the gable of the arch was adorned with a handsome arcaded frieze and cornice of terracotta; the doorway was recessed six-fold, in gothic mouldings, and its rounded lunette contained a quaint early relief of the Saviour, the Madonna, and S. Bassanio, the patron of the church and of the city. A lifesize gilded statue of the Madonna occupied a columned niche at the very apex of the gabled façade. Between it and the porch opened a fine rose window; and immediately flanking the entrance, in the second story, opened two perfectly renaissance windows, in amazing contrast,— each consisting of two arches upheld by elegant and very slender columns. Besides these there were a number of unframed apertures, of varying size, wandering sparsely and irregularly about the vast façade, — which was thus a strange but interesting medley of the ages. At the foot of the tower I noticed a *cinquecento* fresco, covered with wire, representing the Madonna and S. Bassanio,— once evidently quite good, but now irretrievably damaged. And upon entering the edifice I observed two other saintly figures, standing carved upon the opposite jambs, whose elongated primitiveness showed the age of the building.

The spacious, round-arched nave proved to have been redecorated in the baroque style, with the usual reliefs all over the side arches, and gilding upon the cornice, the capi-

tals, and the panelled pilasters of the stuccoed piers; the bays of the vaulting were painted in grey designs with occasional oval portraits of saints; the aisles, similarly decorated, were raised at the ends beside the elevated choir, to which central steps ascended, between others descending to the crypt. The general dimensions of the edifice were good, and the duskiness unusual. Above the entrance in the right aisle I noticed a fine large Assumption of the Virgin, well and boldly drawn, and skilfully moulded, by Botassi of Milan; it was also richly toned and coloured, and the figure of the Virgin, borne upward by lovely angels and cherubim, reflected her perfect transport of soul, while the Apostles below were depicted with much fidelity. It is a most remarkable work for the decadent period, and should be hung in a better light.

The chapels opened from the right aisle; in the first I saw a good modern fresco of the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception; in the second, besides a number of damaged old frescoes, an excellent specimen of the frescoing of the Campi, of Cremona, representing the Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, splendidly carried out, though now considerably injured, with a charming figure of the child-Madonna; in the third, a *seicento* picture of S. Gaetano at the feet of the Madonna, by Lanzano, and another by one of the Milanese Procaccini representing a dream of Pope S. Liberio. Over the stairs in the right aisle hung a large canvas of the final conversation of Jesus with the Magdalen, by the decadent painter, Cavaliere Trotti of Cremona, called Il Malosso,— exceptionally good for his period.

The crypt I found also to be modernised, though filled with 48 columns in several rows, with altars at the sides and back. Above the stairs in the left aisle was imbedded

in the wall the very extraordinary relief of the Last Supper which was brought from the Duomo of old Lodi, and which must therefore have been executed before 1158: above a broad, even strip supposed to be the table, sit the twelve archaic figures in a row, with the thirteenth, St. John, reclining at right angles on the Saviour's breast; their faces are wooden, mere caricatures of human likeness, with the pupils of the eyes gouged very large, and a few straight lines to indicate the beards; all but one are faced directly to the front; one hand of each is extended upon the table, the other crossed upon the chest,— except as to the Christ, who is embracing St. John with His left hand and blessing with His right; His head and body are made considerably larger than the others; upon the board at intervals are carved half-moon bowls, circular plates, loaves of bread, goblets and wine-bottles, which the prostrate hands are grasping or slicing. Executed in a single basaltic stone, not larger than 5 feet by 2 feet, and perfectly preserved, it is altogether one of the most curious and interesting carvings of the early Middle Age; especially curious also, in that it betrays so little affinity to the Lombard sculpture of the same period,— being superior to them in design, spirit, and dignity. Above it I observed the accompanying smaller relief, of the same epoch and kind of stone, showing the standing figures of Sts. Clement and Bassanio.

Proceeding finally to the single chapel off the left aisle, I found there my first local specimens of the Lodi Renaissance school of painting,— two splendid polyptichs by Albertino and Calisto Piazza, in handsomely carved and gilded frames; that of the former being a most lovely Madonna in glory, surrounded by little angels, with God the Father above, and Sts. Lucia and John the Baptist on either hand; that of the latter being a Massacre of the Innocents, between two

standing saints, below, and above these a Madonna with two saints, between St. George killing his dragon on one hand and Sts. Paul and Lawrence upon the other. All these tableaux were alike in richness of tone and colour, and many of the figures were very lifelike as well as graceful. They showed the voluptuousness of form acquired by Calisto during his association with Romanino at Brescia, which often causes him to be assigned to the Brescian school. His superiority over the others of the Piazza family may therefore be assigned to superior advantages, including his study under Titian; yet Martino and Albertino, though of the previous generation, occasionally ran him closely,— as I was shortly to see again, in that wonderful temple which they all decorated for Lodi, the church of the Incoronata.

Emerging into the Piazza, I next looked at the adjacent Municipio, whose small but graceful renaissance façade consisted of two open archways below,— through the right one of which passed a narrow street to the rear of the Duomo — and four smaller arches above, resting on coupled granite columns with doric caps, and connected by a balustrade. Upon the angles of the cornice stood two sculptured figures holding shields with the national arms. The left archway below opened into a long loggia extending under the edifice, along the left of the narrow street; and its arcade there was of heavy, pointed, stucco arches, upheld by large columns with primitive foliated caps,— evidently a much earlier construction. Within it I found busts of Cavour and Garibaldi, and marble tablets containing the names of the sons of Lodi fallen in war.

It was by this time well on in the afternoon. So I returned to the inn for a late and hurried lunch, then retraced my steps westward on Via Garibaldi, to the ancient church of S. Lorenzo upon its northern side. This was a polished

brick edifice, with a stuccoed *campanile,* and several pleasing terracotta details in the façade: they consisted of a handsome circular window-frame, frieze, and cornice; the portal was gracefully rounded in brickwork, with a ruined *cinquecento* fresco in its tympanum; and a similar damaged fresco, of the Madonna between two monks, was observable at the extreme left. The interior was more interesting: the low, short nave and narrow aisles, separated by huge columns with romanesque caps, and the elevated choir flanked by lower continuations of the aisles, had in spite of renovations many survivals of the original, quaint, 12th century structure. The rounded vaultings with their ribbed bays, the round arches between the columns, and the much worn, red-tiled pavement, all came from that early period when this was one of the few churches first built in the new Lodi. In the *quattrocento* it had been frescoed from end to end; as was evidenced by the primitive Madonna and Child lingering high upon the left wall, and the excellent group of the Madonna with angels and kneeling devotees, above the entrance.

Another faded *quattrocento* work occupied the first altar to left,— located, like all the others, in a shallow recess; this was a quaint Adoration of the Child, by the Madonna, St. Joseph, and the shepherds. In the following recess, by utter contrast, was a powerfully painted *Pietà* of the Piazza school, with Sts. Roch and Augustine standing by,— the Madonna and the dead Christ being striking figures. The worst of the renovation had been perpetrated in the choir-apse, which was backed with an appalling row of painted plaster statues in niches, centred by a vivid blue and red Christ, and surrounded to the vaulting by a weird and horrible aggregation of stucco reliefs, beyond mention; the spirit and treatment of the whole thing reminded me of

nothing but a stuccoed exedra in the garden of a decadent villa, given over to mythological divinities. It was worth seeing as a curious example of the limits of the baroque.

Shortly east of San Lorenzo, upon a side street running southward from Via Garibaldi, I discovered a fascinating brick and terracotta church of the gothic period,— S. Agnese. Its façade was truly delightful: the doorway was beautiful with cotta mouldings, and a charming fresco in the lunette of St. Agnes caressing her lamb, between two lustrous angels; the cotta string-course and frieze were exquisitely wrought, and likewise the frames of the two pointed windows, enclosed at their peaks in cotta plaques of variegated colours. The interior was unusual, its nave and aisles being of equal height, divided by plain brick columns with cotta capitals; and over the first of its side-altars, fixed directly upon the wall, glowed a brilliant polyptich by Martino and Albertino Piazza, in a fine Renaissance frame, displaying a Madonna and Child beneath God the Father, surrounded by several saints. It was a richly toned and coloured canvas, with figures naturally yet charmingly modelled and disposed, and "a Madonna of almost Raphaelesque beauty and grace." [9]

Having still an hour or more before dinner-time, I returned to Piazza Maggiore, and wandered from it through the narrow streets to the eastward, built much alike with their invariable stuccoed houses, begrimed more or less according to age. I investigated the churches, finding one or two of antiquity, but nothing worth annotation; and finally reached the bank of the broad, rushing Adda, spanned by a narrow and very ordinary-looking bridge, with naught about it to hint of historical importance. Yet over it had occurred that immemorial charge, a century ago, which was

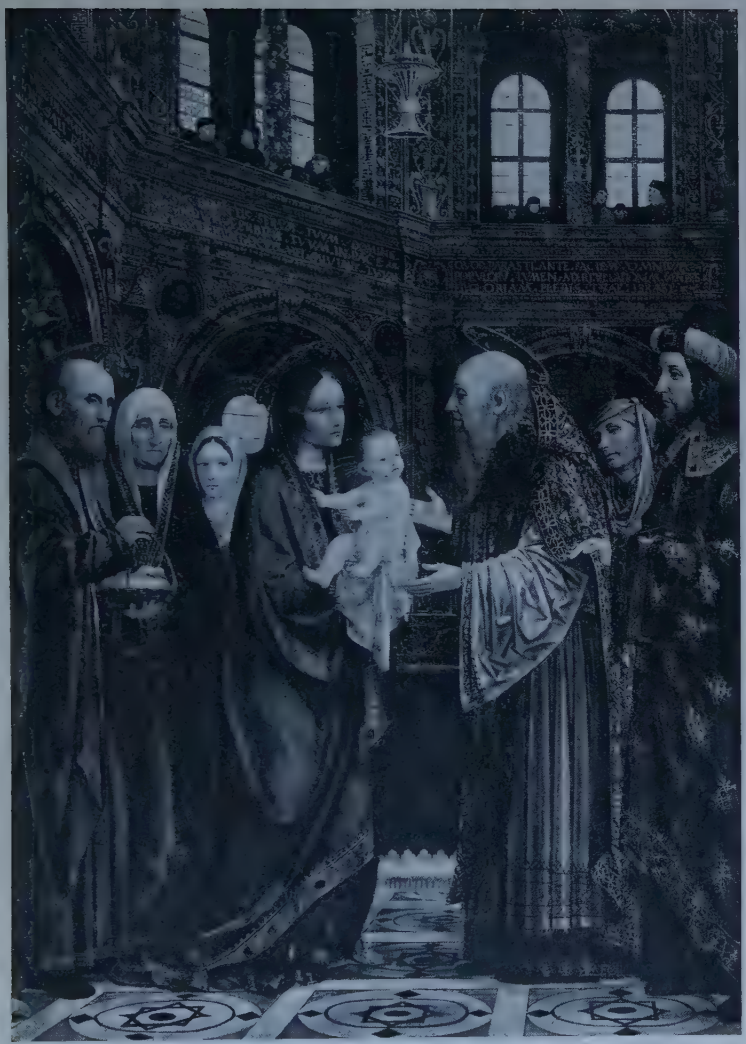
[9] Layard's "Handbook of Painting."

so fateful to the history of all the nations. I thought how "Bonaparte, after a strife of artillery, had formed that close column of grenadiers and carbineers.—They were suddenly led forward into the hail of balls and grapeshot from 20 guns which poured along the narrow path. In vain they strove.— Seeing them waver, Berthier, Massena and others rushed forward to lead them. Some soldiers, dropping over the bridge, waded through the shallows, formed a line of skirmishers, and strove to keep down the fire of the guns. Perseverance and enthusiasm — at length enabled the French to triumph. The grenadiers, with noble resolution, passed the fatal defile at a run, dashed upon the artillery, and, aided by their supports, and some squadrons of horse which had forded the river, routed the enemy." [10]

The next morning I was free to devote myself to Lodi's one great and unique building, the celebrated church of the Madonna Incoronata, than which there stands no temple more lavishly beautified by the gentlest brushes of the Renaissance. It is an immortal monument to the charm of the Piazza school and the pietistic genius of Borgognone. The building itself is an exquisite, graceful structure, for which also Lodi must be given the credit: since it was erected by her authorities, under the plan and original superintendence of her own son, Giov. Giacomo Battaggia, "who had already worked under Bramante at the building of S. Satiro in Milan." [11] "Later Dolcebono was called in, and took charge till the completion, about 1500. "A notice of him, dated 1498,— records the payment of the painter Ambrogio da Fossano, called Borgognone, for the decoration of the apse

[10] G. Hooper's "Italian Campaigns of Gen. Bonaparte."

[11] Lucca Beltrami's "Italian Wall Decoration of the 15th and 16th Centuries."— Ricci labels this building the "masterpiece of Battaggia and Dolcebono."



CHURCH OF THE INCORONATA: THE "PRESENTATION OF JESUS AT THE TEMPLE," WITH VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH,—BY BORGOGNONE, LODI

of the high altar." [11a] It was thus a construction of the very perihelion of art, under its most talented craftsmen.

I found it upon the western side of the street leading north from the façade of the Municipio, but half a block distant: a stuccoed edifice of no large extent, painted in imitation of stone, with a portico of three broad arches, upon real granite columns with fanciful caps, and six smaller arches overhead, upon stucco piers and columns. At the left end of the portico rose a brick *campanile,* to a belfry of double arches with marble shafts, and an incongruous brick spire; beside this soared the huge, central, brick drum, octagon-shaped, surmounted by a stucco balustrade, and pierced by small circular windows. The genuine beauties were reserved for the inside, in true Bramantesque fashion; for when I entered, by the left one of the triple portals beneath the arches,— the blaze, the sparkle, the coruscation of infinite and glowing hues, that showered upon me from every wall and angle of the graceful rotunda, glistening from coloured marbles and lovely, figured canvases, made it seem like nothing so much as a mighty sunburst of precious stones. Great jewels flashed from the altars around the walls, lesser gems from the corners and archways, while prismatic necklaces wound over frieze and cornice, and dangled iridescent down the pilasters; even the floor was brilliantly maculated in minute patterns, with marbles of soft tints in red and cream and grey.

Behind this play of colours soared the harmonious lines of the classic structure,— a lofty, domed octagon in Bramante's familiar style, which he bequeathed to his pupils: small in its breadth but perfect in proportions; the usual eight sweeping archways surrounding the ground story, the front one

[11a] Lucca Beltrami's "Italian Wall Decoration of the 15th and 16th Centuries."

being devoted to the entrance passage and the rear one to the choir; the second story being adorned with a succession of symmetrical round arches, two on each side, opening into a triforium illumined by corresponding windows, and both underrun and surmounted by elaborate cornices; while the dome was solidly painted with gilt arabesques and bright-hued tableaux, terminating in a little lantern, white with descending light. The recess of the choir extended deeply to an apse, behind the high altar placed well at its front. Of the three main archways on the street side, two contained entrances, and the third,— upon the right — opened into the sacristy through a doorway beneath the organ-loft. The other four archways were occupied by altars, laden with and surrounded by paintings. Paintings covered the wall-spaces, the recesses, the cornices, and the tall pilasters rising to support the latter. And the prevailing hue, the background, of this luxuriant frescoed garden — the very tone of the series of canvases flowering in its beds — was gold; deep, rich gold, that showered its warmth and scintillated its sparkling rays like a glory of tropic sunshine. Here, if anywhere, did it seem as if man had betaken himself —

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily —
> To smooth the ice, and add another hue
> Unto the rainbow."

The mouldings running around the large arches were gilded; the faces of their supports and the intervening pilasters were embellished either with gilded arabesques, or frescoed *putti* charmingly interwoven with columns of vases, masks, instruments, etc.; the capitals were gilded, the cornice above them, and the bosses and relieved panels decorating the soffits of the archways; painted panels of single figures occupied the centres of the ornate relieved pedestals; and from the spandrels looked forth larger figures, around me-

dallions with projecting busts of terracotta. In the second story, the columns and mouldings of the arcades were gilded, and the rich cornice above them, while the dividing pilasters were like those below, in their alternation of frescoing with gilded arabesques. It is true that this adornment was altogether too lavish; but the frescoing was happy in its effect, and the gilding saved from cloying by its clever confinement to raised surfaces. The frescoes, I was told, were the work of pupils and assistants of the Piazza school, under the designing and direction of the masters; which accounted for their unusual excellence, and the pleasing grace of many of their frolicking *putti*.

Taking up the canvases,— on the first altar to left glowed a splendid polyptych by Martino Piazza, the father of Calisto: a Crucifixion between two couples of saints, and below them the crowned Madonna, very lovely indeed, with two little angels,— S. Mauro standing on the right side, a striking, noble figure, and S. Antonio del Campinello standing on the left, beside one of the Bellinzaghi family of Milan who ordered this picture. Its *predella* showed the Saviour with the twelve Apostles. It was beautifully toned and drawn, proving Martino to have been the possessor of real pietistic genius,— although, according to Layard, he was always assisted by his brother. Over the next altar Calisto presided: there was a large central canvas of the Deposition, of masterly handling; on its left were the scenes of Jesus being betrayed, exquisitely coloured, and the Scourging, with a glorious figure of the Christ, godlike in His torture; on the right were Jesus fallen under the Cross, and being crucified,— scenes too violent and crowded, but of fine tinting and modelling. On the back of the high-altar appeared an enchanting specimen of Martino's brother, Albertino: a Coronation of the Madonna, amid a delightful swarm of

angels. This is so utterly different from Martino's style, that it does not seem possible that he could have collaborated upon it, in spite of the belief of their always working together.—The *seicento* walnut choir-stalls were most richly carved, with many cherubs and other figures, saintly busts, and countless variegated designs. The bronze railing before the altar was also a fine work.

On the right side, the second altar was also decorated by Calisto: in the centre, a large canvas of the Beheading of John the Baptist, unfortunately much faded; at the left, his birth, and his baptism of Jesus,— in the latter of which he stands a remarkable, holy ascetic, inspired and glorified by the magnitude of his task; at the right, his preaching before Herod and the people, realistic yet of much charm, and the bringing of his head to the King, by a handsome, buxom Salome, in whom there was none of the proper passion and smouldering fire. Want of depth, of expression and of feeling, may in fact be said to constitute the point where the Piazza family all failed in attaining greatness; if they tried too hard, they descended into violence. Nevertheless their work here is ravishingly beautiful, and little to be surpassed anywhere amongst the tableaux of pietistic repose. Those by Calisto display the grandeur of colouring which he learned in the school of Titian; so much so that Lanzi, who calls him one of the best of that master's disciples, relates a report, which still is current in Lodi, "that Titian, in passing through Lodi, produced several heads; — probably only a story originating in the exceeding beauty that may be observed in some." [12]

Over the first altar to right, centered by a final effort of Calisto, a much-faded Conversion of St. Paul, stood the four magnificent pictures by Borgognone,— marvellous works, car-

[12] Lanzi's "History of Painting," Vol. II.

rying instantly to the mind the impression of a genius more profound than his confrères of Lodi. At the left, above, was a most exquisite Annunciation, with figures of wondrous beauty of moulding, grace, and fleshwork, invested with tenderest feeling, posed in a dusky, handsome chamber, of coffered ceiling and tessellated floor, whose perspective led, with striking effect, through a double archway into an inner court dazzling with summer sunshine. I could fairly hear the flies buzzing between its walls. This is one of the rare paintings that give pleasure quite unalloyed. Below it hung the Adoration of the Magi; and at the right side of the altar, the Visitation, and the Presentation of Jesus at the Temple: all superb accomplishments, remarkable for their pietistic expression, as well as their great beauty of form and colour. In the background of the latter was shown this very church, with extraordinary precision and perspective.

These four paintings were far superior to the works of Borgognone which I had last seen,— his decorations in the Certosa, which also he executed at an early age, (excepting, of course, his masterpiece of the Crucifixion) — and stood pre-eminent even when compared with his exquisite canvases that I had studied at Bergamo. Here I discerned the master not yet advanced in years, who had thought, and laboured, had suffered life's buffetings, and learned the great lesson of religious consolation; above all, the master who had gone to Milan, and sat at the feet of the mighty Leonardo, in those years closing the Moro's brilliant reign. As Beltrami put it: "His style was modified by his study of the work of Leonardo; the paintings at Lodi especially exemplify this fact." [13] They show the influence in the gentle gracefulness of their forms, and the delicate loveliness of their

[13] Beltrami's "Italian Wall Decoration of the 15th and 16th Centuries."

heads; which more than warrant Beltrami's rating of their author, as "one of the most distinguished painters of devotional subjects of the Lombard school." Layard wrote: "Borgognone appears to have been a man of a deeply religious nature, and his works are so exclusively religious that he has been called the Fra Angelico of the Lombard school.—Among his principal works in his first or silvery manner, may be mentioned — four beautiful predella pictures in the church of the Incoronata at Lodi, which have much of the sweetness of Leonardo da Vinci and Luini.— Martino Piazza was under the influence of Borgognone; and was more conventional in his works than his younger brother, Albertino, who was thoroughly Lombardesque. Their principal and conjointly executed works are at Lodi." [14]

The next archway was that filled by the organ-loft overhead, with the doorway to the sacristy below; the front of the loft-railing was delightfully carved into tasteful arabesques; upon the outside of the organ-blinds were two striking full-length figures of Sts. Alberto and Bassiano, draped in richly embroidered robes, by the brothers Chiesa, of the school of Luini; and upon the inside, Sts. Catherine and Mary Magdalen by the same. Underneath, at the sides of the doorway, hung two fine old pictures of unknown authorship: a canvas of the Pietà, half-length, upon black ground, with two round-faced angels supporting the Saviour, all exceedingly well modelled; and a *cinquecento* detached fresco of the Madonna and Child. Over the main entrance-doorway I observed one more Calisto,— an Adoration of the Magi, finely spaced and composed, in his usual warm tone and colouring, with a background of ruined building and sunset after-glow; and at its sides were four poorer works, scenes from the Old Testament, by his son Fulvio. Beside

[14] Layard's "Handbook of Painting."

the left-hand ingress, finally,— by which I had entered,— hung two more *cinquecento* paintings of unknown authorship, both frescoes: a Madonna with two saints and a devotee, and a very beautiful, solitary Madonna and Child.

On finishing my inspection of this memorable and gem-like edifice, I proceeded slightly farther north upon the same street, and taking the first turning to the left, followed it to the western ramparts of the city, not far distant. There I found myself 50 feet above the exterior countryside, which stretched away smiling with freshly green meadows, beautified by clumps of stately willows and long lines of pointed poplars,—pasturage for the numerous herds of milch cows. To the north and southwest I saw the tall, brick city-wall extending, along the top of a high embankment, backed within by closely packed white houses and verdant gardens; in the latter direction a pleasant promenade was also visible, along the parapet, making a charming walk for the sunsets of summer evenings; and at its extreme end soared a mighty, round, mediæval, brick tower, its bulging top with heavy machicolations raised far into the blue,— the guard-tower of the great western bastion. How vividly it brought back, as of yesterday, that fierce and terrible time of its erection, when Frederick Barbarossa encouraged the militia at their task, and prepared for the downfall of Milan.

In order to reach the ancient Lodi which had just then been destroyed, I was obliged that afternoon to pass near this huge tower, and drive four miles beyond it, across these wide-stretching grassy meadows, so like an English park. But the little village which today stands on the old site, was hardly worth the journey. Amongst its stuccoed houses are observable a few fragments surviving from the Roman city, mostly built into the present walls,— columns, broken capi-

tals, bits of entablature, etc.; and there are two mediæval churches, S. Bassiano and S. Pietro, the former of which is exceptional in that it is built of unplastered brick, with some pretensions to style. Both of them contain series of *quattrocento* frescoes, more or less dilapidated and quaint in their effect, but of no special value.

The town of Melegnano (formerly Marignano) is another near-by historic place, with no memorials of its own importance. It lies about 9 miles to the northwest, halfway to Milan. There it was, on Sept. 13th and 14th, 1515, that Francis I inflicted upon the Swiss mercenaries of Maximilian Sforza, then reigning, that disastrous and crushing defeat called the Battle of the Giants, which resulted in the latter's dethronement. No battle for centuries had been so bloody in Italy; 6,000 French and 12,000 Swiss lost their lives. The remainder of the latter promptly abandoned the Duke and his territory, and the French conquest of Lombardy followed. Francis is said to have fought like a hero; and accordingly, the next day, received at his own request the order of knighthood, from the renowned Chevalier Bayard, who was in his army. Again, on June 8th, 1859, the French won an important victory on the same field, this time against the Austrians; which materially contributed to the freedom of Italy. Nothing however remains in the village from these great events. But its parish church contains one of Borgognone's beautiful altar-pieces, representing the baptism of Christ.

The railroad which traverses Melegnano, Lodi, and Casalpusterlengo, is an important main line, going on to Piacenza, Parma and Bologna. But to convey one from Lodi to Crema, a dozen miles east of the Adda, there is only a cross-country steam tramway,— the continuation of that from S. Angelo Lodigiano. I found the station of this.

when I departed the second morning, located on the north side of the city, just without the walls. The train consisted of a diminutive locomotive and a couple of little old rickety cars. Crawling around the ramparts, and across the river, it followed the eastern highway, at a rate of about 10 miles per hour; but even this speed produced such a rolling and tossing as to threaten a frequent departure from the rails. As we stopped also at every aggregation of 3 or 4 houses, our advance was not rapid, and I had plenty of time to observe the beautiful country before the noon hour brought us finally to Crema.

With Crema I was once more entering Venetian territory, acquired by the Queen of the Sea when Francesco Sforza acceded to the dukedom of Milan; but before that the little city had belonged to the Visconti, during the most of their tyranny. Crema is a place today of about 10,000 inhabitants; and probably was never greater than twice that size, although she managed to keep herself in the front rank of fighting during the struggles of the early Middle Ages. She had, it is evident, a fiery, combative spirit, which proved her undoing; for, like Lodi, she was entirely destroyed in the 12th century, so that the present town is the product of the later ages. Unlike Lodi, with whom she waged from the earliest epoch a constant neighbourly strife, Crema belonged to the Guelf party headed by Milan; to that faction she was constant to the end, and clearly enthusiastic, for her militia were found to the front in every struggle with the imperialists during the 11th and 12th centuries. We can imagine the glee with which she assisted the Milanese in destroying her ancient rival, Lodi.

But retribution was not long in coming. Frederick Barbarossa, after rebuilding Lodi, became so incensed at the aid always rendered by Crema to the great rebel, Milan, that

in July, 1159, he commanded the little city's destruction. Said Sismondi: "The people of Crema had remained faithful to the Milanese in their good and evil fortune; but the siege of that town presented fewer difficulties to the Emperor than the siege of Milan. Crema was of small extent, and could be invested on every side; it was also more accessible to the engines of war, though surrounded by a double wall and a ditch filled with water. The Cremonese began the siege on the 4th of July; and on the 10th, Frederick arrived to direct it in person. Four hundred Milanese had thrown themselves into the town, to partake the combats and dangers of their allies. The Emperor, who regarded the besieged only as revolted subjects, sought to terrify them by the spectacle of punishments. Hostages had been sent to him by Milan and Crema (on the occasion of the temporary peace agreed to in 1158); he ordered several of them to be hung before the walls of the town. Some were children of the most distinguished families: he caused them to be bound to a moving tower, which was brought so close to the attack that the besieged could not repel it without killing or wounding their own children. A cry of despair resounded along the walls of Crema. The wretched parents implored death from their fellow-citizens, to escape witnessing the agony of their children, and at the same time cried out to their children not to fear giving up their lives for their country. The battle, in fact, was not interrupted; and the moving tower was repelled, after nine of the young hostages who covered it with their bodies had been killed. During six entire months did the small town of Crema resist the whole army of the Emperor. Famine at length accomplished what force could not; and on the 26th of January, 1160, the heroic inhabitants capitulated, abandoning their wealth to pillage, and their houses to the flames. For

themselves, wasted by famine and fatigue, they obtained permission to withdraw to Milan." [15]

Thus occurred the second greatest tragedy of the Lombard Middle Age, and of the long warfare between Guelf and Ghibelline,— only the destruction of Milan surpassing it in pathos and suffering. Thus did little Crema become one of the first martyrs in the long roll for the freedom and independence of Italy. And her people, after withdrawing to Milan, had immediately to go through again the wretched horror of siege and demolition. The remnant then returned to the old site, and assisted by the neighbouring Guelf towns, began the work of rebuilding; this was accomplished without interruption, thanks to the wave of feeling that now swept over the whole plain, and that resulted in the formation of the League of Lombardy. From the ground on which they stood the *Cremesi* found the material for their structures. "What the marble quarries of Pentelicus were to the Athenian builders, the clay beneath their feet was to the Lombard craftsmen. From it they fashioned structures as enduring, towers as majestic, and cathedral-aisles as solemn, as ever were wrought from chiselled stone. There is a true sympathy between these buildings and the Lombard landscape, which by itself might suffice to prove the originality of their almost unknown architects.— Of all these Lombard edifices, —none is more beautiful than the Cathedral of Crema.[16] So, with this simple material, the people not only rebuilt their city, but did it so artistically as to produce some of the most delightful structures of all Lombardy.

It was at Cortenuova, close to the new walls of Crema, that Emperor Frederick II in 1237 inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Guelfs headed by Milan, slaying over 10,000 and

[15] Sismondi's "Italian Republics."

[16] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

dispersing the remainder. But the *Cremesi* were not now amongst them; either they had learned a lesson, or their combative power and spirit had not returned. They were, doubtless, a prey to the internecine strife of Guelf and Ghibelline; for, between the time of Frederick and the coming of Henry VII in 1310, like every other Lombard city, Crema fell into the hands of a family of nobles who took advantage of the strife to make themselves despots. In her case it was the family of the Benzoni. But their despotism did not long continue; for in the early years of the 14th century the city was conquered and annexed by the Visconti, either by Matteo il Grande or his grandson Azzo,— probably the latter.

> "So are the Italian cities all o'erthronged
> With tyrants, and a great Marcellus made
> Of every petty, factious villager." [17]

From this time Crema continued steadily in the power of the Visconti, and governed by their appointees, until the death of Filippo Maria, the last of his line. The city suffered considerable disturbance after the death of his father Gian Galeazzo, owing to its being taken possession of and fortified by Gabriello, a bastard son of the latter; but Filippo soon ousted his half-brother by force,— which had its usual ill consequences to the people. In 1449, however, Francesco Sforza turned over Crema, of which he had taken forcible possession in September of that year, to the Venetian Republic, as a part of the consideration for the latter's support to his pretensions to the duchy of Milan; and from the day the Venetian lion was raised in the central piazza, the city secured almost uninterrupted peace and prosperity.

In the revival of art Crema developed no school of her

[17] Dante's Purgatory, canto VI; Cary's Trans.

own; but she gave birth to several eminent painters, the chief of whom was the great Vincenzo Civerchio,— whose work I had last met with at Brescia and Bergamo. He belonged properly to the Venetian school, and passed a large part of his life at Milan, where "he educated several excellent pupils for that school, and with the exception of Vinci, is the best entitled of any master to its gratitude." [18] Yet he also resided to some extent at his native place, adorning its churches with his beautiful pictures; amongst which half a dozen were still to be seen as late as two score years ago. All are dispersed today, except his masterpiece in the Duomo. An authentic story is related, that when the French seized Crema in their conquest of Lombardy, so delighted were the officers with one of Civerchio's paintings then hanging in the Municipio, that they sent it by a special messenger to their sovereign, Francis I. Of the other native artists, the principal were Giov. da Monte, a pupil of Titian, and Carlo Urbini, of the decadent period; both of whom lived and laboured mostly at Milan.

As my rickety little train approached the city, we traversed the suburban village of Ombriano, about a mile from the western gate, passing before the splendid renaissance palace, set amongst charming grounds, which forms the residence of the prominent Senator Rossi. After a stop near that gate, we crawled in a semicircle around the southern walls, coming to a final rest on the eastern side. There the tall brick ramparts, still in excellent preservation, were pierced by a large stuccoed gateway of the Renaissance period,— the Porta Serio, decadent in style, with a couple of statues surmounting its cornice. From it extended a pleasant modern park, on the site of a section of the outer wall and moat, northward under avenues of shade-trees, to the railroad

[18] Lanzi's "History of Painting," Vol. II.

station at the town's northeastern corner: a station on the branch line from Cremona to Treviglio and Bergamo.

Immediately within the gateway opened the Piazza Garibaldi, with a standing marble statue of that patriot in its centre; there the inner façade of Porta Serio loomed majestically upon two rusticated piers and two enormous ionic columns, with its heavy cornice crowned by four corresponding statues of heroes in ancient Roman garb; and thence the main thoroughfare, Via Mazzini, led me directly westward between plain stuccoed buildings, two to five centuries in age. It was about 30 feet in width, paved with small cobbles, and lined at the sides by narrow flagged walks, as well as paths for the omnipresent bicycles that today crowd the streets of every Italian plain-town. Straight ahead at the end loomed a lofty brick tower of graceful design,— the famous *campanile* of the Duomo. I soon reached the city's centre, at the intersection of the chief north and south thoroughfare, Via Vittorio Emanuele; beyond which my way widened into the piazza of the Duomo, aged and picturesque, stretching along the southern side of the mighty edifice.

The building from this view-point was a mountain of yellow brick, its nave higher than the aisles, the straight wall of the latter pierced by curious fan-shaped windows just under the arcaded terracotta cornice; midway it held a rectangular portal, in a baroque, stucco frame of later date; heavy buttresses projected from its lower roof to sustain the wall of the nave, which was broken by round-arched clerestory windows, and decorated with a beautiful gothic arcaded frieze, upon innumerable, baseless little columns. At the farther end towered the huge façade, westward turned, twice the height of the lower roof, as to which it formed one of those pompous shams so distasteful to the late Mr. Street. At the nearer end —looking from the southeastern corner —

soared the superb bell-tower far into the sky, tier upon tier of lovely windows and colonnades,— a magnificent, inspiring spectacle.

Now I could understand the fame of this tower, as one of the greatest Lombard creations in brick and terracotta. Symonds was justly enthusiastic over this "delicately finished *campanile,* built of choicely tinted yellow bricks, and ending in a lantern of the gracefullest, most airily capricious fancy.— It has a character of elegance, combined with the boldness of invention, that justifies the citizens of Crema in their pride. It is unique; and he who has not seen it does not know the whole resources of the Lombard style.[19] Square in shape till near the top, subdivided by charming arcaded cornices, pointed or interwoven, of gleaming red terracotta, no window breaks it until the fifth division, where there appear two upon each side, round-arched and prettily recessed with brick mouldings; while the sixth stage, or belfry, is adorned with triple arches resting on glistening marble shafts, crowned by a broad interwoven frieze of contrasting crimson. From its heavy cornice rises a parapet made of four cylindrical pinnacles on each side, connected by low arches; within which soars the octagonal upper tower, two stages in height, the second consisting of an exquisite marble colonnade, supporting two little round arches per side. Above this, the crimson frieze, heavy cornice, and pinnacled parapet are deftly repeated, with striking effect, and the tower merges into a conical red spire, with a far, truncated summit. This most clever intermixture of the three materials and colours, causes each to embellish and bring out the line-harmonies of the others, with an effect in the *ensemble* too enchanting to be well described.

The old piazza upon which this *campanile* looks is

[19] J. A. Symonds' "Sketches and Studies in Italy."

an excellent setting for its picturesqueness; mediæval too, in its long colonnade of worn, granite shafts upholding the row of ancient buildings along the southern side, upon whose shady corridor open quaint little dusky shops and table-exuding cafés. At the western end rose a tall ornate stuccoed archway, of the Renaissance period, topped with two solid stories, under which the street made exit in that direction; the top story consisted of a large square clock-face, flanked by a couple of statues in niches, and surmounted by an airy cupola. This was the clock-tower of the city. It was sandwiched closely between other arcaded buildings, old and stuccoed, which continued the colonnade before the face of the Cathedral.

Here there opened, I found, a deep northern bay from the piazza, upon which the Duomo looked, and along whose left side extended a large palace, with handsome cotta mouldings and cornice to its arcade, and a series of fine renaissance windows overhead, round-arched upon stone columns. At the end rose the Palazzo Municipale, with a heavy square tower, upon whose stuccoed face lingered still, to my delight, the old familiar relief of the Venetian Lion, beneath some remains of frescoing that once represented a dial surrounded by human figures. Here also, just upon the Duomo's left, stood the contiguous Palazzo Vescovile, with the same ground arcade adorned with cotta mouldings. Under the arcade of the Municipio I observed a number of busts to Crema's chief heroes of the past, and a tablet to her fallen soldiers; its first floor was reached by a quaint outer stairway, leading from a narrow street that departed under the building. But these observations were subsequent; for dwarfing everything else in this portion of the piazza, and demanding instant attention when I entered it, was the vast,

imposing façade of the Cathedral, the corollary of its bell-tower in beauty and interest.

Here again was the body of warm yellow brick, with decorative details of terracotta and marble. The latter element was used for the gothic portal, the handsome rose-window, and the level Lombard colonnade, characteristic but exceptionally rich, that extended its hundred glistening columns beneath the cornice of the flat gable; these were fully six feet in height, and placed about one and a half feet apart, with crude foliated caps, very small bases, and curious cubical abacuses, the like of which I remember nowhere else; they supported little rounded brick arches, and stood in a long recess, which thus formed a shallow gallery. Beneath their projecting basic ledge, and again above them, just under the slight cornice, stretched two splendid friezes of crimson terracotta, of interwoven arcades, glowing the more richly by contrast with the marble colonnade. Below this fascinating crown of the façade, three great recessed arches extended from one corner buttress to the other, framed in numerous cotta mouldings, supported in the middle by two lofty half-columns of brick; in this unusual manner the front was divided into three compartments, of which the central was considerably the wider.

This central compartment held the single doorway, which though round-arched was gothic in design, deeply recessed between clustered slender shafts with typical gothic capitals; in the tympanum stood three antique statuettes, of the Madonna between two saints. Well above it hung the beautiful rose-window, also of marble, with its airy tracery of St. Catherine's wheel; and over that again, in the lunette of the middle compartment, a double-arched gothic window in an exquisite terracotta frame. The windows in the side divi-

sions were much like the last: the two lower being round-arched and recessed six-fold, the two upper being pointed, and enclosed by rows of fancy plaques; all four were superb examples of the finest cotta decoration. The last pair mentioned were peculiar, in that they opened upon naught but the blue sky, above the aisles; and they differed in form, for one was charmingly trifoliate, while the other consisted strangely of two circles of tracery, one upon the other.

It was of all this delicate and delightful cotta-work that Symonds thought when he wrote: "What the clay can do almost better than any crystalline material, may be seen in the mouldings so characteristic of Lombard architecture. Geometrical patterns of the rarest and most fanciful devices; scrolls of acanthus foliage, and traceries of tendrils; Cupids swinging in festoons of vines; angels joining hands in dance; — ornaments like these, wrought from the plastic clay, and adapted with true taste to the requirements of the architecture, are familiar to every one who has studied the church front of Crema, the cloisters of the Certosa,— or the public palace of Cremona.— The façade of the Cathedral displays that peculiar blend of byzantine or romanesque round arches with gothic details in the windows, and with the acute [sic] angle of the central pitch, which forms the characteristic quality of the late *trecento* Lombard manner."

Before visiting the interior I turned for lunch across the piazza to that old and well known hostelry, the Albergo del Pozzo, whither my luggage had some time preceded me on a porter's shoulder. It is located at the square's southwestern corner, next the clock-tower, approached down a dark and narrow *cul-de-sac;* formerly "one of those queer Italian inns, which carry you away at once into a scene of Goldoni's — a part of some palace where nobles housed their *bravi*

in the 16th century." I say formerly, because I found that the craze for newness and restoration had reached even here, altering the old house for modern ideas, and adding the word "*Nuovo*" to the ancient name.

After lunch, and a little rest, I entered the Cathedral, finding its long and lofty nave covered with gothic vaulting divided into bays, and supported by massive stucco piers, faced with corinthian half-columns; the latter, uncomfortably renaissance in form, reached to a heavy, gilded cornice that was more so; round arches connected the piers, but the lower, narrow aisles again were roofed with pointed vaulting, carrying side-altars ensconced in shallow recesses. Round the apsidal, slightly elevated choir the classic half-columns and gilded cornice were continued, but at its sides the aisles remained at their original level; — a bewildering mixture of the gothic, renaissance and romanesque. The marble pavement was tessellated in grey and white; and the organ-loft was perched over the front entrance, behind a handsomely carved and gilded wooden railing, adorned with cherubs as caryatides. So, although the dimensions and proportions of the building were imposing and symmetrical, they were greatly spoiled by the anomalous jumble of different styles, due to its unfortunate "restoration" in the decadent period.

Immediately to left of the entrance there hung a pleasing canvas of the Annunciation, warmly toned and gracefully drawn, and to right, a Visitation, also well composed, with a dusky landscape; both being works of the *cinquecento* Campi family, of Cremona,— who, though not alone in their glory, played in this district the same part as did the Piazza family at Lodi. Galeazzo Campi, the father, flourished from about 1500 to 1536; and was succeeded by his more brilliant sons, Giulio, Vincenzo and Antonio, with their cousin Ber-

nardino, of whom the former considerably surpassed the others in genius and decorative skill, raising their name to the front rank in Lombard art.

At the beginning of the right aisle sat a modern statue of Pope Pius IX. Modern also was the brightly stained glass in the front windows, which percolated the dusk with gay-hued shafts. Over the first altar to left stood an interesting but injured *quattrocento pala,* covered with glass, of unknown authorship: the Holy Family, with St. John the Baptist, and a quaint little angel. Over the second altar stood Civerchio's remaining masterpiece, which he executed in 1519: a group of three lifesize standing figures,— Sts. Roch, Christopher and Sebastian.

These forms, though not particularly graceful or pleasing, were distinguished by the master's usual power of modelling, vigorous treatment, and force of expression,— all the qualities that made him such a leader of his time. But of pietistic atmosphere there was none, and of decorativeness hardly an apparent effort, excepting the St. Roch's embroidered and finely executed vestment. The certain charm that his work nevertheless undeniably possesses, consists in its beautiful tone, excellent anatomy and strong tactile values; which leave the unescapable impression of a sure, a sapient, and a powerful hand.— Besides these there was no other object of note in the Cathedral, beyond the adjacent modern monument to the musician Benzi, which had a really enchanting relief of St. Cecilia playing upon her organ, rapt in mystic and reverential contemplation.

Traversing now the archway of the municipal clock-tower, whose farther side was considerably more adorned, with classic mouldings, cornice, etc., I followed the winding western thoroughfare to the gate at its end, the Porta Ombriano, which proved to be quite a striking renaissance structure, of

stucco simulating stone, its main arch being framed by four ponderous, fluted, doric columns, upholding a heavy pediment of the same order. The sides of the face were rusticated, and pierced by curious little archways for pedestrians, of Moorish, horseshoe type; above which perched a couple of busts, in deep, oval niches. Retracing then my steps, I hunted up the remaining solitary specimen of the Piazza school in Crema, a Madonna with Sts. Peter, Paul, Roch and Sebastian, located in the uninteresting church of SS. Trinità; executed by Calisto about 1535, it exhibited his usual qualities of pleasing fullness of form, grace of pose and disposition, and richness of tone and colour.

After that I repaired again to the eastern gate, and following the shady parkway without, proceeded along the northern road past the station, some three-quarters of a mile farther, to the handsome pilgrimage church of S. Maria della Croce; which occupies somewhat the same artistic relation to Crema that the Incoronata does to Lodi. Curiously enough, it was likewise built by Giov. Battaggia, and in the same Bramantesque design,— in fact one of the most elegant buildings (according to Ricci) ever erected in the Bramantesque style. It was not so lavishly embellished with painting, but was given some lustrous *palas* by the Campi, and endowed with the beautiful exterior lacking to the Incoronata,— an exterior at once majestic, strikingly graceful, and decorated with a mass of the richest and most elaborate details.

It was visible for some distance, framed in the vista of the tall horsechestnut trees lining the avenue of approach,— a charming picture in its variegated bright hues of yellow brick, crimson terracotta, and glistening white marble and stucco. The Bramantesque rotunda, constituting the main body of the edifice, towered to a lofty height in four ornate

stages, its low-pitched roof capped with a dainty, tapering lantern; and affixed to this drum were four equidistant porticoes, two stories in height, each crowned orientally with a group of five domes, of which the central was always much larger than the other four. The top stage of the main body was encircled by a beautiful arcaded gallery, with a gleaming multitude of slender marble columns; terracotta mouldings framed the trefoil arches, and the sustaining parapet consisted of a series of diverse open-work panels, delightfully wrought in terracotta, with figures of wheels, crosses, and stars simple or flamboyant. The third story was also an arcaded gallery, of double round arches on brick pillars, enclosed in handsome cotta mouldings and bearing cotta medallions in the lunettes, with a parapet similar to that above. The effect of these two arcades was indescribably graceful and pleasing, in spite of the false note struck in plastering and whitewashing the brickwork of all the spandrels. The same trick had been played upon the frames of the rectangular windows occupying the lower stories; otherwise these stories and the porticoes — they might better, perhaps, be styled pavilions — displayed the yellow-brick unaltered. It was certainly a most singular and interesting structure, perfectly exemplifying the extent to which the Renaissance builders of this region made use of the earlier Lombard manner,— so much so as to constitute but a modification of the latter.

Entering by the western portico, I found the usual octagonal rotunda, surrounded by decorative stucco archways, three of which serve for ingresses, a fourth for the small tribune, and the others — covering the diagonal corners — for altar-recesses. The queer little tribune occupied the eastern pavilion, raised about seven feet, and approached by two small stairways, with a grating between them through which

was visible the tiny crypt below. Overhead circled the arcaded windows, two per side, framed in painted stucco pilasters; and still higher, soared the dome, frescoed with a baroque paradise. As a whole, it was a charming structure, thoroughly consonant and well proportioned; though not to be compared with Lodi's Incoronata. The paintings were but four, over the corner altars: a St. Veronica wiping the face of the fallen Christ, a Deposition, with seven lifesize figures, an Adoration of the Shepherds, lighted only by the luminous Child, and an exceptionally fine Adoration of the Magi, of splendid tone and atmosphere, containing a most lovely, rounded Madonna. All were executed by the Campi, in their usual voluptuous moulding and Venetian glow and colouring; and they illumined the church with their glory of holy figures and lustrous dramatic scenes.

In the country surrounding Crema I had now two little places to visit. The first, Soncino, was a village about ten miles to the east, upon the Oglio,— attainable only by driving or taking the steam tramway, along the high-road leading to Brescia. It was here, on May 17, 1431, that Carmagnola allowed himself to be taken napping by Fran. Sforza, suffering the loss of 1,600 cavalry and barely escaping with his life: the first of those disasters which excited the ire of the Venetian Senate, and resulted finally in his fearful death. By making an early start on the following morning I was able to accomplish my *devoir* and return by sunset. Though so small and remote, Soncino, as I found, possesses a number of interesting buildings of the high-Renaissance, due to the *villeggiatura* sought there for several years by Duke Galeazzo Maria Sforza. They consist chiefly, to be brief, of the summer palace built for the Duke by Benedetto Farini, 1470–75,— once a striking edifice, in the renaissance style inaugurated by Filarete, but now ruin-

ous and given over to commoner uses; of the Palazzo Viala, erected about the same time for one of the noble Milanese families, and distinguished by the beauty of its terracotta decorations; and of the church of S. Maria delle Grazie, constructed in Lodovico's reign, which is adorned with a handsome series of frescoes by Giulio Campi, executed in his customary ornate style, shortly after 1530.— Four miles north of the village, at Torre Pallavicina, is another and more interesting series of paintings by the Campi, because adorning the stately rooms of the Villa Barbi, and hence devoted to those classical subjects for which their manner was more especially fitted. That they were splendid decorators is shown in these happy works. To include them in the same day's trip, one should start from Crema in carriage or motor-car, not relying on the tram.

The other place, Castelleone, could be taken by me *en route* to Cremona; for it lies half a dozen miles southeast of Crema, upon the railroad, and I had only therefore to stop off a train. It contains but one object of notable interest, but that is an object of memorable beauty: the splendid, richly tinted altar-piece in its church of the Incoronata that was executed by Martino and Albertino Piazza,—" in which," said Layard, " especially in the lower series of pictures [for it is a polytych, like their works at Lodi] scarcely anything is left to be desired in point of correct and beautiful drawing." [20]

The same morning that saw me at Castelleone, found me, as it drew near to noon, entering by the train that glorious old city of the plain to which my eyes had so long been eagerly cast forward,— the city of the great Torrazzo, and greater Cathedral, of Boccaccino, Melone, Gatti, and the Campi, of the ideal Piazza of the Middle Ages, and the

[20] Layard's " Handbook of Painting."

masterpieces of Lombard architecture in brick and terra-cotta,— which justly indeed may be called Cremona the Captivating.[21]

[21] Cremona the Contentious, however,— to preserve the alliteration, for want of better or more storied adjectives,— would still more adequately describe the city, when bearing in mind its character, derived from centuries of strife both internecine and external, which was the most bellicose of the plain.

CHAPTER X

CREMONA THE CONTENTIOUS

"But his[1] new kingdom leaving to his band,
Far other destiny awaits that throng;
For with the Mantuan's friendly succour manned,
Gonsalvo to the war returns so strong,
He leaves not in a few months, by sea or land,
One living head, his slaughtering troops among."

Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso."

"HUNC exitum Cremona habuit — bellis externis intacta, civilibus infelix,"— wrote Tacitus; and, as has so often been observed, the remark continued to characterise the city's history down to modern times. Originally the capital town of the Celtic tribe of the Cenomani, from whom the name was perhaps derived, at the end of the fierce struggle by which Rome first conquered the Celts and took possession of Lombardy Cremona was made a legionary camp, and a military settlement second only in importance to Placentia. The chaos of the second Punic War quickly followed; but so strongly had the place been fortified, that Hannibal, after testing its powers of resistance, was obliged to leave it behind him uncaptured. When this peril was ended Cremona was again invested, in B. C. 200, by the revolting Boii and Insubres. "A great battle before the city ended in the overthrow of the Celts; but the struggle continued, nor was it until the Boii and Insubres quarrelled, and the Cenomani turned traitors on the field of battle and attacked their old allies, that the Insubres submitted."[2]

[1] Louis XII of France.— Rose's Translation.

[2] Mommsen's "History of Rome," Chap. XVI.

In such turmoil was the city born; which thenceforth steadily increased in size and wealth, maintaining its prominence amongst the leading Roman settlements of the plain. But with the Cæsarian epoch came evil times: for Cremona's adherence to the party of liberty it was punished by the second Triumvirate, by the seizure and distribution of its lands amongst their legionaries; and a century later, through its faithfulness to Vitellius, it was stormed and sacked by the soldiers of Vespasian, when the latter was on his triumphant way to the imperial throne,— and being set on fire, was burned to the ground. Vespasian later made some amends by aiding in its rebuilding; and Cremona again flourished, till the fall of the Western Empire. Alaric pillaged the city of its wealth; Attila seized what the people had left; non-resistance in each case saved their dwellings, yet such was the general devastation in which they participated, that the whole of eastern Lombardy became utterly ruined and almost depopulated,— as St. Ambrose bore witness in his 39th Epistle.

Under the Ostrogoths Cremona and the countryside revived, only to suffer more desolation from the warfare of Justinian, and the conquest of the Lombards, whose monarch Agilulf practically laid the city once more in ruins. "Intact" she did remain, through those two centuries of disaster, if it be called so to leave standing the bare walls of a small part of her structures. The surviving citizens took refuge for a time amongst the islands of the Po and the mountains of the Apennines. With the 7th century, however, Cremona began a long era of comparative prosperity, waxing especially in the epoch of Lombard municipal independence, when, firstly under the rule of her bishops, and after 1080 as a strong and opulent republic, she indulged in a glory of civic building that became the envy of all other towns.

Using only clay, with rare bits of marble, her artisans erected structures whose size and beauty still make us wonder,— the finest creations of their kind; and in the 12th and 13th centuries they raised that extraordinary group of public edifices that are still fortunately preserved, to constitute the ideal piazza of the Middle Age.

Like the other cities, however, in proportion as Cremona waxed strong and built grandiosely, she suffered from the intestinal strife of parties,— nobles and people, Guelfs and Ghibellines. There is a law of nature that regulated the extent of one by the other,— the law of zealous, determined, ambitious character, whose passion for war and politics was equalled by that of civic pride. Thus was Cremona "civilibus infelix," and torn by generations of internecine struggle. But the Ghibellines had the upper hand, and directed the city's policy uniformly to the support of Pavia and imperialism, sending her militia to the front in every crisis of the period. They supported Barbarossa enthusiastically in his various designs, taking a prominent part in the destructions of Crema and Milan. But the ensuing reaction overwhelmed Cremona with the rest, giving the Guelfs of the city their turn; so that at Pontida "the deputies of the Cremonese, who had lent their aid to the destruction of Milan, seconded those of the Milanese villages in imploring aid of the confederated towns to rebuild the city of Milan." [3]

By the time of Frederick II Cremona had returned to her imperial allegiance, and helped largely in inflicting the terrible defeat of Ghibello, in 1218, upon the Guelfic league headed by Milan. In 1226 she refused to join in the general renewal of the Lombard League. Yet at home, meanwhile, the struggles between the factions were never so fierce, the nobles of course taking the Ghibelline side and

[3] Sismondi's "Italian Republics."

the people the Pope's; for forty years the streets of the city were regularly drenched in blood from their fratricidal combats, and scattered with the bricks of demolished houses. This continued after the death of Frederick II, until a strong man finally emerged from the ranks of the noble Ghibellines to make himself master of the town; this was Buoso da Doara, the friend and ally of Ezzelino da Romano. His treachery to the latter, in 1259, was a main cause of Ezzelino's downfall; after which the Marchese Pallavicino, of San Donnino, became the head of the Lombard imperialist party, and was elected by the citizens to be overlord of Cremona, with Buoso as his acting viceroy. The Guelfic *popolo grosso* soon again made trouble, and might have unseated Buoso had he not been aided by Mastino I, della Scala, whose hands vainly itched for the possession of the rich city.

Again the wheel of fortune turned, bringing the Guelfs on top throughout Italy, owing to the defeat and death of the young Emperor Conradin, Frederick's grandson, at the hands of Charles of Anjou, the new conqueror of Naples. Charles thereupon, with the Pope's direction, placed himself at the head of the papal party, and, coming to Lombardy, gathered at Cremona a diet of the northern cities; in 1269 Cremona, Ferrara, and a few other towns invested him with their lordship; and for several years he swayed a fair part of Italy as papal and imperial vicar. In 1277, by another revolution of the wheel, Charles was forced by a new pope to resign his northern lordships; the Ghibellines struggled once more to the ascendency in Lombardy, and the Visconti usurped the tyranny of Milan.

Otho Visconti proceeded to Lodi and Cremona, where he was enthusiastically received, and "formed anew the councils of these republics, admitting only Ghibellines and nobles;

who, ruined by a long exile, and often supported by the liberality of the Archbishop, were become humble and obsequious; their deference degenerated into submission." Thus did Cremona lose her independence. The Visconti never but temporarily loosened the grip they had acquired.[4] Azzo, when he had purchased the duchy of Milan from Emperor Louis in 1328, made Cremona an integral part of his dominions; and the noble family of Cavalcabò became the Visconti deputies, tyrannising over their fellow-citizens with unrestricted power. In 1395 the city was formally included in the grant of a more extensive duchy, made by Emperor Wenceslaus to Gian Galeazzo. When the latter died, the resulting chaos was taken advantage of at Cremona for the perpetration of one of the greatest and most frightful crimes of the Renaissance era.

The Cavalcabò first seized the opportunity to make themselves independent despots, under their chief, Ugolino, who for some time signed himself Lord of Cremona. Locally, he felt secure; for his family was preponderantly rich and powerful, and numbered nearly a hundred members altogether. But he had a noble friend, Gabrino Fondulo, who was also wealthy and secretly ambitious. Taking advantage of the long-trusted friendship with which he was regarded, this unparalleled villain one day in 1406 gathered nearly the whole clan of Cavalcabò at his private palace of Macastorno, under an invitation to a grand entertainment; the very pains which he took to have every one of the ruling race present, would at once have aroused suspicion in that age, had it not been for the extreme confidence with which they

[4] In 1310, on account of Cremona's transitory reversal to the Guelfic cause, she was captured by the Emperor Henry VII, and for three days given over to pillage and destruction. The bloody internecine conflicts nevertheless continued, until Azzo's lordship.

had for years rewarded his devoted attachment. A very few by chance only escaped the deadly snare, including a grown son of the despot. At a given signal, when the guests had been long at table, having laid aside their swords and become filled with wine, their host's concealed bravos rushed in to the work of murder, butchering men, women and children alike, while others held the doors.

Seventy Cavalcabò were slaughtered in this unprecedented crime, and their bodies afterward thrown into carts, to be drawn through the streets of Cremona, exposed and quartered in the Piazza, and finally consumed upon a huge pyre, around which the people danced. Fondulo's self-declared lordship was perforce accepted; and he ruled with vigour for thirteen years, holding and extending his power by ferocity and guile. In 1414 he received a joint visit from Emperor Sigismund and Pope John XXIII; which shows that he had attained an assured position of some importance. But his fate, though delayed, arrived at last: defeated in 1424 by the forces of Filippo Maria, now engaged in recovering his father's domains, Fondulo was captured and taken to Milan; where, after due tortures and exposure, he was beheaded as a murderer and traitor.

During the succeeding warfare between Filippo Maria and Venice, Cremona was the object, between 1427 and 1431, of several efforts for its capture by the latter,— Carmagnola heading the Republic's forces and Carlo Malatesta the defending Milanese. On May 21, 1427, the Visconti fleet was defeated and burned by the Venetian, on the waters of the Po before the city. On another occasion an encounter of the land forces witnessed that famous and horrible deed of Malatesta, which Ouida referred to in her "Pascarel" as "that dreadful ditch — filled up with bleeding and stifled peasants, thrust into a living death, that the knights might

spur their horses in safety over the chasm, while Carlo Malatesta's golden mantle fluttered in all the pride of war." Here it was, too, that Bart. Colleoni won his first renown, by a redoubtable exploit executed in company with that son of Ugolino Cavalcabò who had escaped Fondulo's clutches. The former had but shortly entered the Venetian service, as a captain of forty horse; and the latter was vainly seeking to recover his inheritance, with the assistance of faithful friends within the city.

"Bartolomeo and Cavalcabò — approached the walls by night, with great precaution, and, on that side where they had been informed the defences were weakest, placed their ladders. Bartolomeo was the first '*con intrepidissimo animo*,' to ascend the wall and to occupy the tower of San Luca, having killed the commander and the guards. News was sent at once to Carmagnola of this success; upon which, had he hastened to Cremona, without doubt it would have fallen.— The young adventurers held the tower for three days,— but finally were obliged to descend and return to the army." [5] Such was the narrow escape of the ancient city from being taken by assault, and plundered; and such the beginning of Colleoni's great career.

Filippo Maria kept his grip on Cremona, until, in 1441, it was ceded by him to Fran. Sforza, as the principal asset of the dowry of his daughter Bianca. Thus it became the first lordship of the Sforzas, and was never relinquished by them until Lodovico's fall. They therefore always cherished for the city a peculiar affection, which seems to have been returned,— for their rule here was benevolent. We read that in 1464 "Lodovico was sent by his father to Cremona — whose inhabitants were among the most loyal subjects of the Sforza princes. Here he lived during the next

[5] Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice."

THE CATHEDRAL OF CREMONA

two years, enjoying his foretaste of power, and making himself very popular."[6] After the death of Duke Francesco, when the widowed Bianca found herself treated by her son Galeazzo with ungrateful severity, it was to her beloved Cremona that she withdrew, in Oct., 1468; "where she died a week after her arrival —'more from sorrow of heart than sickness of body,' wrote the doctor."

Upon the dethronement of Lodovico, the Venetians, who were leagued with Louis XII against Milan, at once seized with avidity upon the long coveted prey, making entry with their army into Cremona on Sept. 10, 1499. "Thus at last the Republic crossed the Adda and fulfilled a desire which she had nursed from the days — of Carmagnola's victory of Macalo."[7] Louis finally conceded to Venice this corner of the Sforza domains, and took the rest for himself. It was this very concession, the solitary exception to his conquest, that moved the greedy monarch in 1508 to unite with Austria and the Papacy in the League of Cambrai; the final result of which was the bringing of the Spaniards into the quarrel, under the devastating Gonsalvo, and Louis' loss of everything he had gained. Cremona suffered under the occupation of Louis' troops from 1509 to 1512, and subsequently, under the troops of Francis I, from 1515 to 1522. In the latter year it was the scene of the final capitulation of the French army of occupation, under Lescun, to the Spaniards and their allies, who misused the city even worse than had the Gallic enemy.

This practically ended the French power in Lombardy, for 200 years. But when they returned in 1702,[8] during

[6] Julia Cartwright's "Beatrice d'Este."

[7] Brown's "History of the Venetian Republic."

[8] During this intervening period, from 1522–1702, Cremona under the government of Charles V and his successors "lost all riches,

the war of the Spanish Succession, Cremona at once became again the battleground and object of contention: Villari occupied it with the French Army; Prince Eugene took it from them by a surprise attack, making Villari prisoner, and the French then in their turn soon recaptured the city by assault. All of which completed the ruin of the people. They had not then, and have not to this day, recovered from the terrible disasters of the early *cinquecento,* especially the devastations of Gonsalvo and his Spaniards, which reduced the rich and populous city, like the rest of Lombardy, to an almost uninhabited waste. Its grand old public buildings, in both conflicts, fortunately escaped destruction; but the population is now only some 37,000,— but a half, or less, of its size in the palmy days of the Renaissance.

> "O fierce and hungry harpies, that on blind
> And erring Italy so full have fed!
> Whom, for the scourge of ancient sins designed,
> Haply just Heaven to every board has sped.
> Innocent children, pious mothers, pined
> With hunger, die, and see their daily bread,—
> The orphan's and the widow's scanty food —
> Feed for a single feast that filthy brood." [9]

In those same palmy days Cremona was a notable centre of art, renowned for her splendid architecture and her eclectic school of painting. From the earliest times her people displayed a remarkable love of the beautiful and an exceptional enthusiasm for its culture. They showed this in 1107, when they founded their great Cathedral upon lines

power, liberty, industry and commerce," and became "reduced to the ultimate ruin,— a miserable borough of mendicants, sad, inert, and savage like their territory."— *Illustrazione Storica,* etc., *di Cremona.*

[9] Rose's Translation of Ariosto.

so magnificent; in the succeeding generations, when they made such sacrifices for its building and adornment, and for the erection of the Baptistery, the Torrazzo, and the Palazzo Pubblico; and again when the Duomo was finished, "which as speedily as possible was decorated with all that sculpture and painting could afford." From age to age they continued that decoration, the successive generations of local artists all labouring upon the beloved edifice; so that today we may read upon its grand old walls the story of Cremona's artistic progression. As Corrado Ricci says,— in his "Art of Northern Italy,"—"Cremona was, of all the Lombard cities, the one which produced the largest and most compact group of painters." But we must in justice go much farther than this: it was a group of fascinating individuality and wonderful power, surpassed in its numerous works by the schools of Venice and Verona alone,— a group whose productions were of such remarkable beauty, force and versatility, that it is high time the world accorded it its proper rank in the halls of fame.

In some fragmentary frescoes upon the cathedral's vaulting may be discerned the primitive workmanship of the early Casella, said to have been placed there by him in the year 1345. In the earlier and middle *quattrocento* the chief Cremonese artist was Cristoforo Moretti, who "was one of the reformers of art in Lombardy, and particularly the branches of perspective and design." [10] In the latter part of that century appeared the master who was the true founder of the Cremona school,— the great Boccaccio Boccaccino, (1460–1524) who "bears the same character among the Cremonese as Ghirlandajo [*sic*], Mantegna, Vannucci, and Francia, in their respective schools; the best modern among

[10] Lanzi's "History of Painting."

the ancients, and the best of the ancients in the list of the moderns."[10a] He was one of that momentous circle of originators who learned to paint in the Venetian studio of Gian Bellini; but, on coming forth, other and more distinctively Lombard influences mingled with his style, which gradually received the impress of his unique and vivid personality.

According to Pascoli, Boccaccino also studied awhile under Perugino; which would seem to be borne out by the resemblance to that master's work in his composition and his figures, endowed with an Umbrian repose and tender simplicity. "He is a painter"— wrote Layard —"of very distinct individuality, and may be easily recognised by the peculiar type and expression of his figures, and especially by his women, who generally have much grace and beauty.— His pictures are generally gay in colour, and he is fond of introducing into them rich velvet draperies — with carefully executed and elegant details and embroideries."[11] He was employed in the Duomo from 1506 to 1518, in working upon the great series of frescoes that form a mighty frieze around the nave; and with him were engaged, upon the same work, his pupils Altobello Melone and Gian Fran. Bembo. Neither of these men were his equals in genius, nor did they follow his style. The former preferred the mannerisms of Romanino, under whom he studied, also,— while that master was painting his frescoes in the Duomo. Vasari called Melone's work truly beautiful, although his wall-

[10a] Lanzi's "History of Painting."

[11] Layard's "Handbook of Painting." According to Rio (*Poetry of Christian Art*) Boccaccino's study of Perugino's methods was made simply from the famous Madonna with saints which the latter artist sent to S. Agostino in 1494, and probably from the splendid polyptich executed for the Certosa. By these works Boccaccino was irresistibly and passionately attracted.

decorations were so tamely coloured as to give them the look of tapestry. "But"— said Lanzi —"he excelled in his oil painting,— coloured with equal softness and strength. His knowledge of the naked figure is beyond that of his age, combined with a grace of features and of attitudes that conveys the idea of a great master."

Romanino and Pordenone were the two exceptions to local talent called to decorate the Cathedral. Each of them adorned it with several large histories from the Sacred Story; and those of Pordenone upon the Passion are not only perhaps the grandest pictures in Cremona, but are esteemed his chief masterpieces in fresco. Considering his pre-eminent ability in that line, and how very few of his frescoes remain to us, no student of the art should miss enjoying these *chefs d'œuvres* so fortunately preserved, which have been celebrated during four centuries for their unsurpassed power and dramatic expression. Their influence was the decisive factor in Bembo's life, and shines reflected in his style, which became realistic, forceful, of vigorous modelling and accurate drawing. His elder brother, Bonifazio, was also an artist of some importance.

There were a number of good Cremonese painters of this first generation of the *cinquecento,* who did not work upon the Duomo; chief among them Tommaso Aleni and Galeazzo Campi. But the latter's title to fame rests mainly in his being the father of the great Campi family, who in the next generation assumed the leadership of art in Cremona, and attained to such eminence that Lanzi has bracketed them with Leonardo and Correggio as the chief founders of Lombard painting. Giulio, the eldest son, was endowed with far more genius than the others, and became the head of the family and their school. His father, early perceiving his extraordinary talent, and feeling unequal to guiding it

himself, sent him first to the school of Giulio Romano, at Mantua, where the youth studied painting, sculpture and architecture. "He laid the foundation of his taste and principles under Giulio Romano," who, recently returned from Rome with his store of Raphaelesque knowledge, was then adorning with his beautiful compositions the palaces of the Gonzaghi.

"From him he derived the dignity of his design, his knowledge of anatomy, variety and fertility of ideas, magnificence in his architecture, and a general mastery over every subject. To these he added strength, when he visited Rome, where he studied Raffaelo and the antiques.— Either at Mantua or elsewhere, he studied Titian.— In his native state he met with more models, in Pordenone and Soiaro.— From such preparatory studies, combined with imitating whatever he met with in Raffaelo and Correggio, he acquired that style which is found to partake of the manner of so many different artists." [12] For, as the same authority states, Giulio had "formed the project of uniting the best qualities of a number of styles in one."— This extraordinary and comprehensive scheme of eclecticism he not only carried to perfect success in himself, but afterward adopted it for the training of the many scholars entrusted to the Campi school.— "Giulio surpasses the rest in point of dignity; and he likewise aims at displaying more knowledge, both of the human form and of the effects of light and shadows. In correctness, too, he is superior to his two brothers, though he is not equal to Bernardino."

Antonio Campi studied under his brother, afterward lending valuable assistance — both in labouring conjointly, also in individual works of famous beauty — in the painting of the numerous canvases for which they were commissioned;

[12] Lanzi's "History of Painting."

which not only fill the churches and palaces of Cremona and its district, but also adorn many edifices in Milan and other cities. Vincenzo, the third brother, likewise joined in this labour; but his ability was second-rate, and when left to itself was not equal to large figures, though he excelled in minute pictures and in the painting of fruits and flowers. The Cathedral at this time was replete with decorations; Giulio placed within it a few final tableaux; but on the whole this generation had to turn for its municipal labours to the church of S. Sigismondo,— a splendid renaissance edifice erected by Duke Francesco Sforza on the eastern outskirts of the city. This was the building which became the second theatre for local frescoing, "where these artists and their descendants, painting as it were in competition, rendered it a noble school for the fine arts."

Bernardino, the fifth of the Campi, a cousin of the last three, followed closely in certain respects upon the heels of Giulio, from whom he learned the principles of the art. By some critics he is even deemed the superior of Giulio. More lifelike in his modelling and dispositions, he was yet surpassingly graceful in form and gesture, endowing his figures with heads of rare beauty, and wrapping them in true pietistic repose and feeling. Not eclectic in ideas, his model was Raphael, whom he followed on general lines, outspokenly, without however becoming a mere imitator. His masterpiece is the wonderful fresco in the dome of San Sigismondo. He worked mostly alone, not conjointly with his cousins; and his canvases are found in many cities.

But the Campi, however distinguished, had no monopoly of Cremonese genius during the middle and later *cinquecento;* contemporary with them laboured another family of painters, uncle and son, possessing abilities fully as great in many respects, and surpassing them in others. These were

the Gatti, both surnamed Soiaro, the elder of whom has been already mentioned as one of the models of Giulio Campi. This elder Gatti, Bernardino, had therefore some advantage of the latter in years; neither was he eclectic, but a fervent disciple and follower of Correggio, under whom he studied as a youth, and whose peculiar ideas he set forth in copious works until over 80 years of age. "Servile imitation," however, cannot be charged against him; his mind was too vigorous, fertile in conception, and acute in comprehension.

The nephew, Gervasio Gatti, was a still greater artist. Educated by his uncle in the principles and ways of Correggio, although he had not the advantage of studying personally under that master, yet by going to Parma and copying at length from his surviving works, he was able eventually to produce paintings of such merit, so perfectly in the best Correggiesque manner, that strangers could not believe but that he had been advised by that master himself. Gervasio's tableaux exhibit the same round, full contours, flushed and smiling faces, rich but cleverly united colours, and extensive *chiaroscuro*. In Lanzi's opinion, he had "the title to be considered *the* great master of the Cremonese school, which, benefited by his presence and guided by his precepts and example, produced during so long a period such a variety of admirable works. To speak frankly what I think," he continued, "Cremona would never have seen her Campi, nor her Boccaccini, rise so high, if Soiaro had not exhibited his talents in that city."

One more excellent artist of this same rich period remains to be mentioned,— Boccaccino's son, Camillo; to whom, as it is generally phrased, was entrusted the continuance of his father's tradition. Most worthily he bore the name,— although, as was inevitable, the more simple Boccaccino man-

ner became overlaid by the newer developments and discoveries, and especially by the influence of Correggio. Camillo's talents were of a high order, as is seen in his remarkable frescoes at S. Sigismondo. He had extraordinary powers of execution, of perspective and foreshortening, of dramatic composition, and lively expression.

In the next century, of the decadence, Cremona had a still more numerous group of artists, whose names today have mostly sunk into oblivion. Of them all, one only is worthy of mention in company with the *cinquecentists*,— the one in whom the dying fire flared up as usual, before extinguishment,— Cavaliere Trotti, surnamed Il Malosso. A very good specimen of his abilities I had already seen in the Duomo of Lodi.— Before the end of the *cinquecento* Cremona also possessed that rare asset, a family of female painters,— the d'Anguisciola, whose six brilliant daughters all showed talent; but Sophonisba, a pupil of Bern. Gatti, far surpassed the others, producing canvases worthy almost of the first rank, and which are still greatly valued. Very few of them, if any, remain in her native town.

There was another branch of art, music, in regard to which Cremona shared with Brescia a uniquely eminent position. For if the first violins were made at Brescia, it was Cremona which chiefly continued their manufacture, and developed them into an excellence which has never since been equalled. This was done by the genius — the infinite, painstaking care, and consequent discoveries — of three renowned makers. Niccolo Amati, the first of these, returned from an apprenticeship at Brescia to set up, about 1620, the original factory of Cremona; working in which, during a long life, with the assistance of his sons, he began the instrument's improvement through profound studies upon the proper kinds, seasoning and graining of wood. From his appren-

tices emerged the maker who became the greatest the world has ever seen,— Antonio Stradivari. Born in 1644, this master laboured steadily in his little Cremonese shop until the advanced age of 93 or 94, investigating, experimenting, developing, turning out altogether over two thousand violins, besides hundreds of violas, every one of which had passed through his own expert hands. He is said to have dearly loved the clink of gold, and to have sold his violins at an average price of £4,— equivalent in buying power to £40 today; but a good specimen of his work is now worth £4000, for there are not more than 250 of them left in existence.

From that same shop was produced the third great master-workman, Giuseppe Ant. Guarnieri, who, setting up a factory of his own after learning all that Stradivari could or would teach him, carried on the business at Cremona until 1745. His productions have not the extraordinary value of his teacher's, being both more numerous and without the same magical quality of tone; but they occupy the same elevated class, far above all others. After his day, for some unknown reason, the secret of the manufacture died away, and the industry ceased.

In the world of letters Cremona produced, among other eminent writers, Marco Girolamo Vida, "the first poet of the second Augustan age of Roman literature, and sometimes not undeservably styled by his admirers, the Christian Virgil." [13] Born here toward the close of the *quattrocento*, of poor but noble parents, he managed through their efforts, with difficulty, to obtain an education from the Universities of Padua and Bologna; he entered at 20 the Augustine monastery at Mantua, became a canon in the congregation of St. John Lateran at Rome, and poured forth his poetic effusions under the generous patronage of Popes Leo X and

[13] Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy."

Clement VII. At the latter's court he enjoyed a distinguished position; whence he was promoted to the Bishopric of Alba, and finally returned to his native town as prior of the monastery attached to the church of S. Margherita. There he had the satisfaction of inducing Giulio Campi to decorate his church with some of the last works of the great painter's life. Vida's poems are justly renowned, not only for their high finish, but for their depth and tenderness of sentiment.

The city of Cremona lies still within its mediæval brick walls, strangely but closely resembling a hen's egg in shape, with the smaller end turned to the northwest. Both ends have been left mostly bare of buildings, by the shrinkage of the population. Though located on the Po, half a dozen miles below the confluence of the Adda, owing to a change of its course in the progress of the centuries the river no longer washes the city's walls, but flows by at a short distance to the southwest. A broad straight highway called the Via al Po now leads from its bank to the Porta del Po, in the middle of the southwestern ramparts,— the only gate upon that side. Upon the northern side two gateways open: the Porta Milano, near the western end, without which lies the railway station, and the Porta Venezia, near the eastern end, without which lies the church of S. Sigismondo. The central square, the Piazza del Comune, with its surrounding public buildings, is located appropriately at the egg's centre of weight,— the middle of the larger half — extending in a long parallelogram from northwest to southeast; as do all the principal arteries of the town. Three blocks to the northwest is found the huge Piazza Roma, a delightfully wooded and flowered park covering many acres, shaped also like an elongated rectangle, extending in the same directions.

Between the main piazzas and the southwestern wall lies that portion of the city which was the Roman military settlement, or camp, distinguished by the rectangular uniformity of its streets; while the portion on the northeast is as clearly mediæval,— vermicular in its tortuous ways. The main street of the former quarter is Corso Vitt. Emanuele, running from the central piazza straight southwest to the Porta del Po; the main street of the latter, called Via Mazzini and Corso Umberto, runs twistingly from the eastern corner of Piazza Roma, northeastward to the Porta Venezia. The principal thoroughfare of the city, dividing these halves, is likewise crooked, extending from Porta Milano southeast to the Piazza Pescherie, which is a block southwest of Piazza Comune; and passing Piazza Roma *en route,* also a block to the southwest.

It was from this avenue that I obtained my first glimpse of Cremona, on that sunny July noon when I arrived from Castelleone, and came jolting over the cobbles to the deafening rattle of a hotel 'bus. From Porta Milano we followed the main Corso Garibaldi southeast, to the square piazza of that name, dignified by the classic edifice of S. Agata which so horrified the gothic Mr. Street; thence by a northeasterly bend of several blocks, to the fairly broad and imposing Corso Campi (how pleasant it was to see that name, preferred for once over the heroes of the *Risorgimento!*). This led straight southeasterly again, to the Piazza Pescherie; but we turned from it to the left, halfway down, so that after a block I found myself passing along the southeastern end of the smiling Piazza Roma, with its luxuriant trees and pretty flowerbeds; coming finally to a stop at its easterly corner, where commences the Via Mazzini.

Here was my hotel, the ancient but lately remodelled

Albergo Roma, located at the northern angle of street and piazza, with a long stretch of sunny chambers delightfully overlooking the greenery of the park,— one of which I was able to secure. It was a typical native hostelry of the best class, frequented by Italian travellers and the officers of the garrison, with delicious Italian cooking and wines, and very reasonable prices; mine host and hostess were an energetic, agreeable couple, attentive to every want, and made my protracted stay very pleasant. The propinquity of the park proved a decided attraction; through its shady, gravelled paths, and beside its flowerbeds and ponds, I found myself loitering away many a wearied hour; regularly, too, at eventide, and upon the afternoons of *festas,* in company with *tout le monde* I listened to the music of the garrison's band, which was large and excellently drilled. It played good classical pieces, from the central, covered stand, while the well-dressed world occupied the scores of adjacent benches, and strolled along the pleasant paths. Amongst the verdure there was a huge stucco *jardinière,* painted to resemble bronze, upon which was discernible an inscription that revealed the cause for the existence of so large a pleasure-ground in the midst of a crowded, walled city: "Dove furono — convento e tempio — della — Inquisizione Domenicana — volle amenita — di piante e fiori — il Municipale Consiglio — 1878."

These were, then, the grounds of the Dominican monastery, which, made hateful to the people by a long period of ecclesiastical oppression and avarice, and by the terrible processes of the Inquisition to which it had lent its aid, was eagerly demolished soon after the *Risorgimento.*— Near the band-stand of Swiss-chalet style, in the western part of the southern half of the park, stood a handsome modern fountain of mar-

ble, representing three nymphs and a cherub clinging to a rock in the centre of the pool, from whose summit gushed a tumbling stream. In the corresponding eastern part was a monument to Cremona's famous composer, Amilcare Ponchielli; which formerly stood before the local theatre named after him, and at which his operas are often performed. He is best remembered as the author of "La Gioconda."

Toward five o'clock, that first afternoon, I started forth down the narrow street leading southeastward, and traversing the three intervening blocks, stood at last upon the ideal Piazza of the Middle Ages. Words fail me when I recall the sensations raised by that first sight of its imposing grandeur, its striking picturesqueness, its wondrous union of power, and age, and magnificent beauty. Nothing had prepared me for buildings so immense, so perfectly preserved in all their harmonies of line and wealth of decoration. It was their grouping together, doubtless, in this tremendous rectangle, unspoiled by a single edifice of later date than the 13th century, that caused each towering mass to lend its dignity and ornamentation to the others, and the whole mighty construction to produce an effect thus overpowering. Circling from the glowing red public palaces on the right, round by the tall Baptistery and the vast façade of the Duomo, step by step they mounted higher, to the marvellous bulk of the Torrazzo, piercing the blue sky 400 feet above the ground. Ah, what fabrics were these, constructed practically of clay alone! The Cathedral only was faced with marble, in iridescent stripes of alternate red and white, that reflected the same hues from the other structures. What perfect accordance marked the whole of them,— what a grand harmony of Lombard gothic and romanesque, unaltered, undisturbed, transporting the observer at a single bound

to that far-off wonderful *Duecento* of struggling municipal republics, which seethed and battled, and erected with their puny strength titanic structures such as these.[14]

Upon the left rose the great tower and the Cathedral, successively, connected and faced by a graceful arcaded loggia, that was the single Renaissance feature of the Piazza; but it was early Renaissance, of simple round arches upon corinthian marble columns, adorned only by alternate statues of saints and *putti* upon its crowning balustrade; and it was thus not markedly inharmonious with the rest. Upon the right stood the Palazzo Municipale and the Palazzo Giuriconsulti, raised upon massive gothic arches and crested with battlements. At the Piazza's end, upon the left side, rose the octagonal drum of the Baptistery, with its stern massiveness lightened by its beautiful colonnaded gallery beneath the eaves. On its right stretched an extension of the Piazza, to a modern, striped structure at the far end, which had most wisely been erected in the Lombard style of the palaces, with gothic arches and romanesque frieze; betraying its modernity only in the comparative freshness of its materials. The hither end where I stood, disconnected from the Piazza proper by an intervening street, consisted of four-storied stucco houses, several centuries of age, whose ground floors were filled with shops and cafés; but the observer's back is

[14] This piazza was for many centuries the scene of curious mediæval festivals, especially the famous "Caccia del Toro" held on Aug. 15, the feast of the Assumption; the eve of the festa was marked by a long combat between the companies of the so-called "Biricchini" and "Portabrente," recalling Cremona's victory over Henry IV; and the day itself, by a genuine bull-fight, conducted on rather free-for-all lines, celebrating the great victory of the Cremonese over the Parmesans in 1248 (the bull being the chief factor of Parma's coat of arms). The former festival ceased in 772; the latter in 1575.

invariably turned upon these buildings, which seem truly disassociated, and do not break the historic charm.

It is, of course, the vast, imposing majesty of the Duomo and its tower that spreads such a glamour upon this scene. The other edifices, by comparison, are merely complementary. The tower rises detached upon the left of the façade, exactly at the corner of the aforesaid street, its gigantic red brick body soaring aloft with practically no opening for half of its stupendous height. It was a happy after-thought of the early Renaissance, that of linking it to the Duomo by a marble loggia; for this loggia, which the Cremonese for centuries have called their "Bertazzola," before the tower alone is two-storied,— the second stage consisting of arches half the size of those below, upon simple, slim pillars; so that it forms a most apt and gratifying base to the mighty square shaft, appropriately contrasted by the glowing marble against its crimson brick, the graceful arcades against its grim ponderosity.

A third of the way up it, is spread an enormous clock-face, occupying the fourth of these stages into which the shaft is divided by recurring arcaded cornices of terracotta. The sixth stage is marked by the first window,— one on each side,— a double-arcaded gothic opening twice recessed; two of them grace the next division; and in the eighth is a window of four arches, handsomely proportioned, topped by a little marble colonnade which serves as a sort of frieze to this, the main body of the structure. Tall battlements surmount the frieze, within which soars the loveliest portion of the tower,— the two-storied octagonal lantern, richly decorated. To see this — so high is it — I was obliged to retreat for the distance of a block. The first story, the belfry proper, is single-arched upon each side, and crowned by three successive arcaded cornices of white stone, upon

the frieze, parapet, and retreating upper base; the second story is double-arched, upon glistening coupled columns,— of marble, like all the others,— one shaft being placed behind the other; and it is topped by two arcaded white cornices, from the second of which soars the octagonal brick spire. The magnificence of the whole effect is created by this excessive ornamentation of the lantern, and the colour effect of the lustrous white colonnades, arcaded cornices and parapets, gleaming in the sunlight against the red-brick body. Just indeed was the pride of the mediæval Cremonese over this marvellous creation in brick, which marked the position of their city over a hundred miles of plain. Well indeed could they chant:

"Unus Petrus est in Roma,
Una Turris in Cremona."

Beyond the tower's base the Bertazzola continues across the façade of the Duomo, a single storey in height, broken midway by the huge projecting marble porch over the central doorway,— which is a splendid structure, of peerless gothic beauty. Its lofty pile, twice the height of the arcade, rests upon two slender columns rising from colossal archaic lions. These are of red Verona marble, crouching upon white bases; their paws hold to earth a dragon and a dog, and other dragons of weird form clamber over their backs. They are said to have been executed about 1560 by Sebastiano da Nani, the author also of the statues surmounting the loggia. The porch, however, was constructed by Giacomo Porata of Cremona about 1274, when the erection of the whole façade was begun, and the tower was just under way. The inner supports of the archway consist of double consoles on each side, overhead, carved in Lombard fashion with uncouth squatting figures and ugly sphinxes; between which recedes

the vast doorway proper, round-arched but thoroughly gothic, enclosed in ten or twelve successive mouldings,— of most impressive effect. By the jambs rise a couple of ornamental columns, very slender and detached, supported by two more little squatting figures, barely human; and upon the jambs themselves, facing each other, are carved in high relief four crude figures of nearly lifesize, one standing above another, — the four patron saints of Cremona, Pietro, Marcellino, Imerio and Omobuono.

The great archway of the porch is symmetrically crowned by a second storey, half as high again, consisting of a charming loggia of three pointed arches, upheld by marble columns resting upon four smaller lions. In the middle arch stands a lifesize statue of the Madonna holding her Child, and gazing at Him with a fine expression of maternal joy; this rests upon a pedestal carved with a quaint early relief of a bishop clutching his pastoral staff, and blessing with a hand large enough for a giant. In the side arches stand two more saintly figures, also lifesize, and, like the Madonna, of later workmanship. Beneath them all, as a sort of frieze to the mighty arch, extends a delightfully quaint procession of little figures, in high relief, engaged in sowing, digging, pruning, riding to the chase, and other such daily occupations; all wonderfully well done for a work of the 12th or 13th century.

Immediately over the porch's inclined roof opens the enormous and beautiful rose-window, of rose-tinted marble, which was also designed by Giacomo Porata; it is very deeply recessed, and filled with exquisite regular tracery, like the countless petals of a marguerite. Just below it the red and white façade is crossed by two Lombard arcaded galleries, with glistening marble shafts, necessarily interrupted in the centre by the top storey of the porch. Two plain circular

windows, much smaller, also flank the porch, below the galleries; and two pairs of double-arched openings, quite small, flank the rose-window. Above all this rises the pyramidal summit of the façade, which was completed in the Renaissance epoch and style: its side slopes consist of two huge baroque scrolls, holding in their convolutions large medallions with busts; their upper ends are connected by an arcade of niches, holding saintly statues of heroic size; over which rises a classic pediment, with the city's shield of arms, topped by a curious baroque lantern or belfry. This pinnacle, however, aided by the corner towers soaring from the shoulders of the façade — round in form, and ending in colonnaded open belfries tipped by conical spires — manages to counteract the inharmony of the renaissance peak; so that it really detracts very little from the Lombard-gothic effect of the whole. The mind of the observer is impressed by the façade's massive loftiness, crested by the spires; and his eye is fixed by its magnificent Lombard features,— the arcaded galleries, the great window, and the splendid porch.

The Cathedral, begun in 1107, was enclosed and consecrated in 1190; its front, as I have said, was not commenced till 1274; and it was 70 years later, in 1342, when the edifice was augmented by the addition of the enormous transepts, so huge that Street compared them to another great church laid across the first one. The looming sides of these are visible from the piazza, also the upper walls of the nave, — all distinguished by their handsome decorations of Lombard marble colonnades. The transepts have separate façades and porches, of striking size and impressiveness, looking upon the streets and areas at the sides.

Traversing the arcaded loggia, I observed in the wall not far to left of the portal a curious old Lombard relief, of Adam eating the apple, and the Expulsion from Paradise.

Here also were various ancient sepulchres and fragments of architecture, including an attenuated archaic lion, and two antique statues. One later sepulchre, set high on the wall, bore the date 1357, and was carved with quaint reliefs of the Madonna and saints. On its left I noticed the doorway to the tower, located between it and the Duomo, enclosed in a handsome renaissance frame, topped by a statuette, and closed by a finely wrought iron gate. Turning back to the corner and walking down the adjacent street, I soon reached the façade of the northern transept, which towered over the way like a grim fortress. It was entirely of unpainted brick, except for a few marble and terracotta details: divided into three compartments by rectangular, Lombard pilaster-buttresses, it had three perfectly plain, unfinished windows in the first story, of 3 and 4 arches each, upon marble shafts, and three splendid rose-windows near the top, of cotta tracery and brick mouldings, and encircled by cotta geometrical reliefs.

The elevated portal, approached by steps, was covered by a simple but dignified marble porch, supported by slender square pillars resting upon the customary crouching lions; to this there was no second storey; its tall pointed arch bore an architrave of delicate relieved designs, with saintly statuettes occupying the spandrels; and within was the usual recessed doorway, round-arched, with gothic mouldings. Upon its lintel was cut in relief a series of exceedingly archaic figures, in the peculiar Lombard squatting position, supposed to represent the Saviour and the 12 Apostles; and seldom anywhere have I seen sculpture so typically quaint. The gable of the front was distinctly Lombard, with an oblique arcaded frieze resting upon dwarfed brick columns with very crude capitals, recessed in gallery-form; and from the peak and shoulders rose three polygonal towers, ending in col-

onnaded marble belfries and conical spires. This was a façade, as Mr. Street justly observed, which was "certainly most remarkable and magnificent in detail, though most unreal and preposterous as a whole.—They are — both of them, vast sham fronts, like the west front in that they conceal the structure of the church behind them; and are pierced with numbers of windows which from the very first must have been built but to be blocked up.— And yet, there is a breadth and grandeur of scale about them, which goes far to redeem their faults, and a beauty about much of the detail which I cannot but admire extremely."

The choir and apse of the Duomo, which were erected last of all, about 1480, are concealed by the closely surrounding houses. From the same Via Boccaccino, however, a fine view was afforded me of the upper walls of nave and transept, glorified by their lustrous colonnaded galleries, of marble shafts and brick arches, crowned by an arcaded terracotta frieze.—The street itself was occupied in the mornings, as I later found, by a sort of market, with numerous stalls of fruit, vegetables, and every kind of household article, piled against the walls of the church and tower; a custom and a scene absolutely unchanged from the far-off days of the Visconti.

On returning to the Piazza, I noticed its characteristic mediæval pavement, of small cobbles intersected by narrow paths of marble, which formed huge geometrical patterns; but my attention was next claimed by the pleasing Baptistery at the end, whose typical Lombard design contributed so much to the general effect. This edifice, erected in 1167, was a pure octagonal drum of red brick, with curving, slim, triangular buttresses at the angles, having its two principal faces covered with marble slabs; these were the northwestern, looking down the Piazza, fronted to nearly half-height by

a characteristic Lombard porch, and the face adjacent upon its left. The crowning arcaded gallery, running entirely around, was round-arched upon marble pillars, half a dozen to a side; above which opened a couple of little circular apertures per side, in lieu of a frieze, topped by a very plain cornice. The low-pitched octagonal roof culminated in an airy columned lantern, of renaissance lightness, tipped by a winged angel bearing aloft the Cross. The windows were truly romanesque,— tiny openings of single or double arches, not more than one per side, in each of the three tiers. The marble porch consisted of an undecorated round archway, upheld by a couple of light-red columns resting upon mediæval lions of the same colour, that crouched on heavy grey bases; while the recessed doorway within was ornamented by romanesque spiral shafts.

On looking now more attentively at the two public palaces on the right, which had seemed so much alike in their reddish colour, imposing gothic arches, and battlements, I observed marked differences in their construction. Both were built in the 13th century,— the one in 1245 and the other in 1292,— and both are apparently of two storeys only, though very high storeys; but the first, the Palazzo Pubblico, or Municipio, is raised upon a fine arcaded loggia, of brick arches with marble pillars, and terracotta architraves and string-courses; while the second, the Palazzo Giuriconsulti (or law-courts) has no loggia, but consists below of two huge, recessed, brick arches, containing two storeys of rounded doorways and pointed windows, with handsome cotta ornamentation. As for their upper floors: in the former palace, upon a shining marble parapet, rise six round-arched windows, beautifully framed in terracotta, surmounted by an arcaded brick frieze; while in the latter, are three ex-

THE CATHEDRAL TOWER, CREMONA

quisitely formed gothic windows, recessed in cotta mouldings, each containing three pointed arches with marble shafts.

The Municipio is really very much larger than the other building, being many times as deep, extending back for a hundred yards and covering a full square block. Before the central pillar of its loggia I noticed a curious sort of pulpit, renaissance in form, and much worn away, approached by a little stairway at the side; it was that which had been used for centuries for the reading of notices, decrees, and addresses to the assembled citizens. Against the back wall of the loggia stood a fine bronze bust of Umberto I, overtopped by an outspread eagle. The courtyard was simple but graceful, with its surrounding arcade of gothic brick arches, outlined by cotta mouldings; and far above on the right soared its slender square brick tower, to a lofty height. The latter was better seen, I found, from the street upon the right side; where huge Roman stones were visible in its base, and scattered in the long wall were all sorts of windows, of every size and shape and age,— the results of the countless changes of the centuries. They reminded me that in this very edifice had been conducted the government of Cremona in those far-off misty times of the Visconti, the Cavalcabò, and Fondulo; here Busso da Doara had launched his edicts upon the people, and Charles of Anjou had sat in state to receive their homage. It seemed incredible.

The wall ended in another square tower, not lofty, beyond which rose the later extension of the palace, also of red brick, with simple rounded windows; this faced southward, I found, upon another wide square, the Piazza Cavour, surrounded by old stucco buildings of variegated hues, in prevailing tints of yellow, drab, and brown. Along its south and west sides ran low arcades, upon ancient columns of

many kinds, and in the middle of the north side stood the city's marble statue of Vittorio Emanuele II, on a pink granite pedestal.— From here the Piazza Pescherie was a single block to the southeast, at the other rear corner of the Municipio.— From *this* corner, however, by all means the most striking sight was that of the mighty Torrazzo, visible straight up the narrow way I had just descended, with its wonderful red and white peak glowing radiantly in the sinking sun. Now I could understand the affection of the Cremonese for their unequalled tower; it is ever present with them, looking thus beautifully down upon every street and piazza, investing the whole city — as has well been said — with a character, an added dignity, that it would not otherwise possess.

Returning to the Piazza, I succeeded in effecting entrance to the Torrazzo, and, laboriously mounting its hundreds of winding steps, reached the lantern just as the sun touched the far, level horizon. Ah! what a panorama of the historic plain was that now presented, wrapped in the golden glory of the sunset! Through its shimmering mantle emerged the gleaming white walls of the compact city below, topped by its numerous *campanili* of every form and age,— so many landmarks of the clustering memories of the great past, which endowed the scene with a thrilling picturesqueness and a moving significance: those "slender towers, rising like minarets, in every direction, in front and behind, and giving a marked resemblance to the mosques of the Mohammedans." [15] Beyond the near ramparts, over the limitless green level whose verdure now glistened with a velvet sheen, soared other spires, uncountable,— that vast company of Lombard "fingers pointing to heaven," which have bestowed upon the plain its distinctive character; each one

[15] Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art."

so mediæval, so beloved by the people gathered about its foot, so reminiscent of their troubled centuries, that *l'amore del campanile* is the old Lombard phrase for love of home; each one the marking centre of a town or village, that sparkled refulgent in the emerald sea, making innumerable scintillant dots as far as the eye could reach.

> "And oh, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains,
> Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers!"[16]

Limitless,— I said; so it was from east to west; but far to north and south the mighty bulwarks of nature lifted their giant forms,— the glorious snow-clad Alps, glittering in formidable peaks behind the foot-hills where sat historic Brescia round her citadel,— and the craggy, countless summits of the Apennines, still nearer, glowering behind the unseen roofs of Parma and Piacenza. But for the golden iridescence the latter town would be clearly visible, 20 miles to the southwest; from it the sparkling Po came rolling its grand and sinuous course, dividing the sea of greenery like a serpent of silver scales. Far to the southeast, across 30 miles of verdurous fields, divided into rectangles by the endless lines of poplars marking the roads, and so covered with trees as to seem at this distance like a veritable forest,— surely that was Parma, that clump of towers at the foot of the frowning Apennines.

Southward directly rose another group,— for the air was clear tonight,— which must mean Borgo San Donnino. Northwestward at no greater distance, but hidden by the sun-glaze, lay Lodi and Crema, with their treasures of art and memory. Northward gazing, I recalled that eventide of many months ago, when I had stood there beneath the swelling, snowy Alps on the ancient citadel of Brescia, and

[16] Wordsworth's "The Excursion."

looked vainly southward for a sight of this same tower of Cremona,— the loftiest erection of mankind in Italy. Inward gazing, I recalled that famous scene of the Renaissance which on this very summit that I trod had taken place: that sight-seeing group of the year 1414,— the Emperor Sigismund and the Pope John XXIII, escorted by their host, the blood-stained tyrant Fondulo,— who had climbed up here to stand entranced by this same panorama now spread around me unchanged. Then it was, that into the tyrant's mind there entered that terrible temptation which he confessed upon the scaffold, and which, though resisted, has shed such a white light on the mentality of the Renaissance: when asked before the headsman's block to confess his awful sins, Fondulo replied,—"I repent of nothing but this, that when I had the Emperor and the Pope together at the top of my great tower, I did not hurl them both over the parapet,— and so gain immortal fame!"

CHAPTER XI

CREMONA THE CAPTIVATING

"Blessed be the land that warms my heart,
And the kindly clime that cheers,
And the cordial faces free from art,
And the tongue sweet in mine ears;
Take my heart, its truest, tenderest part,—
Dear land, take my tears."

Christine G. Rossetti.

"EACH one sees what he carries in his heart," wrote Goethe. To put it in another way: a traveller is one building a fair house in the mind; but he must have a stout framework of knowledge, before he can lay on the shingles of observation. Above all this is true in Italy. It recurred to me with a new force as I wandered about the Piazza and historic buildings of Cremona, longing for a more intimate acquaintance with their eventful past, wishing that every stone might speak to tell me of its memories. The same wish was strong upon me when, the morning after my arrival, I stood for the first time within that wondrous fane, in whose heart have been gathered for eight hundred years all the aspirations, pretensions, sorrows, and surging passions for good or evil, of this vibratory and agitated people.

Yet the first sight of that interior, after the impressive grandeur of the façade, was undeniably disappointing: for the rounded arches flanking the nave were so low as to shut off the view of the church's true dimensions, conceal the spacious transepts, and obscure much of the aisles; and so massive were the supporting columns, yet so perfect all the

main proportions, that for some time I could not realise the vastness of the structure. Slowly came the comprehension that the gothic vaulted roof, with its noble groining, was at a giddy height above this tessellated marble pavement; that it was a wide stretch from one side wall to the other, and that the imposing apse, with its glory of painting, was at a long distance from where I stood by the entrance.

The sensation of its great age was quite wanting, it is true; but now there came in place of it the sense of those innumerable beauties with which the ancient bricks had been covered,— countless, varied, glowing colours, floating down to me from graceful figures and striking tableaux, radiating from every pillar and wall-space, from the vaulting and the apse. Beneath this flood of gentle hues, I could discern that all vestiges of the original brickwork had been hidden by stucco, in the renovation of 1490. Either then, or subsequently, the pillars had been moulded into their present ugly forms, half gothic, half renaissance,— clustered columns and fluted pilasters, pressed together; but round their bulky dark-grey shapes were draped an unbroken series of fine old tapestries, of softest tints,— a delightful veiling of their defects; which was no temporary measure, for travellers wrote of seeing them thus nearly a century ago. Their connecting low arches, destitute of architrave or immediate cornice, were painted in greyish designs, and crowned by the grandest frieze that man could give them,— the great series of frescoes by the early *cinquecentists,* running entirely around the nave. Their infinite colours, made quiet by time, filtered through the dusk with a united harmony impossible to describe. This frieze was very broad, allowing two large square tableaux to each bay; the bays being divided by pilaster-strips, mounting from the caps of the pillars to the general cornice above.

Over this gilded cornice extended the lofty triforium-gallery of the Lombard style, consisting of a series of low, rounded, heavy arches, two in each bay, divided by short stone columns. From just above them sprang the ribs of the roof, which was also painted, in a general brown tone, offset by gaudy dark-blue panels and gilt rosettes in the cells of the majestic groining. The gothic vaulting of the aisles, but a third as high as that of the nave, bore the faded frescoes of the *trecento*. The only windows, besides those of the façade and apse, opened above the triforium arches, — one to each bay, large and pointed. The lower arches continued unbrokenly into the choir, which was raised two or three steps, and separated from the nave by a small brass railing; above this, on each side, appeared a carved and gilded music-loft, fastened across the upper part of one of the arches,— that upon the left being surmounted by the organ, which reached to the roof. Not a sign nor a hint was given of the existence of any transept; they had not been included in the original romanesque plan.

Behind the high-altar, between the two apse windows, glowed a magnificent canvas in an oblong gilt frame, of remarkable size,— the celebrated Assumption of Bernardino Gatti; and the effect of its warm, bright colours, shining down the nave, was heightened by the six large pictures at its sides — two beneath the adjacent windows, and four stretched before the final side arches — filled with heroic figures and radiant tints. Under the whole seven extended in a dark and glistening curve the hemicycle of the choir-stalls, with their richly carved arms and head-pieces; above them, in the huge half-dome, shone a fresco of astonishing magnitude, representing the throned Christ in glory, in a burst of dazzling sun rays and thunderbolts, surrounded by the four standing figures of Cremona's patron saints,— all of them forms of colossal

height, vividly coloured in soft blues and gold. It was Boccaccio's most famous fresco, done in 1506. The Christ was of startling power and majesty, increased by the splendid perspective of the Heaven of rolling white clouds behind, which glistened roundabout Him with a wonderful, transparent effulgence from the hidden throne of the Almighty.

The choir, having been erected in Renaissance days, was consequently round-arched in its vaulting, which left a triangular lunette between the beginning of that vaulting and the higher, pointed roof of the nave; and here, surmounting the triumphal arch, glowed a charming fresco of the Annunciation, full of grace and sweetness, in the more quiet, devotional manner of Boccaccino. On turning to the entrance-wall, I saw three more enormous paintings of the first order: above the doorway was a Crucifixion, one of the largest in the world, and lower down on the left and right, were the Deposition and the Resurrection; the first two by Pordenone, the last by Bern. Gatti. I was, then, facing the masterpieces in fresco of both those renowned masters. Yet Pordenone's,— in spite of their fame, and their transcendent abilities shown in the modelling of the human figure, of their forcefulness, and significance of dramatic action and expression,— did not impress me with any great favour; they were overcrowded with giant forms, too vehement in gesture and movement, too ill ordered in composition and frenzied in feeling. They were imposing by the very force of their surging passions, it is true, and are unquestionably supreme accomplishments in the bold and vigorous handling of the nude, and in all the arts of realistic execution. Their foreshortening is celebrated; in the Deposition, or Pietà, the nude figure of the Christ lies stretched upon the ground directly *away from* the observer,— a position of extraordinary daring, yet which the master's

genius has safely carried through. Gatti's Resurrection, however, is a very grand work, superior in most of the points that constitute the best painting: it is dignified, balanced, noble in composition and bearing, graceful in its forms and gestures, accurate in its drawing, and pleasing in its quiet expressiveness and sentiment. No other evidence is needed, to confirm his place as a master of the first rank.

Next I began the examination of the great frieze,— which Lanzi had in mind when he ranked this edifice with the Sistine Chapel in historic and artistic value; and I observed at once how strongly spaced and composed were the first tableaux on the left side, how grandly posed and draped were the figures, with what an exceeding grace of form and grouping, what a delightful harmony of hues, however faded; and it was no wonder, for these were the works of Boccaccino. How beautifully contrasted were they, in their noble simplicity, from the opposite panels of Pordenone on the right side, where crowds and passions surged, and frenzy of action raged. They represented successively: the angel speaking to Joachim as he wandered in the fields; the meeting of Joachim and Anna,— with truly majestic figures, finely backgrounded; the birth of the Virgin, realistic in its homely details; her marriage, amidst an impressive gathering, full of feeling; the Annunciation; the visitation of her mother; her adoration of the Child, finely designed and teeming with tenderest sentiment; and the coming of the Magi,— unfortunately too faded to be decipherable.

Next came the two contributions by Gian Fran. Bembo, in his somewhat more advanced style,— the Magi, again, and the Presentation in the Temple; then two by Altobello Melone, still more advanced, more crowded, and more excited,— the Flight into Egypt, and the Massacre of the Innocents; and lastly, in striking contrast to Melone's

frenzy, Boccaccino's double-size panel, the Christ teaching in the Temple,— replete with dignity, even grandeur, of form and disposition. Here in the choir I had a near view of Gatti's tremendous Assumption,— the last work of Il Soiaro, executed by him when over 80 years of age, and in fact interrupted by the paralytic stroke which ultimately caused his death. After that affliction he courageously learned to use his left hand, and painted in several more figures before he died; it is therefore still unfinished, but that hardly detracts from its splendour of composition, form and colour, animated by a height of sentiment seldom reached by any artist. On its left was Antonio Campi's Healing of the Centurion's Son, of excellent expression in the principal figures, with the painter himself introduced on the left, looking like a fat, boyish buffoon; on its right was Bern. Campi's Entry into Jerusalem, with a throng of spectators in *cinquecento* costume,— clearly portraits of prominent Cremonese; both of these frescoes were in very light tone and colouring. In contrast were the vividly hued modern canvases, two on each side, before the last archways,— by Diotti.

Overhead on the right the great frieze here recommenced with Melone's excellent tableau of the Last Supper, of double width, finely composed, with a godlike, radiant figure of the Christ; his four following scenes — of Christ washing the Disciples' feet, praying on the Mount of Olives, being taken by the Soldiery, and appearing before Caiaphas — were not nearly so good, either in general disposition or in individual figures and expression. There succeeded the two frescoes whose authorship has been so much disputed,— the Christ before Pilate, and the Flagellation; Lanzi said that Cristoforo Moretti unquestionably painted them, in which he has been supported by many authorities; Crowe

and Cavalcasalle, on the other hand, and likewise Mr. Berenson, have ascribed them to Romanino, who is said to have placed four pictures in this Duomo between 1519 and 1520. On closely studying these tableaux I noticed — what must be patent to any observer — the marked difference in style of the first one, the Christ before Pilate, from the other, and from the following two scenes, as to which Romanino's title is not questioned; it is more dignified in spacing and pose, more natural yet graceful in composition and form, more excellent in perspective and charming in colour,— in a word, generally superior to the other three, which are alike in their disordered crowds of unreal people, improperly garbed in the fanciful costumes and plumed hats of the *cinquecento*. As the Christ before Pilate is evidently by another hand, and as it is certain that Moretti painted upon this frieze, I believe the picture to have been his work; and it demonstrates that he had genius of a high order. Of the three Romaninos, the last two represented Christ crowned with thorns, and His mockery by the soldiers.

Pordenone's smaller frescoes were next reached,— smaller compared with his colossal scenes on the entrance-wall, but double the size of the ordinary panels of the frieze, and filling the last three bays of the right wall, toward the front. They depict Christ before Pilate, Christ and St. Veronica, and the Nailing to the Cross; and are of quite the same extreme characteristics as his larger works, being wonderful for their dramatic action and expression, which, though not pleasing, bring forcibly home to the observer the full horror of the great Tragedy, as he perhaps has never felt it before.

To the last pillars of the nave before the choir are affixed two pulpits, each raised upon six marble columns, and adorned with four marble reliefs transferred from an old altar,— the work of Amadeo. That master was here for awhile,

about 1490, engaged upon a shrine for the Egyptian martyrs, Mario, Marta, Abacone and Andifaccio; which was duly finished, and long admired by the world in the local church of S. Lorenzo. When that edifice was demolished, the shrine was also, leaving only the eight reliefs surviving; which have been thus preserved for posterity by insertion in the Duomo's pulpits. They represent, firstly, the Roman Emperor Claudius giving orders from his throne for the execution of the four Christians, who stand before him with vainly beseeching hands, guarded by several delightfully Mantegnesque soldiers; and, after that, the various tortures with which their martyrdom was effected. Here are in evidence all the peculiarities of Amadeo's manner,— the elongated and extremely slender limbs, the cadaverous heads with sharply defined bones and neck-tendons, and the cartaceous draperies, that "form a series of delicate lines (or rather ridges) which cross and recross each other like the meshes of a spider's web."[1] Yet they are charming, these marble scenes "in the pictorial style of Ghiberti," full of grace in their composition and figures, and of stirring sentiment in their expressive faces.

Under the near-by altar, well to the front of the choir, I observed with interest the body of S. Omobuono, exposed behind a sheet of glass; it was dressed in most elaborate gold-embroidered robes and slippers, with the skeleton-head quite bare, its jaw horribly fastened by a piece of wire. Accorded this pre-eminent place in the temple by reason of his being the city's chief protector, in the Catholic mind, Omobuono in his lifetime, oddly enough, was neither a bishop nor an ecclèsiastic, but a simple tailor,— of whose guild he is therefore the patron. Having "ordered his affairs so well that he became very prosperous, all his money he spent in

[1] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

doing good to the sick and poor.— Once, while travelling with his family, he gave their whole store of provisions to a company of starving pilgrims, but found afterwards that angels had replenished his wallet with bread and wine. S. Omobuono died in peace, while kneeling in prayer before the crucifix in the church of S. Egidio." [2]

Turning my attention to the aisles, I examined the few remains upon their vaulting of the frescoes with which they were covered, about 1350, by the primitive Polidoro Casella, and which Lord Lindsay considers a revival of the early Roman school, labelling them "very curious,— quite unlike either the Giottesque or the Byzantine manner." "The compositions"— he adds —"are chiefly from the patriarchal history. The colouring and drapery are very peculiar; some of the figures are distinguished by a naïveté and simplicity which occasionally rises towards dignity; but upon the whole they are inferior, and even below par in point of mechanical excellence." [3]— The altars in the aisles are against the walls, in very shallow recesses, and their *anconas* or *palas* are mostly of the late Renaissance, and of little value; the exception being the beautiful canvas by Pordenone over the first altar to right,— a Madonna and saints in his best pietistic style, so astonishingly different from his dramatic methods, as here evidenced; this picture is rich in tone and colouring, and of exquisite grace. It hardly seems possible that it could have been executed by the same hand that wrought those huge and violent frescoes, antipodal in every quality. The second altars hold two seicentist wooden *anconas,* richly carved and painted white; that on the left being by Bertesi da Cremona (1670), and that on right,— a really fine and lifelike representation of St. Eusebius raising a dead person to life —

[2] E. A. Greene's "Saints and their Symbols."
[3] Lindsay's "Christian Art," Vol. I.

by Arighi da Cremona. The third altars are decorated with two canvases by Luca Catapane, of the close of the *cinquecento*,— one of the ablest of the local decadents.

Beyond that on the left I came suddenly into the northern transept, apparently twice the height of the nave itself, because narrower, but similar in pillars, aisles, triforium, and gothic vaulting, with gothic windows and portals in the end wall. To an unprepared visitor it would be astonishing indeed thus to stumble unexpectedly upon another great edifice, quite concealed, and disconnected,— save for the low archway to the nave by the music-loft. Several altars were attached to each of its side walls, with most decorative *palas*. The last upon the eastern side was a very lovely Madonna and saints by Bernardino Ricca, who is said to have been a pupil of Perugino; and this panel, though damaged, certainly exhibited a truly Umbrian tenderness and pietism, with a charmingly soft, golden tone. Adjacent upon the end wall was a marble relief in the style of Amadeo, under glass, — a panel detached from the sarcophagus containing the bodies of Saints Peter and Marcellinus, which reposes in the crypt. It represents a bishop, doubtless one of those two saints, giving food to the starving poor during a famine or pestilence. Its authorship, and that of the other five panels still attached to the sarcophagus, have been much disputed; they have been assigned by the differing authorities to various disciples of Amadeo, including Giov. Batt. Malojo of Cremona, Juan Domenigo of Vercelli, Benedetto Briosco, and Geremia of Cremona; but Mr. Perkins, probably the best authority, states that they must either have been executed by Amadeo himself, or at least by pupils "working under his eye and carrying out his designs.— Classical tastes," he continues —"rejects such pictorial treatment in marble; but as we accept the license with a protest in Ghiberti's case, we

may do so in that of Amadeo; for his also is a master-hand." [4]

On two other altars against the eastern wall here, stand two brilliant canvases by the Campi,— the Pietà by Antonio, containing a strange, ugly-postured Christ, but with its idea well carried out, and Giulio's St. Michael slaying the dragon. Against the back of the organ-loft, in the archway leading to the nave, hangs a superb canvas by Boccaccino, this time easily to be studied, and revealing all that great master's surpassing qualities,— which ought to be far better appreciated by the general public: it depicts the Crucifixion, after the death of Christ, with Sts. Mary, John and Magdalen gathered sorrowfully waiting underneath; the Cross outlined against an extraordinary bare background, of autumnal landscape with naked trees, which in its wide extent of empty space superbly emphasizes the gloom of the Tragedy and sets forth the misery of the lifelike figures. A tremendous work is this, in its daring originality of conception, its fine execution, and depth of feeling; while all the four forms are distinguished by their beauty of modelling, pose, and tender expression. It is unfortunate that neither Venice nor Milan has any work of Boccaccino's on this high plane.

Near it opens the chapel upon the left side of the choir, which is really the continuation of the left aisle, and consequently very deep. It contains a group of pleasing canvases: two excellent specimens of Malosso,— the Ascension and the Pentecost, showing how nearly he approached to the cinquecentist purity of line; two of Antonio Campi,— St. John the Baptist, and the Baptist before Herodias and Salome; and three of Giulio's delightful compositions,— the Birth of the Baptist, his Baptism of Jesus, and Salome with the severed head.— On the opposite, western side of this transept lies

[4] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

the sacristy; into which I was admitted by the verger, and shown, in one of its presses, the great silver crucifix of the Cathedral. This was not a work of the gothic period, but a Renaissance construction, having been executed about 1478 by Ambrogio da Pozzi and Agostino de' Sacchis, of Milan. It stood upon a modern base, by Monfredini,— fully three and a half metres in height, all told; and was ornamented with the customary wealth of minute sculpture over every part of its surface, especially about the upright, including amidst the variegated designs an extraordinary number of little figures of angels, *puttini,* and saints. From the lower part of the upright diverged two additional, curving arms like candelabra, purely for ornament, holding on their tops the figures of St. John and the Madonna, almost as large as the Saviour's, and standing just below Him. It is undeniably a marvel of the goldsmith's art, with few equals in size; and should not be missed by any visitor. In the same room I saw 22 mediæval choir-books, handsomely illustrated.

I paused again in the choir, to examine the beautiful sculptured stalls, which were carved at the same time as the crucifix, by Giov. Maria Platina, with inlaying by Pietro della Tarsia; Perkins insists that the brothers Campi lent their assistance, and it may be so. Then I stepped into the Chapel of the Host,— the prolongation of the right aisle — which was decorated by the Campi with another series of glowing pictures: by Antonio were the Last Supper, and the Magdalen washing Jesus' feet,— the former a bright, clear, striking composition, with a very noble Christ; by Giulio were the Raising of Lazarus, the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes, the Magdalen again, and her Repentance,— the latter a hazy scene with marked chiaroscuro.

The south transept, now entered, proved to be quite similar to the other, except for the use of the round arch instead

of the gothic; which made it much less handsome. Over the low entrance-arch hung a large and curious picture by Ant. Campi, which, though undivided, represented three separate events,— the death of Haman, the supplication of Esther, and the triumph of Mordecai. Near it, against the organ-back, stood an interesting marble *ancona* of the *quattrocento,* which once belonged to a former altar dedicated to S. Nicolò; its three main compartments, divided by ornate pilasters, contained the figures in bas-relief of Sts. Damiano, Nicolò and Omobuono, "simply composed, and draped in broadly disposed folds"; [5] above these, in the pediment, was a strange half-figure of the Saviour rising from the tomb, of remarkable ugliness; the arabesque-decorations, on the contrary, were very tasteful and pretty. Tommaso (or Formato) Amici was one of its sculptors, and Francesco Majo (or F. Mabilo de Mazo) was the other.

Three more specimens of Malosso s work decorated this transept: one over the last altar on the east side, another — a strong picture of the bound Christ — hanging on a pilaster near-by, and the third, an Annunciation in two pieces, hanging upon the end wall. Best of all was the charming Visitation by Gervasio Gatti, the first of his work I had found, standing over the first altar on the west; the figures, though over lifesize, were superbly moulded and lifelike, and expressive of the tenderest emotion. After inspecting it with pleasure, I descended into the crypt, which was spacious and very dark, and filled with the usual rows of columns, some of which were finely twisted in spiral curves. A candle was necessary to examine the various shrines, devoted to all the saints of Cremona, placed around the walls at regular intervals; some of the urns were beautifully adorned, with foliated reliefs and charming *putti.* The sarcophagus of Sts.

[5] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

Peter and Marcellinus stood upon the high-altar; and I had the enjoyment of observing closely the remaining five reliefs of Amadeo, depicting scenes from their lives,— which, of course, were in the same cartaceous but graceful manner as the one upstairs. I incline, however, to the belief that their execution was by the hands of assistants; for they are certainly not up to the high level of Amadeo's work elsewhere.

Another day was begun by a visit to the Baptistery. Its lofty octagonal drum proved to be, within, of most imposing effect; the brick walls, clear of incumbrances, rose majestically to a far height, pierced only by the little, double-arched, romanesque windows, that but slightly relieved the gloom; and they were decorated only by three brick cornices of the arcaded, romanesque model; in the centre of the dome was visible a lantern, so tiny that it gave the impression of a dizzy height. Roundabout the spacious floor extended a series of ornamental brick arches, three per side, on supporting marble columns about fifteen feet high, with crude foliated capitals. Four of them, on the diagonal sides, contained single, round-arched windows; three others contained altars, at the right, left and rear,— the latter surmounted by an old wooden crucifix, surrounded by mourning saints frescoed on the wall. A single picture was present, a canvas of the Campi representing the Baptism of Christ, hanging upon the northeastern wall. In the centre stood the ancient octagonal font, of red Verona marble, upon a larger base of the same form. Thus perfectly simple, and practically unadorned, this ideal romanesque edifice of the dark 12th century, from the pure harmony of its lines and the majesty of its proportions, bestows a sense of power and solemnity such as is very seldom found,— the true religious effect aimed at by the romanesque architects, and which but one other style, the gothic, really attained. In such a structure, too, as no-

where else, does one realise the full dignity and impressiveness to which simple brickwork may rise.

Crossing to the Palazzo Publico, and securing an attendant as guide, I mounted by the main stairway in the southeastern angle of the courtyard to its grand suite of rooms on the *piano nobile,* running across the façade. Arching the entrance to the southern chamber, the *Sala Grande,* stood a magnificent marble portal, sculptured in the elaborately delicate manner of the Milanese artists of the late *quattrocento.* Nothing more beautiful, more satisfying, could be conceived; its proportions are perfect, its decorations tasteful and not too lavish. The recessed archway, about 12 feet high, holds in shallow niches upon its receding supports two charming youthful figures in high relief, of renaissance garb, about half of lifesize; the folds of whose draperies have a sufficiently cartaceous quality to indicate that the author was either Amadeo himself, or one of his pupils. The slender grace and lifelike moulding of these figures; the design of the whole portal and its different parts, so very similar to Amadeo's doorways at the Certosa; the beautiful series of winged cherubs' heads adorning the face of the arch proper, to whose use he was so partial; the medallions with fine Roman heads, held by sphinxes, in the narrow but rich frieze of convoluted foliage,— another of his addictions; the highly finished beauty of the arabesques, candelabra, and columns of Roman arms, ornamenting the pilasters framing the arch, as well as its inner moulding; the balance, restraint, and superb execution of every feature and detail, of which none but a great master could have been capable; — all of these things together point so cumulatively and insistently to Amadeo himself, as the only artist fulfilling all their requirements, that to me at least there remains not the slightest doubt of his authorship of this exquisite treasure.

Within the *Sala Grande,* at its northern end, my eyes met another and larger archway of the Renaissance, of noble proportions and beautiful decoration; but this time it was only a plaster model, taken from a locally celebrated portal in one of Cremona's private palaces, which has been removed to Paris. Around the walls hung a number of pleasing canvases: thé Falling of the Manna, by Casaglio (1590) and the Multiplication of the loaves and fishes, by Miradori of Genoa (both very large works); the Doubting of St. Thomas, by Giulio Campi; the Visitation, by Antonio Campi,— unusually fine; the Madonna with three Dominicans, by Crosaccio,— richly toned; and a large, joint composition of the Campi, the Sacrifice of Abraham, of striking expressiveness and beauty. In an adjoining smaller room hung a good Malòsso, a large Annunciation and a Madonna and saints by Soiaro, and an oddly drawn fresco said to be brought from the Vatican, showing Platina before Pope Sixtus IV. The third front chamber proved to be the city council-hall, with rows of seats semicircularly arranged.

Returning to my starting-point, the guard room, through another beautiful marble doorway opposite the first mentioned, which was of the same period and very prettily adorned with columns and reliefs,— I found there another picture by Gatti, fairly good, representing the Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo. In the chamber of the city-administrator, in the northwestern corner of the building, I was shown the celebrated mantel by Giovanni Gaspare Pedoni (1502)— the native sculptor of independent ideas whom Vasari labelled a "*finissimo lavoratore di marmo.*" In form it is simple, consisting of a narrow lintel supported by two slender, grooved columns with ionic caps, the latter of white and the former of red marble; the cornice is very rich, and under it extends the frieze which gave Pedoni's name to lasting

fame. It is one marvellous mass of the most intricate and delicate arabesques, unequalled in their fertility of fancy and minute execution, yet well balanced and arranged. Throughout the vine-like tracery appear countless forms uniquely combining oddity with grace, including birds, beasts and reptiles of mythological grotesqueness, winged, compounded together, or adorned with human heads; while in the centre, held by mermaids, is a wreathed medallion of exceeding charm, whose dainty relief shows the saint in prison that was fed by his daughter as a babe, with the jailor standing near; — perfect little figures, of remarkable, lifelike modelling. On the left side is another medallion, containing a portrait head of Gian. Giacomo Trivulzio, the French governor of Milan. That on the right side is unfinished, because Pedoni died before its completion.

Over this mantel I noticed an exceptionally fine canvas of Giulio Campi's, showing Giov. Baldessio returning as a victor from a battle with the Milanese troops, which secured the release of the Cremonese from tribute,— with the public buildings of the city in the background. Two excellent paintings by Jacopo Bassano were here, also: Christ seized by the soldiers, and about to be crucified,— both powerfully treated and dramatic, with his usual strong light-effects.

That afternoon I walked around the rear of the Baptistery, and to the sequestered little piazza on its eastern side, adjacent to the southern side of the Duomo; occupying a part of the ground once covered by the Cathedral burying-plot, and hence still called the *Campo Santo*. The old buildings upon the south of the area formerly constituted a portion of the close, and are still connected with the Duomo by an archway at the eastern end, leading to a large structure that projects from beside the transept; under the archway extends a public passage to the beginning of several important, di-

verging streets of the eastern quarter. Over this little piazza looms the vast façade of the southern transept, which is very similar in its design and brick material to the northern front; the principal differences being that the porch is not of marble, and is less ornate, while the three great windows of the second storey are round-arched, with coupled, slim, marble shafts, one behind another, and the middle window contains four beautiful little pointed arches, with much dainty cotta-work. There are the same ponderous, arcaded frieze (or gallery) and the same imposing general effect.— The early mosaics with which the pavement of the *Campo Santo* was once adorned, I could obtain no trace of.

Failing in that search, I struck westward down the street along the southern flank of the Municipio, stopping a moment to observe the huge brick tower at its southwestern corner, lofty, crenellated, and mediæval-looking, yet which has been but recently completed; showing that the Cremonese still take pride in their towers,— as in the old days when the remarkable number of them bestowed the name of " La Cittá Turrita." [6] It overlooks the adjacent Piazza Pescherie, which is used, not only for a fish, but also for a fruit- and vegetable-market; the wooden stalls run down its centre, shaded by rows of maple trees. Southeastward extends the Via Beltrami, lined with old buildings painted in vivid hues of red, green, pink and yellow,— just as in Renaissance days. I continued southwestward, along the Via Tebaldi, which brought me after a quarter of a mile to the huge church of S. Pietro al Po, located within a stone's throw of the southwestern ramparts, toward which it faces across a bare, deserted piazza.

[6] The annalist Bordigallo related that the number in the early *cinquecento* amounted to 64, besides those of the 77 churches and oratories and the 62 which fortified the walls.

This edifice, probably next to the Duomo in size and adornment, was erected about 1550 by Ripari, with a lofty *campanile,* and a stuccoed façade in the later renaissance style, having the usual tall pilasters and heavy cornice. Its interior proved to be finely proportioned; the lengthy nave being separated from the aisles by stucco piers faced with gilded pilasters, and from the apsidal choir by a shallow dome and transept. The extraordinary feature was the endless quantity of frescoes covering the vaulting, arches, walls, dome and apse, with infinite designs, architectural and fanciful, which were interspersed with panels, big and little, containing figures and varied scenes,— an enormous picture-gallery, of kaleidoscopic tints. And still more extraordinary, this was not worthless, decadent painting, but work of the height of the Renaissance, executed by master-hands: for it was done by the Campi and their assistants,— under the chief designing and direction of Antonio, with Vincenzo as the main aid, to whose genius such labour was particularly suited. With his own hand Antonio, however, painted all the tableaux of the aisles and transepts; the former being adorned with four scenic panels upon each bay of the vaulting, four upon the soffit of each archway, and others upon the insides of the piers, from top to bottom; — all these amidst profuse designs, of lustrous colours and extreme decorativeness, doubtless executed largely by Vincenzo.

Along the centre-line of the nave-vaulting extended the largest tableaux, five panels by Malosso representing the cardinal virtues amidst clouds,— the best-modelled of all the figures; the rest of the roof, with its many excellent scenes from the New Testament, along the slopes, was done by the talented Ermenigi da Lodi. The cupola was filled with a huge, unordered *Gloria,* by Lamberti of Florence, done at the same time. Yet another extraordinary feature became

evident: every one of the altars in the edifice — the five in each aisle, within small recesses, and those of the transepts and choir — was adorned with a painting of the first order, many of them very beautiful. Those of the left aisle successively were: a highly finished Madonna and saints by G. Campi, an entrancing Adoration by B. Gatti, a pensive Holy Family by Antonio Campi, an injured but very fine panel of Madonna and saints by Gian. Fran. Bembo (1524), and a dramatic Martyrdom of St. Cecelia by G. Gatti (dated 1601). In the left transept, on the end wall, was a very large and unusual tableau of the Murder of St. Thomas à Becket, by Natali (1657), and over the adjacent altar, a charming canvas of the Baptist preaching, by Ermenigi. In the choir, the high-altar-piece was a splendid work of Antonio's, a Madonna in glory with saints below. On the ceiling of the adjacent sacristy appears his famous fresco of "that beautiful colonnade, above which appears the chariot of Elias in the distance;"[7] the chariot traverses the sky directly above the observer, and its galloping horses are executed with very spirited movement, grace of form, and lifelikeness of moulding, in spite of the unusual difficulties from the point of view.

Of the above pictures by the Gatti, Lanzi remarks that Bernardino's Adoration "affords evidence of his power of imitating Correggio, without becoming a servile artist," and that Gervasio's S. Cecilia, "surrounded with angels in the Correggio manner, is a picture nobly coloured, and finished with exquisite care." Both are enlightening comments on the beauties of their style.— Another S. Cecilia was visible in the sacristy, standing with S. Giacinto below the Madonna in glory,— a most lovely form, in a scene of superb lighting, tone, and grace; Malosso was the author. He had still an-

[7] Lanzi's "History of Painting."

other picture on the wall of the right transept,— St. Mary of Egypt,— and two in the right aisle, over the first and fourth altars from the entrance: the latter a crowded Adoration, the former showing Saints Bernardino and Francesco, with the Holy Ghost and a swarm of *putti* in Heaven, above a fine landscape of greenish, dusky hue. The fifth altar held a S. Lucia being ordered to execution, by Gerv. Gatti; the third, a Deposition on wood by Battista Ricca (1521) of strange reddish-brown hue, and of much feeling; and the second, a remarkably fine Pietà by the cinquecentist, Lattanzio Gambera of Cremona (pupil of Guilio Campi), of splendid composition and expression, with a most noble figure of the Saviour,— a picture, said Lanzi, "highly esteemed by professors (of art), one of whom declared that he had never witnessed any other so exquisite in point of design, nor coloured with so much delicacy, cleanness, and taste and softness of tints:" another proof of the tremendous influence of those wonderful days, which sometimes inspired men of no extraordinary talents into short flights of genuine genius.

Adjacent to the church on the north lie the remains of the monastery of the Padri Lateranensi,[8] for which Bern. Gatti painted his celebrated, enormous fresco of the Multiplication of the loaves and fishes. This was shown to me in the abandoned refectory, covering its end wall,—"one of the most copious paintings to be met with in any religious refectory, full of figures larger than life." Two hundred figures altogether are seen, many of them very lifelike and graceful; the Saviour is blessing the loaves at the left, and the multitude sit or stand upon the right, eating hungrily, their masses most admirably and naturally disposed,— a feat that few masters could accomplish satisfactorily. On the side

[8] Here G. Vida passed his novitiate; after which, in 1511, he proceeded to Rome.

wall hang two good canvases: the Doctors of the Church, by Mainardi, with charming angels flitting about, and a Madonna in glory with saints below, by Bern. Campi.

A couple of blocks northwest of this stretches the Corso Vitt. Emanuele, on its dignified way to the Porta al Po; without which, on following the Corso, I saw a broad tree-shaded avenue leading far and straightaway across the level to the river.[9] Here I noticed the grand opera house of Cremona, the splendid Teatro Ponchielli, of 1807, faced with an imposing classic portico on lofty corinthian columns; its interior, as I found later, is truly majestic, ornate with beautiful frescoes and endowed with four tiers of boxes and a gallery. Near-by, on the same southern side, rises the handsome stuccoed renaissance façade of the Palazzo Reale, which is now devoted mainly to the city's Museo Civico; it is adorned with two-storied corinthian pilasters, rising upon a rusticated basement, and supporting a rich cornice topped by statues.

This building I visited on a subsequent day; being conducted at once to the first floor, by a staircase embellished with sculptures and two works of Malosso, and thence through a narrow hall containing fragments of early frescoes, more or less obliterated. Room I, to the right in front, contained bronzes, ivories, terracotta pieces, ceramic ware, cameos, books, etc., of both the Mediæval and Renaissance epochs; Room II (proceeding westward) contained some tables of coins, and fine old coffers, surrounded by paintings of varied age,— chief amongst them a Civerchio, representing the Trinity with two Franciscan friars below, also a Magdalen by Bonifazio (669) and an anonymous Madonna and

[9] This *Viale del Po* is the favourite drive and fashionable promenade of the modern Cremonese, who are also quite proud of the long bridge that carries it across the Po, here of imposing width.

saints (667) in the half-length drawing and very golden, dreamy manner of Palma Vecchio. Room III held the major part of the valuable local paintings: a characteristic, peaceful Madonna and saints by Boccaccino (116), another by his son Camillo, quite charming in grace and tone (142), another by Galeazzo Campi, showing that master's clearly drawn and richly coloured style (115), a panel of the Adoration by Tommaso Aleni, of excellent finish and golden tone (117), a panel of the Madonna with the sacred infants and a bishop, by Gian. Fran. Bembo (140A), and a finely modelled Madonna and saints by Bern. Campi (141) — peculiar for its shades of colour in a half-light.

Room IV was devoted to other schools. Most prominent in value were: Lorenzo di Credi's exquisitely tender Madonna with the sacred infants (197), Francia's beautiful Madonna and saints, half-length (200), Catena's Holy Family, in a bluish landscape under evening light (210), and a couple of works by unknown authors; which were a *quattrocento* Madonna with angels (164), and another of the same period, with four little angels (162), *not* by Crivelli, as stated. In Room V were some foreign paintings, mainly of the Flemish school,— of little worth, except Van Orleys' cathedral-interior (240); also two remarkable stone reliefs,— one very archaic and quaint, the other a *cinquecento* battle-scene with centaurs. From this I traversed a corridor lined with etchings, and photographs of Boccaccino's frescoes in the Duomo, well worth studying,— giving a nearer view of them and revealing clearly their superb qualities; at the end appeared two rooms with modern paintings, noteworthy only for the three fine works of Giov. Bergamaschi.

There remained the second floor, which, though not enriched with paintings, proved to contain several interesting

collections: one of renaissance cartoons and engravings, another of specimens of natural history, a third of souvenirs of the *Risorgimento;* and a fourth — most interesting of all — of relics of Cremona's great violin industry, including personal remembrances of the immortal masters and their families.

Halfway between this place and the Piazza Garibaldi (*supra*) and a couple of blocks west of Corso Campi, sits the church next in importance, and the next object of interest proceeding northward,— S. Agostino,— or, as it is sometimes called, S. Giacomo in Breda. It is outwardly a typical brick church of the *trecento,* with an unplastered façade looking westward upon a little grass-grown piazza; having three plain gothic doorways, five circular windows overhead, and a gothic, arcaded frieze of brick columns and arches; — in other words, as Mr. Street said, "a very bad second edition of the cathedral front." Within, however, as I discovered one morning, all is decadent stucco-work of the later *cinquecento;* especially the frescoed roof, which took the place of the original loftier, gothic vaulting, destroyed by an earthquake. The long, barrel-vaulted nave, flanked by stucco piers enclosing the original stone columns, with a plaster statue elevated before each pier,— has no transept, but an apsidal choir raised three steps; chapels extend along the right aisle only; the second of which is an extraordinary Calvary of stucco figures, very natural and vividly expressive, enacting the different scenes of the Passion,— executed by G. B. Barberini of Como.

On the entrance-wall, and on the fifth altar to right, I observed two works of the Campi, the latter by Galeazzo, — a highly finished panel of Madonna and Child; over the first altar was a beautiful Pietà, accounted one of the best works of Malosso; the sixth altar held Cremona's lovely

THE CHURCH OF S. PIETRO, INTERIOR, WITH FRESCOES OF THE CAMPI. CREMONA

specimen of Perugino, from which Boccaccino is said to have largely derived his best pietistic style,— a Madonna with Sts. James and Augustine, under an arched portico backed by the blue sky. It is a perfect example of Perugino, of that rich, mellow tone and golden light, soft splendour of finish, and rounded forms and faces of blissful expression, which are so well known to us all. The picture is signed, and dated 1494. The high-altar-piece is a Mainardi, of 1590,— the Saviour in glory, with St. Augustine and others; and another work of his decorates the fourth altar from the entrance, on the left. Near it are a most interesting and excellent pair of frescoes by Bonifazio Bembo,— the simple, kneeling, portrait-forms of Francesco Sforza and his wife Bianca, finely characterised; also a beautiful head of Christ on wood (by an unknown cinquecentist hand), with very sad eyes. The seventh altar here holds a lovely group of four female saints, by Ger. Gatti; the second, a striking Vision of St. Anthony, by Malosso; and the first, a rather graceful Annunciation by Ant. Campi.

Halfway again between this edifice and the Piazza Garibaldi, I reached the little church of S. Margherita, which Giulio Campi decorated for the Abbate Vida: a Renaissance basilica, with three altars against each side, the walls and vaulting covered by brilliant designs interspersed with regular scenic panels. The little tableaux in the last, representing scenes from the Old Testament, were exquisitely done,— really better than the large pictures with lifesize figures, upon the altars, which depicted successive scenes from the life of Christ. The history of the Saviour ended in two large frescoes: the Crucifixion, over the triumphal arch, and the Resurrection — badly injured, like many others — over the entrance. In the spandrels of the small windows above the cornice were some of the prettiest figures

present,—"lone females," charmingly modelled and coloured. The exterior of this unique church, which occupies a place in art all by itself, resembles a dainty brick temple, with a pediment upheld by four brick pilasters, and one round window over the portal.

In thinking over the gaudiness of these late-Renaissance churches, so offensive to northern ideas of religious propriety, I recall Taine's vehement indictment of them, as "all bedizened with their finery. This Pagan Catholicism is offensive," he wrote; "sensuality can always be detected under the mantle of asceticism." [10] But those who are thus offended have the wrong point of view: bright, luxurious decoration is as natural to the sun-bathed Italians as gothic gloom to the sunless northerner, and is correspondingly necessary — as the Jesuits long since discovered — to spur their religious feelings. Mr. Taine himself exposed the truth of this: "A man of warm blood, with brightly coloured, passionate conceptions, is possessed through the eyes. I have seen many who believed themselves rationalists and Voltaireans; a funeral ceremony, the sight of a Madonna in her glittering shrine amidst the flashing of tapers and clouds of incense, put them beside themselves, and brought them to the ground on their knees.—The spring within us is not reason nor reasoning, but imagery. Sensuous appearances once introduced into our brains, they shape and repeat themselves, and take root there; so that afterwards, when we act, it is in the sense of and through the impulsion of forces thus produced.— [Thus] without poetry, without philosophy, without any of the nobler impulses of religion, man is got possession of." It was this "methodical and mechanical control of the imagination," that was the Jesuits' great stroke of genius; by it the Roman Church manœuvred to

[10] H. Taine's "Italy."

save itself from the consequences of man's awakening to a new mental life. For, "after the universal, glorious Renaissance,— the ascetic religion of the Middle Ages could no longer subsist. The world could no longer be regarded as a dungeon;" [10a] and man was learning to think for himself.—

Throughout this main part of the western half of Cremona, from S. Pietro to S. Margherita, the streets are remarkably broad and straight, crossing at right angles, as they were made by the Romans twenty centuries ago; and the sedate, regular, stuccoed houses are practically unchanged from later Renaissance days,— significant relics of that era of prosperity. Everything here indicates the truth of Sismondi's picture of a Lombard city of that epoch,—"surrounded with thick walls, terraced, and guarded by towers, for the most part paved with broad flag-stones, while the inhabitants of Paris could not stir out of their houses without plunging into the mud. Stone bridges of an elegant and bold architecture were thrown over rivers; aqueducts carried pure water to the fountains. The palaces of the *podestas* and *signorie* united strength with majesty.— Industry, the employment of a superabundant capital, the application of mechanism and science to the production of wealth, secured the Italians a sort of monopoly throughout Europe; they alone offered for sale what all the rich desired to buy; and notwithstanding the losses occasioned by their own oft-repeated revolutions, their wealth was rapidly renewed,— Every one gained, and spent little; manners were still simple — and the future was not forestalled by accumulated debt." [11]

I next turned my attention to the northern section, on

[10a] H. Taine's "Italy."

[11] Sismondi's "Italian Republics."

both sides of the central thoroughfare; commencing with the latter itself, at Piazza Garibaldi, which lies about 500 yards southeast of Porta Milano. Immediately on the south of the piazza I observed the grand old gothic palace of the *quattrocento* built by the noble family of the Trecchi; with whose head, the Marchese of his day, Garibaldi stayed awhile in 1862, addressing the people as usual from the windows. Here also the Emperor Charles V lodged, in 1540. Its basement has heavy, receding walls of grey stone; the upper storeys, stuccoed, and painted in soft stripes of red and yellow, contain rows of pointed windows in imitation red-marble frames, with reliefs of arms, armour and human heads in their lunettes; the cotta string-course is prettily designed, and the stuccoed cornice is topped by brick battlements. Another gothic palace, very old, crumbling and deserted, stands on the west side of the square,— a brick building of the *trecento,* supported on a heavy gothic arcade, with an arcaded frieze and battlements; it was the former *Archivio Notarile.*

Directly opposite this picturesque old structure, in very marked contrast, rose the classic edifice of S. Agata, with a huge portico upheld by six great ionic columns, entirely of white stucco. That this was a modern addition to an aged building of the *quattrocento,* was shown by its weather-worn brick *campanile,* rising some way back, pierced near the summit by several tiers of double- and triple-arched windows. Its interior was also renovated; the long, low nave, flanked by stucco piers faced with pilasters, was frescoed with modern designs and occasional scenic panels,— the aisles likewise. Before the choir was a small dome, and a presbytery formed by the cessation of the aisles and piers; chapels flanked the aisles for half their length, widely open like arcades. Immediately to right stood a beautiful Renaissance

tomb, that of the Marchese Fran. Trecchi, executed in 1502 by Cristoforo Romano; its sepulchre was covered with the most exquisite foliated reliefs, and surmounted by two *putti* at the ends. Upon the entrance-wall hung two pictures of the Campi, and in the choir I found seven more: four large frescoes by Giulio,— early works,— setting forth the martyrdom of St. Agatha, and composed in the bold, violent manner of Pordenone,— and three smaller canvases. In the presbytery, to left, was a Boccaccino, a Holy Family with the Magdalen, not so highly finished and carefully executed as was his wont, but of his usual warm tone and delightful colouring.

Following Corso Garibaldi northwestward, I passed soon upon the left a large imposing Renaissance palace, having a high marble base, rustica upon both of its storeys, stone pilasters, and one of those curious, curving cornices found at Cremona. Shortly beyond, on the right, appeared the rococo Palazzo Maggi erected by Bramante Sacchi of Cremona, with a noble *cinquecento* portal, and a row of singular but interesting iron gargoyles, fashioned as large winged griffins, in whose fierce open jaws the big tusks showed wickedly. Just beyond this again, on the right side of a broad piazza, rose the very old, little church of S. Luca, with the plaster half crumbled from its brick façade; it had a fine early porch, resting on slender red marble columns rising from mediæval lions, its round arch being adorned with gothic pendants and a fanciful architrave, both of terracotta. The beautiful rose window above this was also of terracotta, likewise the splendid, interwoven, gothic frieze and cornice. To the left angle of the front was attached a later building of the Renaissance era (1503), erected in glowing red brick,— a three-storied octagon tipped with an open lantern; this was the Baptistery, as I learned,— the

so-called *Capella del Cristo Risorto*. It was symmetrical in form and very tasteful in design, being adorned with coupled pilasters on each storey, between the large single arches below, and the double-arched windows of the upper floors. It is said to contain good frescoes of 1590, of the Campi school; but I was unable to enter, owing to the refractory state of the old rusty lock. The long, low, dark interior of the church proved to be cheaply modernised, with garish frescoing, and no old painting except some remnants of *trecento* saints in the sacristy.

The northern side of the piazza here was closed by the Porta Milano; so returning southward a couple of blocks, I turned eastward upon the Via Bertesi, a cross-street leading shortly to the broad Via Palestro,— passing midway upon the former the early-Renaissance Palazzo Crotti, noted for containing some of Pedoni's work. But again I was unable to enter. Via Palestro, running southeastward parallel with Corso Garibaldi, is finally joined by the latter, becoming then the Corso Campi. Among its buildings are a number of stately old palaces,— foremost the Palazzo Stanga, the ancestral home of the prominent family of that name. This soon appeared upon the west side, with a frightfully baroque, stucco façade; but within was one of the most striking and lovely things in Cremona,— a large courtyard magnificently adorned with terracotta sculptures of the Renaissance. Upon its rear side rose a glorious cotta façade of several storeys, resting on a colonnade of granite columns, embellished with a vast mass of beautiful figured reliefs on every floor, and glistening radiantly in its rich, light-crimson hue. Nothing more beautiful in an architectural way could be imagined; its erection marked a climax in Lombard terracotta-work.

All the arches are overlaid with mouldings of the most delicate and varied patterns, both the single ones of the first

two storeys and the double windows of the third; those of the ground-arcade being crowned by a frieze of dainty design, with medallions containing busts upon each keystone. Over these, as a sort of balustrade to the second storey, runs a course of delightful, agitated, little figures, engaged in labouring, combating, driving chariots, etc.,— remarkably lifelike and graceful; upon which rise five transcendently lovely, double-arched windows, enclosed in rounded frames of rich cotta plaques, with bust-medallions in the lunettes, and the double arches decorated all around with fanciful mouldings and other plaques. Between their frames are corinthian pilasters with charmingly adorned faces, and above them extends a row of circular, paneless apertures into the garret, similarly moulded, and surrounded by square frames composed of triangular plaques. Between the latter rise finely modelled caryatides on short pilasters, supporting the heavy, classic *cornicione*. The whole effect is opulent and gorgeous beyond any cotta-work I have ever seen. The entrance-wall, built up in stucco with the same general design and painted a terracotta-red, lacks both its glossy finish and its series of delicate reliefs; yet away from the other, it would be quite effective. The side wall on the left is of plain stucco-work, upon the continued ground arcade with granite columns.

This palace was of further interest to me in being the home of that Marchese Ildefonso Stanga who has done so much toward setting Lombard agriculture on its feet again, by the introduction of modern implements and scientific methods. This he has accomplished by turning his estate near Cremona into a model farm, vast in size but complete in every detail; where for many years he has resided and given his personal care to each improvement. Those same estates had been abandoned by his father, for the gay life of

Milan, according to that custom of absenteeism which was the ruin of so much of Lombardy. The son, during his youthful years of schooling at Cremona, was used, as he has said, occasionally to walk past this grand ancestral home, then long deserted by the family, which "with its pictures and its carved oak furniture, lay with none to wake its echoes," cobwebbed and falling to ruin. "Young as he was, he felt a sort of compunction at the sight of the empty house with its air of melancholy abandonment." [12] He began to ask himself why this should be; and it led, directly and eventually, to his setting himself the lifework — though trained as a lawyer — of putting his ancient estates and palaces once more into first-class condition, by developing the land through modern methods.

He prepared himself for this by years of patient study of scientific agriculture as now revealed, in all its branches, then settled upon his estates, and erected with infinite care that model husbandry, of rural life and labour, which has exerted such a startling, revivifying influence upon the amazed Lombards. From the old material and moral chaos, common to most estates, he has constructed an ideally happy and prosperous community, whose hundreds of workers, trained by their patriarchal lord in the latest scientific ways and to the most modern implements, labouring under his sapient eye with the precision of clockwork, have renovated the vigour of the land, produced wealth from the abandoned soil, and constructed a clean, comfortable village surrounded by numerous perfect farm-buildings, where they lead moral and happy lives. Amongst them dwells the Marchese in his beautiful villa, joyous in his bucolic serenity, and in the great example which he has set his countrymen. His work should be seen

[12] "Lombard Studies," by Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco.

by any visitor who can afford an afternoon for the trip. This splendid old palace, from which it all started, stands no more deserted and falling to ruin, but replete with evidences of prosperity and habitation.

Shortly beyond it, on the left, I passed another very pleasing *palazzo* of brick and terracotta: its first storey, of oblong windows in attractive cotta frames, being crowned by a string-course of delightful figured reliefs like that I had just seen, interspersed with festoons, busts, sea-horses, etc., all of exquisite grace in composition and moulding; while the upper storeys were adorned with rows of similarly framed oblong windows, and a handsome cotta frieze and cornice. —"What prodigality of thought and invention"— wrote Symonds —"has been lavished on the terracotta models of unknown Italian artists! What forms and faces — beautiful as shapes of dreams, and, like dreams, so airy that we think they will take flight and vanish — lean to greet us from cloisters and palace-fronts in Lombardy!" [13]

Turning a short way up the second street to left, Via Ugolino Dati, I came to the great Renaissance palace of the Dati family, which was given by the last Marchesa Dati, in 1826, to be an eleemosynary institution. Its four-storied stucco façade, imitating rusticated grey-stone, was pierced by imposing rows of baroque windows, and had a handsome portal with a doric cornice, upheld by detached doric columns; over whose balcony rose four large corinthian pilasters. The heavy cornice was supported by fanciful long consoles composed of masques, leaves, and four young fauns (in the centre). To west of it was a large extension of the hospital, built in 1836 through the Marchesa's beneficence; opposite stood another late-Renaissance palace, of

[13] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts."

Palladian style, above whose rusticated base, with fancifully barred windows, rose a central pavilion of six corinthian half-columns.

Traversing the entrance-way of Palazzo Dati, I stood immediately in its stately *cortile,* ennobled by fine loggias on the front and rear, whose brown stucco arches were sustained by coupled doric columns of granite; that in the rear being of one storey only, with the greenery of a pleasant garden visible behind it. Entering thence the doorway at the left end of the front loggia, I had before me the building's celebrated stairway, occupying from ground to roof a well of extraordinary dimensions: from the first landing, straight ahead, two flights branched right and left to secondary landings, whence four other flights mounted to the *piano nobile* at front and rear; around that floor ran an imposing gallery, of stucco arcades upon handsome columns of brownish, streaked marble, arranged in pairs; between them, and along the various flights, ran heavy balustrades of brown and grey marbles. Above the arcades rose white walls relieved by corinthian marble pilasters, and niches holding busts of the bygone Marchesi Dati. On the lofty vaulting glistened the lustrous tints of a huge fresco,— the Greek gods in Olympus; and three smaller ones, of similar subjects, adorned the ceilings of the gallery and the entrance-arch. The whole effect was surpassingly grandiose, symmetrical, and finely coloured; a remarkable example of the magnificence with which the nobles of the late Renaissance built their mansions.—The hospital proper was well worth visiting as a further example of the high degree of comfort, cleanliness and care with which such Italian institutions are maintained.

Another day I devoted to the eastern portion of the city, with its tortuous, narrow, mediæval streets: starting from the hotel directly eastward, on Via Mazzini, from which,

after several blocks, the Corso Umberto diverged to the northeast. Upon the latter, to right, I soon reached the charming renaissance façade of the palace of the Monte di Pietà, considered the handsomest secular edifice in the city. The basement was of stucco, imitating rusticated stone, with a graceful marble portal; over which extended a splendid cotta string-course, containing figures of centaurs ridden by a man and a woman, medallions held by human-headed serpents, fine Roman busts, and numerous other figures. The upper storeys were pierced by oblong windows with rich cotta frames, widely spaced and of striking effect, separated by slender, red marble half-columns, rising from basement to frieze; the latter consisting of a row of circular cotta frames, alternately open and filled with projecting heads of Indians, warriors and Romans.

The court, however, was still more attractive,— one of the few most delightful remembrances of Lombard architecture that I possess. Fairylike arcades extended round three sides, of two storeys upon two of the sides; the ground arcades being sustained on fanciful ionic columns, or pillars faced with similar pilasters, adorned with arabesque-candelabra in stucco *relievo;* while the rounded cotta architraves were decorated with romanesque spirals and zigzags. Over them ran the pleasantest feature, the figured cotta string-course, rather classic in its panels of dancing bacchantes and centaurs, but richly glowing with a hue more modern. There were centaurs drawing chariots laden with revellers, and others caught by members of the gentle sex; they reminded me of Symonds' characterisation of Lombard terracotta reliefs, that "they almost invariably display a feeling for beauty more sensuous, with less of scientific purpose in their naturalism, than is common in the Tuscan style." The surmounting terracotta cornice, and that of the

upper storey, were very prettily designed. The upper arcades added grace to the scene by the lightness of their airy arches and slim columns, interspersed with plants and flowers,— the third side, in place thereof, showing a series of lovely triple windows.

On the fourth side, toward the street, the ground-loggia of cotta arches had been built up, and topped with a most curious painted frieze, in *grisaille,* representing scenes of the camp and battlefield, with a walled city at the extreme left, — Cremona itself, being besieged by Emperor Vespasian. This was done in 1490 by some artists of the school of Mantegna, for the Marchese Fodre, who erected the palace. In the western front room, called the *Salone Preciosa,* I saw numerous little portraits of the Marchese and his family, presumably executed by the same hands, placed overhead between the springings of the beams; they possessed considerable charm; the old oak ceiling itself was very handsome, and upon the walls were restorations of the original frescoed designs of garlands, etc. In another room upstairs were some faded frescoes by Altobello Melone.

Adjacent to this on the east I observed an impressive palace in the Palladian style, with tall ionic half-columns rising from a rusticated basement, and a fine courtyard surrounded by ponderous stone columns and arches. Farther along rose other distinguished edifices, some of them very handsome,— especially No. 24, on the left, whose window-frames, pilasters, and string-courses were decorated with captivating renaissance designs in bas-relief. Two blocks before reaching the Porta Venezia, I turned to the left down Via Bernardino Gatti (pleasing name) to the quaint old church of S. Abbondio, said to be one of the few most ancient in Cremona. Its low, orange-coloured front was double, evidently concealing a nave and a large chapel,— the latter

upon the right, surmounted by an octagonal drum, the former topped by a rococo gable with dwarf-obelisks at the angles. Within the chapel, my gaze was at once drawn to a beautiful Coronation of the Madonna frescoed upon its right wall, containing many charming angels surrounding the Throne with melody: a most gracefully disposed and modelled picture, finely toned and coloured, and sufficient in itself to reveal its author, Melone, as the possessor of true genius. On the left wall was a *quattrocento* relief of the Madonna and Child, also exceptionally pleasing.

The interior of the church proved most extraordinary, remodelled into a form absolutely unique: along each side of the low, round-arched nave extended a sort of gallery, composed of a series of four renaissance arches, each arch flanked by a couple of oblong niches containing plaster statues, with pilasters framing the triple combination so formed, and with supporting corner-columns to the arch itself; the archway proper in each case was fairly deep, covering a side-altar adorned with bright-hued statuettes. All these triple openings, with their pilasters, columns, arches, and spandrels, as well as the frieze of stucco reliefs running overhead, were gilded with dazzling effect. Upon which was superimposed the gay frescoing of the vaulting, done by the Campi, in those elaborate and variegated designs that flowed so richly from Antonio's fertile fancy, interspersed regularly by the usual panelled tableaux; of these there were four large ones down the centre-line, depicting saints in glory, and four smaller upon each side, in the lunettes next the walls, holding lifesize prophets. The combined effect was so rich as to be cloying. There was no transept; but the narrower, domed choir had been also decorated by the Campi: the cupola, with a large fresco of the Virgin in glory, surrounded by a host of angels; the apse-wall (high-altar-piece) by a richly toned canvas of

Giulio's,— the Madonna with saints and *putti,* well composed though not very graceful. Much more grace was in his Madonna of the adjacent rear chapel, before whom prayed S. Nazzaro at an altar,— a well-known work of the master's (1527).

Close behind S. Abbondio rise the northern city walls, still quite intact with all their bastions, and accompanied by the ancient moat. Inside the ramparts stretches a promenade called the Passeggio Pubblico, from Porta Venezia to the distant Porta Milano, which is well worth a little of the visitor's time. On the present occasion, however, I took the narrow Vicolo Umuliati westward, which soon brought me to the curious church of SS. Eusebio e Facio, facing northward, preceded by a fore-court of ancient style, that was surrounded by arcades with coupled granite columns.[13a] Opposite stood the Ospedale Civico, or city-hospital,— a grand institution, of impressive size and accommodations. As Lady Morgan said, "The Italians have very universally manifested a bias towards this mode of charity, and the first families of the country have occupied themselves in the details of hospital-establishments, while different religious orders have devoted their labours to the same useful end; and much must naturally be expected from the operation of so many causes." [14]— Just to west of this piazza stands the old church of S. Siro, itself of little interest, but raising far aloft a quaint gothic *campanile,* whose brick walls are adorned with terracotta cornices, and three tiers of pointed windows, single and double-arched.

Though the 77 churches of Cremona in the Renaissance

[13a] This is very remarkable and interesting, as being one of the two or three edifices only, in all north-Italy, that possess the pre-Lombard, early Roman-basilica type of entrance-court.

[14] Lady Morgan's "Italy," Vol. III.

period have been greatly reduced, through various causes, there are still about forty; and a number of them, besides those mentioned, are slightly worth visiting, especially by the stranger who makes a long stay: chief among them, to be short, S. Michele, the eldest, with its Crucifixion by Antonio Campi; SS. Giacomo e Vincenzo, with its Annunciation by Gerv. Gatti and its St. Joseph by Francesco Boccaccino; SS. Pietro e Marcellino, where Gervasio Gatti, in 1604, left upon the high-altar a picture of S. Marcellino administering baptism to S. Paolina; and S. Pelagia, with its fine frescoes by Guilio Campi, besides its monument to Girolamo Vida, who lies buried there. In many others will be found works of the Campi, of an excellence that in less favoured cities would cause them to be prominently mentioned to the traveller.[15]

But after all, there still remained for me to visit the second most important edifice of Cremona, in an artistic sense,— *of* Cremona, but not in it; for S. Sigismondo lies nearly two miles beyond the eastern walls, just off the old highway to Mantua. The steam tramway to Casalmaggiore makes a stop close by; which one can take either at Porta Venezia, or at its starting point near the railway station. But a public *vettura* is much more convenient, and not expensive. I drove out through Porta Venezia one bright summer afternoon, thinking of the days when the army of the Republic of St. Mark lay encamped thereabout, when Carmagnola and Malatesta struggled for the city's possession, and Colleone seized the tower by night. Nothing of that bloody past was visible in these smiling, luxuriant fields, stretching away with few trees to the horizon. We followed the turnpike for the required distance, then turned

[15] Consult, for these minor churches, the *Illustrazione Storica, etc., di Cremona.*

to the right, and quickly drew up before the isolated church, which looked toward the town. Its weather-beaten, stuccoed façade was in no way noteworthy, being of the typical high-Renaissance pattern that prevailed before the Palladian era.

On entering, however, there burst upon my eyes another such glory of infinite colours and innumerable fair designs as that I had beheld at S. Pietro al Po,— although the tints had been perceptibly toned down by age from their primeval brightness. It was a fair-sized, aisleless basilica, without visible transepts, domed above the spacious choir, having six chapels on each side opening freely into the nave through large arches, so that their refulgent wealth of decoration seemed a part of the main body. They were separated by heavy piers faced on three sides by beautiful pilasters, adorned with arabesques; and arabesques of most varied, luxurious design covered the handsome vaulting, divided by ribs into three large bays. Down the middle of the roof extended four big tableaux of still resplendent colouring: the first, a Descent of the Holy Ghost, in which Giulio Campi is seen at the zenith of his power; the second, of double size, an Ascension of powerful composition and striking perspective, — the Christ rising in clouds, surrounded by a beautiful host of cherubim and little angels; the remaining two, considerably smaller, placed together in the third bay,— a Resurrection, and a Jonah vomited forth by a whale-dragon, before a couple of very surprised fishermen. On the side slopes of the bays were six huge seated figures of prophets. Over the side arches extended an attractive frieze of *putti,* including the busts of the twelve Apostles, four in each bay; above which opened a row of circular windows, topped by triangular lunettes containing the loveliest-conceivable compositions of foliated tracery, interspersed with *putti,* mythological beasts, and voluptuous nude figures, all on a grand

scale, and superbly executed and coloured; upon the shoulders of the side arches reclined lifesize stucco-figures, male and female; the faces of the piers and pilasters, the sides of the piers, and soffits of the arches, were all painted in happy arabesques, with musical instruments and *putti;* while the front wall was embellished with a large Annunciation.

All this frescoing of the nave was the work of the Campi; and so was the lavish decoration of the chapels, consisting of frescoes, canvases, and dainty stucco-work upon some of the ceilings in the manner of Primaticcio,— doubtless moulded by one who had learned from the latter, at near-by Mantua. These chapels, as Lanzi justly said, "contain almost every variation of the art,— large pictures, small histories, cameos, stuccoes, chiaroscuros, grotesques, festoons of flowers, pilasters, with gold recesses, from which cherubs of the most graceful form seem to rise, with symbols adapted to the saint of that altar; in a word, the whole of the paintings and their decorations are the work of the same genius, and sometimes of the same hand." The first chapel on the left, for instance, has adornments by Giulio alone, including two large canvases; and the third was embellished by Bernardino,— the shrine of St. Cecilia. In its ceiling of delicate stucco reliefs I saw four little painted panels, once very pleasing, but now injured; and upon the walls, two large canvases, including Bernardino's famous St. Cecilia at the Organ,— exquisite in sentiment, in loveliness of contour and moulding, and glow of tone and colour.

"Nothing"— continued Lanzi —"can be conceived more simply beautiful, and more consistent with the genius of the best age, than his picture of St. Cecilia playing upon the organ, while St. Catherine stands near her; and above them is a group of angels, apparently engaged with the two innocent virgins in pouring forth strains worthy of Paradise.

This painting, with its surrounding decoration of cherub-figures, displays his mastery in grace. Still he appears to no less advantage in point of strength in his figures of the Prophets, grandly designed" (upon the vaulting). The fifth chapel had another charming stucco ceiling; it, and all the others upon this side, were adorned with canvases, and frescoes more or less damaged, by the other members of the Campi school.

In the dome over the choir appeared Bernardino's masterpiece, a superb though much faded *Gloria,*—" with which "—continues Lanzi —" few in Italy will bear a comparison, and still fewer can be preferred for the abundance, variety, distribution, grandeur, and gradation of the figures, and for the harmony and grand effect of the whole." Beneath it, on each side, were carved and inlaid oak stalls, surmounted by music-lofts; behind which lay two separate unused spaces of the church, distinguished nevertheless by frescoes of Camillo Boccaccino on their vaulting. Compositions of *putti* occupied the two centres, with four small tableaux below on one side, and the four Evangelists on the other; the latter, " his most remarkable works, are seated, with the exception of St. John, who is standing up — forming a curved outline which is opposed to the arch of the ceiling, a figure no less celebrated for its perspective than for its design." Two more frescoes of Camillo, fine large animated scenes, flanked the apsidal high-altar-recess at the back of the choir, — the Woman taken in Adultery (of Paolo Veronese effect), and the Raising of Lazarus. The high-altar-*pala* was a glorious specimen of Giulio Campi,— a Madonna in glory, above four saints and the kneeling portrait-figures of Francesco Sforza and Bianca, in memory of whose nuptials the Duke founded this church, in 1441;[16] their busts, also, occu-

[16] "In a chapel dedicated to him (S. Sigismondo) Francesco

pied niches over the windows here, to right and left. In the half-dome of the apse was a strangely composed and tinted Ascension, of weird effect.

A door in the south wall near the choir admitted me to the adjacent deserted cloister; it was handsomely arcaded on four sides, with rounded stucco arches on granite columns, but was fast going to ruin. Above this doorway I noticed a canvas of the Last Supper, also ruinous, but which must once have been an excellent work.— The southern line of side chapels, by the Campi, were quite similar to those opposite, in faded frescoing, bright canvases, and delightful stuccoed ceilings with little panels. The Swoon of St. Catherine, in the fourth chapel,— with lovely angels and effective *chiaroscùro* — and the Madonna with a bishop-saint, in the first, were clearly by Giulio himself, and of superior grace and feeling. There were also here a few canvases of later date. But one of the most remarkable things about this very remarkable and beautiful edifice,— so I reflected, as I drove slowly back to town — was its practical solidarity with its epoch: a great church decorated throughout by the artists of one generation, and that the supreme generation of the Renaissance!

Sforza celebrated his marriage with Bianca Visconti, the heiress of Milan. As a monument at once of his love, his gratitude and his piety, he converted the little church into a most magnificent temple." — Mrs. Jameson: "Legends of the Monastic Orders."

CHAPTER XII

MANTOVA LA GLORIOSA

"Not far his course [the Mincio] hath run, when a wide flat
It finds, which overstretching as a marsh
It covers, pestilent in summer oft.
Hence journeying, the savage maiden saw
Midst of the fen a territory waste
And naked of inhabitants. To shun
All human converse, here she with her slaves,
Plying her arts, remained.— On those dead bones
They reared themselves a city, for her sake
Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot."

Dante's "Inferno," Canto XX; Cary's Trans.

In the centre of that immense plain, with its countless leagues of vineyards, cultivated fields, mulberry groves and lines of poplars, there comes a break in its monotony, a change to something neither of land nor sea, but half partaking of the nature of each,— a fen-land, of sedge-grown marsh and miasmatic meadow, far stretching, graced in its very centre by two sleeping, silvery lakes. In their pale, unruffled surfaces lie mirrored, not only the fleecy clouds of a turquoise sky, and the rushes and willows along their curving banks, but the dark towers and extended battlements of an ancient, moss-grown, fortress-city, crowded upon a peninsula that juts northward like an island between the encircling, protecting waters. It is the city of Virgil, of Isabella d'Este, and Giulio Romano, of the warrior-princes of Gonzaga — soldiers, statesmen, Dukes, and Imperial Vicars-General,— and of that stupendous, incredible palace-fortress which they made the greatest and the richest in the world.

Those are its mighty keeps and bastions and long crenelated walls, which lie reflected grimly in the eastern lake, stretching far along its border, and farther inland, to the heart of the town: that vast congeries of castles, palaces, towers and chapels, which forms a city in itself, and which formed once a treasure-house of artistic riches such as Italy has never since beheld. Wall by wall, and treasure by treasure they built it up, those stern, formidable Gonzaga Marquises and Dukes, who exercised their genius for war as *condottieri,* and captains-general for Italy at large; maintaining this their own state in peace and plenty, and bringing back to it during hundreds of years the riches which they had gathered from less favoured realms; using those riches for ever more additions to this unparalleled fortress, and calling for its decoration generation after generation of the immortal artists of the Renaissance. Here Pisanello, Alberti, Mantegna, Giulio Romano, and Primaticcio successively poured forth all the beauties in their souls, to the glory of the Gonzaghi and their house.

And here, in the dark, castellated pile upon the eastern water's very edge, the mediæval donjon of the palace-city, dwelt the famous Isabella d'Este, wife of Marchese Francesco III,—" the archetypal collector of the Renaissance," the one with whom Mantua is perhaps more identified than any other save Virgil himself; here she came as a bride, to gaze delighted over the far stretches of the blue lake below, and upon the stately frescoes with which Mantegna had beautified the bridal chamber; here she began that unequalled collection of the treasures of the Renaissance, and that exquisite ornamentation of her private suites of rooms, which filled Italy with admiring wonder; here she gathered about her that splendid circle of artists, connoisseurs, and men of letters and wit, which made the *Reggia* of Mantua second only

to Urbino as "the ideal court of the Renaissance." Castiglione[1] himself was born close by here, at Casatico, and dwelt in the ancient palace of his family near the Piazza Sordello; and when Guidobaldo Montefeltri and his illustrious spouse, Elisabetta Gonzaga — Isabella's sister and beloved friend — were driven forth from Urbino in 1497 by the machinations of the Borgias, it was to Mantua that they naturally turned their steps, to live here in congenial exile until the restoration of 1503. To Isabella's side the widowed Elisabetta returned finally, in 1508; and it was but 8 years later that Guidobaldo's nephew and successor, Duke Francesco Maria della Rovere, driven forth in his turn by Papal wiles, repeated that gentle exile to Mantua, bringing back for a time to Isabella's bosom her daughter, and his wife, Leonora. Castiglione and other distinguished friends accompanied them. Such were some of the noble members of that historic circle.

Ah, the memories,— the countless, brilliant, eventful memories, clustering thickly about those lichen-grown, battlemented walls,— amidst whose desolate solitudes every echoing sad step seems to call forth gay sounds and visions of that momentous era! Gone is every portable treasure of that marvellous collection,— stolen by the imperialists in the awful sack of 1630, or sold or given away by the extravagant later princes of the line; but still left to us, thank heaven, are the things they could not steal nor sell,— the buildings of Alberti, the frescoes of Mantegna, the Palazzo Tè of

[1] Baldassare Castiglione, author of the "Cortegiano," was born Nov. 6, 1478, in the old castle of Casatico, 12 miles southwest of Mantua, which was one of the hereditary seats of his distinguished family; for its origin, see Castiglione d'Olona. He spent the earlier and later years of his brilliant life at the palace on the Via Pradello which had been given to his grandfather by Marchese Lodovico III. (Both edifices are now destroyed.) — The intervening years were passed by him at the Court of Urbino.

Giulio Romano,— unique marvel of its time — and the wondrous ceiling-decorations of the palace-city, including the "Grotta" and the "Paradiso" suites of Isabella.

These shallow, rush-bordered lakes of Mantua are, after all, but widenings of the Mincio River, which brings the waters of the Lake of Garda in slow meanderings to the Po, constituting thus one of the plain's principal lines of defence. Issuing from the lake's southeastern corner, by the island of Peschiera, it flows sinuously southward until, reaching the fen-land at the latter's southwestern angle, it spreads itself semicircularly northward and eastward in the shape of a vast horseshoe; from whose far, southeastern end the river recontinues, to fall into the Po a dozen miles beyond. From the northwestern extremity of the peninsular city there extends a mediæval bridge across the mile of water, constructed as long ago as 1183; which is as much a dam as a bridge, confining the upper waters at a higher level, whence they escape to the lower through twelve ancient mills,— placed equidistant, and adorned each with a statue of an Apostle,— whose wheels have been turned for seven centuries by the falling current. Hence the name of Ponte del Molino. Another ancient bridge crosses midway the eastern waters, leading from the very foot of that grim, castellated donjon of the palace-fortress, in which Isabella dwelt as a bride,— the Ponte S. Giorgio. From these two traverses result the three names, of Lake Superiore — to the west,— Lago di Mezzo — on the north side,— and Lago Inferiore, upon the east.

On the south side of the city its isolation was completed, in former days, by the digging of a deep moat across the neck of the peninsula, from one lake to the other, accompanied by the usual protecting walls. It was thus veritably an island-fortress, impregnable to everything but famine.

For this reason it was later constituted by the Austrians an important member of that famous "Quadrilateral," which was the backbone of their power in Lombardy; of it the Mincio was their western line of defence, guarded by the two island-fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera at its extremities. Within it they retreated, whenever threatened by victorious or superior forces; and over it many a momentous battle has been fought in the past two centuries,— the most important struggles centering in the possession of Mantua.

The history of the marsh-city, throughout its countless ages of miasmatic exhalations, mosquito-plagues and malarial fevers,— all of which the people endured cheerfully for the sake of its impregnability to man,— has been as exceptional as its location. The savage maiden to whom Dante refers as its mythical founder, was Manto, the daughter of Tiresias of Thebes (also called Beanoi), from whom she received her knowledge of magic; the destruction of Thebes caused her to flee to Italy, and seek a secure refuge for the practice of her black art in the swamps of the Mincio. According to Virgil, however, she was not a virgin-witch, but was married to the river-god of Tiber, by whom she had a son called Ocnus; and he it was who founded Mantua, naming it after his mother. Ariosto places these words in her mouth:

> "I am thy kin; for, of the lineage clear,
> Derived of haughty Cadmus' seed are we.
> I am the fairy Manto, that whilere
> Laid the first stone of this rude villagery." [2]

In truth, the origin of Mantua is so remote as to be lost in the mists of prehistoric times; its secure situation made it one of the first settled towns in Lombardy. It was one of the chief cities of the Etruscans, when they first came down

[2] "Orlando Furioso," Canto XLIII; Rose's Trans.

from the north, and dwelt in this part of the plain; and when, pushed by the advancing Celts, that nation crossed the Apennines, their people of Mantua refused to go, deeming themselves safe enough in their marsh-fortress; the proof of which is that up to the age of Livy, and considerably later, they still spoke the Etruscan dialect.

At the period of the Roman conquest of the Celts, Mantua was about their last stronghold to yield, not bowing under the Latin yoke until 197 B. C., at the end of the final struggle. In 70 B. C., when Virgil was born near-by, the city had long become thoroughly Latinised. His actual birthplace was a little village called Andes,— now generally identified with Pietole, 3 miles to the southeast upon the Mincio, — where his father was a small but intelligent farmer. " His boyhood was spent on the banks of the winding Mincio, in a quiet round of rural pursuits.— Alive to the importance of education, Virgil's parents set aside a portion of their slender means to provide for his instruction." [3] He went to school at Cremona first, then at Rome; and on returning to Mantua, " amid the natural attractions that surrounded him, he conceived the idea of rivalling Theocritus in bucolic poetry, and in 42 B. C. began his Eclogues." The love of his native city — as he regarded Mantua — increased upon him with age; and in two of his immortal lines he has celebrated her glory to all posterity:

> " Mantua, Musarum domus, atque ad sidera cantu
> Evecta Aeonio, et Smyrnaeis aemula plectris." [4]

With the coming of the civil wars, and the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, Octavius and Antony seized for their

[3] Quackenbos' " Ancient Literature."

[4] " Mantua, home of the Muses, raised to the stars in Aeonian song and rival of the music of Smyrna."

soldiers, not only the lands of Cremona, as already narrated, but some of Mantua's; including the farm inherited by Virgil from his father. By personal intercession with Octavius the poet procured its restoration. But, "shortly after, Virgil was ejected again, and this time narrowly escaped with his life by swimming the Mincio (owing to the violence of the soldier who took possession). Nor does he appear to have been ever reinstated. Octavius, however, loaded him with favours; and a house in Rome near the palace of his friend Maecenas, with a lovely villa in the suburbs of Naples,— reconciled him to the loss of his boyhood's home." [5] "Two of the Eclogues, the first and the ninth, are written in connection with these events. They give expression to the sense of disorder, insecurity and distress, which — accompanied these forced divisions and alienations of land." [6]— As all the world knows, the poet eventually died, and was buried, at his Neapolitan villa.

Under the Roman Empire, and its decline and fall, Mantua remained secure until the conquest of the Lombards, when it was taken and sacked by Alboin, whose rude soldiery destroyed in a day the accumulated riches and intellectual treasures of 800 years. Upon the downfall of the Lombards Charlemagne seized the city, and is said to have been so struck with its inaccessible position that he ordered its elaborate fortification. Toward the close of the 10th century the Emperor Otho II bestowed it upon Tebaldo, Count of Canossa, of that famous family which "accumulated fiefs that stretched from Mantua across the plain of Lombardy, over the Apennines to Lucca, and southward to Spoleto." [7] These descended to Tebaldo's granddaughter, the celebrated

[5] Quackenbos' "Ancient Literature."
[6] Sellar's "Poets of the Augustan Age."
[7] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

Countess Matilda of Tuscany, who founded by her grant the states of the Church.[8] Mantua, however, asserted her independence after Matilda's death, becoming a Lombard republic, governed by its elected consuls. Owing to its secure position it steadily flourished and increased in size and power, during the whole of the 12th century; for the same reason of location it had few noble families, so that the *popolo grasso* retained control, with their accustomed leaning to the Guelfic cause.

In 1167, by her consuls, Mantua joined the first League of Lombardy, and fought bravely against Frederick Barbarossa. In 1183 she divided her lakes by the dam of Ponte del Molino, with its 12 mills. In 1226 she joined in renewing the League against Frederick II; but 11 years later, upon the approach and the seizure of the city by that emperor, she was for the first time turned over to Ghibelline control, under the wealthy families who had embraced that faction. After Frederick's departure, however, she soon again turned Guelf, joining in the Guelfic combinations against Ezzelino da Romano, from 1247 until his overthrow in 1259. Finding it necessary during this warfare to have a noble captain of her forces, she chose the Guelfic Count of S. Bonifazio, who was therefore for some time the practical ruler of the city. Though she regained self-mastery after his death, Mantua was soon, in 1274, overcome by Mastino della Scala of Verona, who sent his brother Alberto to act as the town's actual ruler; but upon Mastino's assassination, in 1277, and Alberto's consequent return to Verona to take up the reins of government, Mantua rose and threw off the Scala yoke, appointing Pinamonte Buonacolsi, the head of the local family of that name, to be her *Capitano*.

[8] See also beginning of next chapter, for further account of Matilda.

The Buonacolsi were not long in transforming the power thus acquired into a genuine despotism; and so perished the liberties of the people. Guido Buonacolsi, surnamed Bottigella, in 1302 commenced the building of that great palace on the Piazza Sordello, which proved to be only the embryo and nucleus of the subsequent *Reggia* of the Gonzaghi. Rinaldo, who followed him, eagerly supported Emperor Henry VII upon the latter's visit to Lombardy in 1310, receiving in reward his appointment as Mantua's first Imperial Vicar; which was confirmed by Louis of Bavaria in 1327. In spite of this legalisation of the Buonacolsi's authority, as soon as Louis' back was turned in the following year, by his descent into Tuscany, they lost everything by that one supreme stroke of fate, or craft, which determined the future and the glory of Mantua,— which influenced all Lombard history for 400 years, and without which the marsh-city would probably be a town insignificant and unnoticed.

Prominent among the so-called noble families of the city was that of Gonzaga, which had already been wealthy for several generations, and was distinguished, then and for centuries afterward, by the keen, resolute, courageous quality of its manhood; "born fighters" were always the sons of the Gonzaghi, and exceptionally fertile was the stock. Luigi Gonzaga, at this time head of the family, had well served his master, Passerino Buonacolsi, and stood high in the despot's favour. The tyrant himself found not such favour with the people, both on account of his cruelties and exactions, and because the people were still mainly Guelf in sentiment. Yet he would doubtless have kept his throne, had he not mortally affronted the Gonzaghi by insulting one of their wives. They were not men to be deterred by any sort of fear or danger from seeking to avenge such a dishonour.

THE PIAZZA SORDELLO, WITH THE MONUMENT TO THE MARTYRS OF BELFIORE; THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE REGGIA ON THE RIGHT. MANTUA

Secretly they incited the populace to a rebellion, which broke out in a furious tumult on Aug. 14, 1328. The Gonzaghi and their adherents repaired to the palace as if to assist Passerino in putting down the uprising, and were unsuspectingly admitted. Surrounding the despot, to keep at a distance the faithful nobles and his German guards, Luigi Gonzaga himself suddenly drew his dagger and stabbed the libertine to the heart. Aided by the maddened people, he had then little difficulty in slaying or driving from the city the rest of the Buonacolsi and their few steadfast friends.

The Mantuans, wild with joy, at once unanimously chose Luigi Gonzaga to be their new ruler. He proceeded to make his peace with Emperor Louis, and succeeded in so doing; for when Louis returned to Lombardy in the following year, he confirmed the Gonzaga's usurpation, appointing him to be his Imperial Vicar in the place of the dead Buonacolsi. Luigi ruled wisely, making the prosperity of the state his objective, indulging in no vicious practices, and training his descendants to be clean, manly, well-educated men. This example was followed by Guido, his son, and all succeeding Gonzaghi; so that the people were both proud of, and devoted to, their considerate masters,— an extraordinary thing in Italy of the Renaissance. Guido showed the family desire for culture by his friendship for Petrarch, of whom he made much; and exhibited their remarkable ability as soldiers by his successful leadership of the Mantuan forces in the wars which now occurred with the Visconti. He kept the warfare away from his own territory, so that the latter steadily flourished; and Mantua increased to a prosperous city of some 30,000 inhabitants, ruling the plain from Cremona and the Po to Verona and the Euganean Hills.

His successors followed this wise precedent, doing their fighting away from home and bringing the fruits back to it;

while at the same time they bettered themselves steadily in learning and statecraft. The result was to make Mantua so powerful in the time of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, that he, in his scheming to enslave all Italy, did not dare attack the city openly; but approached her secretly, by trying to destroy the devotion of the Mantuans to their rulers. The fourth Francesco Gonzaga was then head of the state. Against him, in 1389, "Gian Galeazzo devised a diabolical plot. By forged letters and subtly contrived incidents he caused Francesco to suspect his wife of infidelity with his secretary. In a fit of jealous rage Francesco ordered the execution of his wife — together with the secretary. Then he discovered the Visconti's hand. But it was too late." [9] Nevertheless, although Francesco was by these means somewhat discredited with his people, they neither then nor at any other time plotted to rid themselves of the Gonzaga leadership; their devotion lay too deep for that.

In 1393 this same Francesco began the erection of that grim, battlemented donjon-castle on the shore of the eastern lake, called now simply *"Il Castello,"*— already mentioned as Isabella's first residence; the author of its gothic design being that Bartolino da Novara who constructed, upon similar lines, the mighty "Castello Rosso" of the Estensi at Ferrara. Francesco also rebuilt the ancient bridge of S. Giorgio, leading eastward from the Castello's foot, and repaired the grand old Duomo on Piazza Sordello; whose gothic lines were subsequently altered by Giulio Romano to its present Renaissance type. In 1397 Gian Galeazzo Visconti, his machinations having failed in their desired effect, suddenly attacked Mantua without warning, ravaging her territory with fire and sword before the Gonzaghi could take the field; when they did so, the Milanese were so harshly

[9] Symonds' "Age of the Despots."

treated that the Visconti soon gave in and signed a truce. His death in 1402 put an end to that trouble.

In 1406 the Castello was completed; and the following year Francesco died, being succeeded by his son Gianfrancesco II, who "was raised to the dignity of Marquis when the Emperor Sigismund visited Mantua in 1433. He strengthened the fortifications of the city, drained the marshes (to some extent) and encouraged agriculture, and the manufacture of cloth,— which remained the staple industry of Mantua until the sack of 1630. Like most of the Gonzaga princes, he served the rival states of Venice and Lombardy alternately." [10] The successive Gonzaghi made a specialty, a profound study, of the practices and art of war, attaining such skill in the leadership of armies that when any north-Italian state engaged in a new struggle, it called upon the Marquis of Mantua to act as *generalissimo,* almost as a matter of course. High pay and abundant plunder were the Gonzaga rewards, but still more, the safety of their own state, which few were bold enough to attack. Hallam imputes the long security of Mantuan territory to the fact that her rulers never exerted themselves to extend its boundaries; [11] but the causes were also the devotion of its people, the martial renown of its princes, and their habit of indulging their warlike propensities away from home.

From 1426 onwards Gianfrancesco II was engaged, on behalf of his own state, Venice and their allies, in combating and defeating the ambitious designs of Filippo Maria Visconti; but he found plenty of time for other pursuits also, being the most cultured Gonzaga who had yet ruled. In 1425 he brought to Mantua, for the education of his children, that renowned and truly great scholar of the Renais-

[10] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."
[11] Hallam's "Middle Ages," Vol. I.

sance, Vittorino da Feltre; an act by which "the court of Mantua took rank among the high schools of humanism in Italy," [12] and which had the most important results, in the exceeding culture of the next Gonzaga generation. "The system supervised by Vittorino included not only the acquisition of scholarship, but also training in manly sports and the cultivation of the moral character. Many of the noblest Italians were his pupils. Ghiberto da Correggio, Battista Pallavicini, Taddeo Manfredi of Faenza, Gabbriello da Cremona, Francesco da Castiglione, Niccolò Perrotti, together with (Federigo) the Count of Montefeltro, lived in Vittorino's house, associating with the poorer students whom the benevolent philosopher instructed for the love of learning." In such a brilliant school Federigo de' Montefeltri and Lodovico Gonzaga, the next marquis, acquired that profound love of learning and the arts, that strength of character and body, which distinguished them through life. At 10 years of age, it is said, they already wrote Greek with fluency.

Gianfrancesco II showed the Gonzaga love for princely building by continuing on a huge scale the erection of their palace-city, and constructing churches, dykes, and other public edifices; for these purposes he brought the great Brunelleschi of Florence twice to Mantua, and the equally distinguished Leon Battista Alberti a number of times. On one of these visits Alberti designed the splendid church of S. Andrea; on another, that of S. Sebastiano, and the beautiful chapel of the Incoronata in the Duomo. In 1444 Lodovico II succeeded to the marquisate which Sigismund had granted his father (for 12,000 gold florins) and continued in his father's brilliant way, with increased success; giving Mantua 33 years of prosperity and fair renown. Under him the

[12] J. A. Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy."

Palazzo Belvidere was added to the palace-city, the enormous hospital was erected, and various royal villas were built here and there in the country, by the Tuscan architect Luca Francelli, to meet the new fashion of princely *villeggiatura*. Lodovico brought Donatello to Mantua, who stayed nearly two years, executing various small pieces for the Gonzaghi, now scattered or lost, and beginning a fine *Arca* of S. Anselmo in the Cathedral. In 1459 Lodovico accomplished a still more important stroke, in securing Andrea Mantegna, fresh from his success at the Eremetani chapel in Padua; and so much was made of the great painter, so fully were all his desires met, that he lived at Mantua until he died, in 1506.

Mantegna's work, unfortunately, was nearly always done upon canvas; but several years after his arrival he undertook that frescoing of the Camera degli Sposi, or bridal-chamber of Lodovico, in the Castello, which delighted Isabella's eyes when she came to it in 1490, and which still remains to delight the world at large. In it are depicted, with true Mantegnesque accuracy and realism, Lodovico and his good German spouse, Barbara, his grown sons Federigo, Rodolfo and Gianfrancesco, his youthful son Lodovico, and the three daughters. In 1478, while one of the periodical visitations of plague was ravaging Mantua, Lodovico died at his villa of Goito, where he had sought refuge, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Federigo, above mentioned; whom we hear little of, except for his vain endeavour as a youth to escape from marrying Margherita of Bavaria,[13] and who survived his father only 6 years. In 1484, then, the elder son of

[13] Recent researches amongst the Gonzaga archives seem to establish the falsity of this ancient story of Federigo's fleeing to Naples from a girl he had never seen, his misery there from penury and sickness, his discovery by agents, and return home.

Federigo and Margherita, the young Gianfrancesco III, came to the throne,— known usually as Marchese Francesco; one of the most talented and upright men of his line, and one of the most remarkable princes of the high-Renaissance. He acceded as a youth, and did not marry until 1490; when he performed the most momentous act of his illustrious reign by bringing to the grim Castello as a bride, the fascinating, peerless Isabella d'Este.

She was a daughter of Ercole I, Duke of Ferrara, and Eleonora of Aragon, and a sister of Alfonso, the next duke, Ippolito, the cardinal, and the younger Beatrice, who about the same time married Lodovico Sforza. In Isabella's extraordinary union of grace, beauty, and accomplishments of every nature, with a mind renowned for its learning, its wit, its taste and keen intelligence, animated by a soul of the highest and strongest character, her personality not only took immediate possession of the Mantua of her day, but ranged far and wide throughout Italy, as a power and an inspiration in the world of politics, science, art and letters. But who in the space of a few pages can do justice to such a paragon! One can only say that she was the personification of the female virtues, wisdom, and abilities of her time,— the ideal Woman of the Renaissance.

"During 40 years Isabella d'Este played an important part in the history of her times, and made the little court of Mantua famous in the eyes of the whole civilised world. Her close relationship with the reigning families of Milan and Naples, Ferrara and Urbino, and her constant intercourse with popes and monarchs, made her position one of peculiar importance. And poets and painters alike gave her of their best. Castiglione, Niccolò da Correggio, Bembo and Bibbiena were among her constant correspondents. Aldo printed Virgils and Petrarchs for her use. Lorenzo da Pavia made

her musical instruments of unrivalled beauty and sweetness." [14] While, in the sphere of art, she ransacked Italy for her collections, patronised the greatest painters, kept a score of them ever dancing attendance, in person or by correspondence, and decorated her palace to the envy of Europe, with works of every character, executed according to her own directions.

Francesco "provided for her residence only a rugged fortress,— and her first care was to make in the Castello a small and elegant retreat, to be devoted to meditation, work, and intellectual pursuits." [15] This she effected with a little room adjacent to the *Camera degli Sposi,* which was exquisitely decorated under her orders, and received gradually the nucleus of her collection of art-treasures; this was the "*studiolo,* which is so often mentioned in Isabella's letters,— the peaceful retreat where she and Elisabetta Gonzaga spent their happiest hours, surrounded by the books and pictures, the cameos and musical instruments, that they loved." [15a] In these chambers, overlooking the long, blue-green reach of the marshy lake, Isabella spent a large part of her married life, until her noble husband died, in 1519. Then she removed to a suite of 16 rooms near the western front of the *Reggia,* and devoted herself to the decoration of her famous "*Grotta*" on the ground-floor: a combination of chambers and *cortile,* in which she placed her countless dazzling treasures to great advantage,— as many a connoisseur of the period has testified, with due expressions of amazement. This place was so kept until long after her death; but upon her son Federigo's marriage, she again moved her dwelling-apart-

[14] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."

[15] "Wall Decorations of the 15th and 16th Centuries"; Charles Yriarte on the "Paradiso" of Isabella d'Este.

[15a] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."

ments, to an inner, lofty suite, in the Palazzo Belvidere,— one of the newer, connecting buildings between the *Corte Vecchio* and the *Castello* (now united into one vast enclosure) where, again overlooking her beloved lake, she constructed her final and most lovely retreat of the "Paradiso": "a private sanctuary, in which she might give herself more liberty than ever for meditation, writing, singing, and poetry, when inclined to do so, and thus escape into a small and select circle from the glare of the court.— These three small rooms, exquisitely elegant, real shrines streaming with gold, delicately chiselled, furnished for and by her, in which every detail was to reflect her tastes and her thought,— became the object of her predilection; and it is amidst such surroundings, the real "paradise" of Isabella d'Este, that historians must place her portrait." [15b]

"Isabella herself was Estense, but she was a born *connaisseuse* as well.— She had Mantegna at her hand to select antiques for her — she set on her cardinal-brother to watch the young Michelangelo's career in Rome, and surprise, if possible, the secret of the buried Cupid; she sat in the jewel-casket-like rooms of her Paradiso, and prepared long-winded instructions framed by attendant humanists for the worriment of the painters who composed her allegories; she carefully measured with her own hands the wall-panels of her Grotta, and, trusting to no figures, sent ribbons of the exact length to Perugino, accompanying the aforesaid instructions. — She had Leonardo for her visitor, and Titian for her portrait painter, and, to her honour as a *connaisseuse,* she recognised the talent of a Correggio when a Bembo, with all his assumption of art-knowledge, passed him by unheeding. She sent to Aldus for new editions, read the first printed Decameron, and patronised Ariosto and Castiglione; did ever

[15b] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."

a ducal blue-stocking have so royal a time?"[16] "The works of Mantegna and Costa, of Giovanni Bellini and Michelangiolo, of Perugino and Correggio, adorned her rooms. Giovanni Santi, Mantegna, Francia and Costa all in turn painted portraits of her."[17]

Her family life was exceptionally happy; for her husband, despite a few infidelities, deemed of trifling importance in a prince of that epoch, was a man of sterling worth. "The house of Gonzaga"— as Burckhardt said —"and that of Montefeltro at Urbino, were among the best ordered and richest in men of ability, during the second half of the 15th century. The Gonzaghi were a tolerably harmonious family; for a long period no murder had been known among them, and their dead could be shown to the world without fear. The Marquis Francesco and his wife — in spite of some few irregularities, were a united and respected couple, and brought up their sons to be successful and remarkable men at a time when their small but most important state was exposed to incessant danger." Francesco adopted "a policy of exceptional honesty,— he felt and acted as an Italian patriot, and imparted the same spirit to his wife.— Her own letters show her to us as a woman of unshaken firmness, full of kindliness and humorous observation. Bembo, Bandello, Ariosto and Bernardo Tasso sent their works to this court.— A more polished and charming circle was not to be seen in Italy."[18]

As the times through which they passed were exceptionally disturbed and dangerous, owing to the irruptions and conquests of Charles VIII and Louis XII of France, so Francesco's career as a soldier was more stormy and distinguished

[16] Blashfield's "Italian Cities."
[17] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."
[18] Burckhardt's "Renaissance in Italy."

than his predecessors'. In 1494–5 he commanded the armies of the Italian league raised against Charles VIII after his subjugation of Naples, dealing him the heavy blow of the battle of Fornovo, on July 6, 1495, by which his retreat to France was sought to be interrupted. Charles fought his way through, but at such a terrible loss that he entered Italy no more. The Italian losses were still larger, over 3,500 dead remaining on the field, and amongst them *five* princes of the Gonzaga family, whose heroism upon that day earned them immortal glory. In 1496–7 Francesco commanded the Venetian forces. In 1498 he saved his state from the hungry, ferocious Cæsar Borgia, who was engaged in appropriating Romagna and the Marches, by entering into an intimate friendship with the villain; forty of whose letters to Francesco and Isabella are still to be seen at Mantua.

Upon Louis the Twelfth's conquest of Milan, the Marquis again saved himself, by an alliance with that king, taking a frequent command in the French forces from 1499 to 1507; in the latter year he aided in their reduction of Genoa, and also led a papal army successfully against Bologna. The year 1506 was marked at Mantua by the death of Mantegna, who was succeeded as court-painter by Lorenzo Costa of Bologna. In 1508 Francesco joined the League of Cambrai against Venice, whose relentless advance on *terra firma* was threatening his domains; and, after assisting to administer that crushing defeat of the Republic's army at Aignadel, on May 14, 1509, he was himself surprised while sleeping in a farmhouse near Legnago, shortly after, and taken a prisoner to Venice. This emergency called forth all the mettle of Isabella, who had to guide the little state safely through the dangers yawning upon every side, during the several years of her husband's captivity; and nobly she performed the difficult task, with infinite tact, finesse and resolution, showing

the highest qualities of statecraft, as it was then practised. From her own allies the danger was greatest of all,— the wild French troops continually overrunning Mantuan territory, with barbarous excesses, which threatened any day to seize Mantua itself. Isabella therefore joined the Pope in forming a new league against the conquering French, calling in the Spaniards to help drive them from Lombardy; Venice of course was a member of this alliance, and Francesco Gonzaga was accordingly released. Before he reached home, however, the French had been driven away, and the victorious allies had met at Mantua, in August, 1512;—"where a prolonged conference took place, and Isabella d'Este displayed her usual tact and ability in the conduct of negotiations." As a result, her nephew Maximilian Sforza was seated on the throne of Milan; which he lost in 1515, however, upon the return of the French under Francis I.

Francesco Gonzaga seems never to have recovered entirely from his harsh handling by the Venetians; for his last few years were now passed mostly upon a sick-bed, requiring Isabella again to manage the state. In 1519 he died peacefully, leaving the marquisate to his son Federigo II, who was still a lad. Of him it is said that "without ever attaining to his mother's, or his brother Ercole's, love of learning, he was decidedly more cultured than his father or Gonzaga uncles;" he had certainly inherited the family love of art, and princely building, and the family talents for warfare. In the same year Charles V became Emperor, and an agreement was at once made with him by the Pope and the Gonzaghi, to drive out the French again and seat Francesco Sforza, Isabella's other nephew, on the Milanese throne. Federigo assisted in doing this, in 1521, escorting his cousin to the latter's dominions with much gallantry, and shortly afterward defending Pavia with intrepid courage against

the assaults of Marshal Lautrec; for which he was given a genuine triumph on his return home. In 1524 he aided in the defeat and capture of Francis I at Pavia; and brought to Mantua Giulio Romano to be his court-painter,— who very soon commenced the building of the celebrated Palazzo del Tè just south of the city. This, the principal monument of Federigo's reign, was first begun by him as a small lodge in his park, and finally enlarged to a splendid palace for the pleasures of his mistress, Isabella Boschetti; the fame of the beauties wrought there by Giulio's fertile brush and Primaticcio's stucco modelling, soon spread far and wide; and it has remained not only the temple of their genius, but the ideal example of a great Renaissance pleasure-villa.

In 1525 Isabella went to Rome, to secure a cardinal's hat for her son Ercole, and, though ultimately successful, was detained there two years, until after the terrible sack of 1527 by the army of the Constable Bourbon. The war in Lombardy between the French and Imperialists continued to rage fiercely; Mantua still escaped, but her territories were desolated by the passing armies; and to complete the ruin came the plague of 1528, which practically depopulated the country, and carried off nearly one-half of the people of the city (recently increased to 40,000). Isabella laboured like a heroine in the midst of it, pledging all her best jewels to alleviate the distress. Through everything Federigo clung to the Emperor's party, in spite of the constant danger from the French; and he received his reward, on March 25, 1530, when Charles V entered Mantua at the head of a brilliant train, fresh from his coronation at Bologna the day before. He stayed four weeks, enjoying the Gonzaga palaces, art treasures and hunting-parties; and on April 8th, after signing and sealing an imperial decree creating the Duchy of Mantua, himself proclaimed to the people, from the steps of the

Duomo, the advancement of their lord Federigo to be the first Duke of the realm.

Toward the end of that same year the Duke shook himself free from the ten years' thraldom in which he had been held by the imperious Isabella Boschetti,— to his mother's long grief,— and wedded the Princess Margherita Paleologa of Monferrato; erecting for the bride still another wing to the vast Gonzaga palace,— the so-called *Palazzina,* adjacent to the Castello Vecchio on the east. Under Messer Giulio's directions the Palazzo S. Sebastiano, or southern wing, was being made the most magnificent part of the *Reggia.* A special chamber was designed for Mantegna's Triumph of Cæsar, another for Guilio's own famous Cycle of the Trojan War, another for Titian's great Series of the Twelve Cæsars, and so forth; while one splendid hall was devoted entirely to ancient marble sculptures, and the ceilings throughout were made grandiose beyond anything theretofore known. Later on Giulio constructed, again adjacent upon the south here, at the lake's edge, the celebrated Cavallerizza, or tourney-yard, surrounded by imposing galleries and arcades.

Federigo's marriage proved a happy one, and his bride a gentle girl who loved and admired Isabella. In 1536, through the failure of the direct line of the Paleologhi, and thanks to his favour with the Emperor, who decided the dispute in his behalf, Federigo succeeded to the wide domains and marquisate of Monferrato; which remained in his family unto the end. In 1574 it was erected into a duchy, for Guglielmo Gonzaga, son of Federigo; and in 1708 it was annexed to Piedmont.

On Feb. 13, 1539, the great Marchesa Isabella passed away, amidst the tears of the whole city; and according to her wish, was buried with no pomp, in the church of S.

Francesco, beside her husband, amid the other princes and princesses of the long line. In their sepulchral chapel Federigo had a splendid tomb erected for her; but before it was completed, he too had died, on June 28, 1540, and was laid beside her. Alas, that we cannot visit their resting-places!— "When, in 1797, the French took Mantua after a long siege, the church, which contained more than 300 monuments of the Gonzagas and other noble families, was pillaged — the tombs were broken in pieces, and the ashes which they contained scattered to the winds. Today this stately shrine, so rich in historic memories and treasures of art, has been converted into a barrack-school." [19]— Federigo was first succeeded by his son Francesco, a precocious youth, who is said to have known Latin at 5 years of age,— and who reigned but nine years; then by his second son, Guglielmo, who lived to sway the joint dukedoms for forty years, with celebrated magnificence.— Of Isabella's remaining sons, one, Cardinal Ercole, governed Monferrato for the family until his death; and the other, Ferrante, founded the line of Gonzaga princes of Guastalla, who reigned there as dukes until they became extinct, in 1746.

Guglielmo's long reign was the period of Mantua's greatest prosperity, splendour and renown. Amid the vast treasures of the *Reggia* and Palazzo Tè, and at his numerous royal villas, he led a life of luxury and magnificence, entertaining in kingly style the many potentates and illustrious men who came attracted by the fame of the Gonzaga Golconda. There was no warfare to disturb his ease, for Lombardy lay prostrate under the Spanish tyranny. After Giulio's death in 1546 the arts had begun their degeneration; but the industries of the people prospered as never before. The excellence and beauties of their cloaks and garments had long brought to

[19] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."

them the trade of the wealthy classes throughout north Italy and the neighbouring kingdoms; and prior to 1547 the settlement in London of a number of these artisans had spread through England the celebrity of Mantuan vesture. Thence we derived the name of *mantua* for a court-gown; just as paduasoy came from Padua's exquisite silk goods, and millinery from the head-dresses first made at Milan. Leigh Hunt put it wittily:

> "Mantua of every age the long renown,
> That now a Virgil giv'st, and now a gown!"

Duke Vincenzo I (1589–1612) continued upon such a lavish scale the magnificence of his predecessor that the Gonzaga resources gave way, and were rapidly dissipated. Aside from this he is to be remembered only for the introduction of Rubens to his court, who, attracted by its innumerable art-treasures, lingered there from 1600 to 1608, painting for the Duke many portraits and other canvases now long scattered. Vincenzo left three sons, who succeeded each other as rulers, and perished, within the space of 15 years; the grand old stock was worn out by ease and high-living, and the elder line of it died with them. Through all four dukes the family passion for royal building had persisted, and a good part of their extravagance consisted in still more additions to the endless *Reggia,* with renovations and elaborations of equal expense. "Francesco II reigned only a few months, yet found time to make the great Mostra Gallery over again." Under Vincenzo II, the last of them, the drain had reached such a point that he began the selling of the masterpieces of art: he "lasted but a year, but made terrible inroads upon the treasures of the *Reggia,* selling to Charles I of England pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio, and del Sarto." [20]

[20] Blashfield's "Italian Cities."

These were the most valued pieces of the main collection, including Titian's Series of the Twelve Cæsars. He "at first hesitated to sell the masterpieces which had belonged to Isabella d'Este, but finally gave up the most precious of them to the emissaries of Cardinal Richelieu," [21]— the canvases of Mantegna, Perugino, Costa, etc., that had so long beautified her famous Grotta. The greatest works of all, Mantegna's seven panels of the Triumph of Cæsar, were likewise disposed of to Charles I, either by Vincenzo or his successor, Duke Carlo I; they long adorned the walls of Hampton Court, and now form one of the chief treasures of the National Gallery.

All this was very sad, but it was fortunate; for only three years later came that terrible sack of Mantua which destroyed such countless works of irreplaceable value; it was therefore apparently an act of Providence that first removed these grandest masterpieces of them all, for the future enjoyment of untold generations. On the cessation of the main line of Gonzaga, with Vincenzo's death in 1627, the head of the younger, Guastalla branch at once set up his rightful claim to the joint dukedoms, backed by Ferdinand II of Spain and the Duke of Savoy; but Louis XIII of France, inspired of course by Richelieu, supported the pretensions of the French collateral line, represented by Charles de Nevers,[22] a descendant of one of the earlier Gonzaghi; and marching with an army rapidly across the Alps in the depth of winter, he crushed the Duke of Savoy in one battle, and set Duke Carlo I upon the twin thrones of Mantua and Monferrato. Ferdinand II did not rest under this, and

[21] Charles Yriarte (supra).

[22] Lodovico, one of the younger sons of the Gonzaga line, had married Henriette de Clèves, the heiress of the dukedom of Nevers, and assumed the title; Carlo I was their descendant.

in the third year of Carlo's reign sent a ferocious army of Spaniards and Lansquenets, which besieged the city, bombarded it, and took it by assault on July 18, 1630.

The ever memorable and horrible sack of that peerless capital which then took place, was like a smaller edition of the Gothic sack of Rome. For three whole days the brutish soldiery ravaged the *Reggia,* destroying far more than they carried away of those inestimable treasures of painting, sculpture, and manuscript. Nothing better shows the palace-city's incredible extent, than the fact that despite those three days' incessant hunting for wealth, they never discovered the *Paradiso* of Isabella. Its contents were dispersed later on. The city at large was so grievously stripped and injured, that it never recovered. As for Carlo, however, he kept his throne after all; for Ferdinand, threatened by Louis and other enemies, relinquished his purpose after this useless destruction, and recognised the line of Nevers. This continued to rule until 1708; when the turmoil of the War of the Spanish Succession frightened Carlo IV into running away, and ended in the annexation of Mantua, with the rest of Lombardy, to the Austrian crown. Before this last Duke had departed, he "divided among the Mantuan churches, corporations, and his private friends, more than 900 pictures, besides marbles and smaller objects, lest they should fall into the hands of his enemies;" another proof, after all the stripping that had preceded, of the countless art-treasures of the family.

During this 18th century, of Austrian rule, under Maria Theresa and her son Joseph II care was really taken of the *Reggia* and Palazzo Tè, and much redecoration and refurnishing done; which was continued, in the Empire mode during the succeeding Napoleonic era; so that a large number of the halls and chambers — including those occupied

or used by the Viceroy, Prince Eugene Beauharnais, and his consort — now exhibit the style of their period in the walls and floors, capped by the original *cinquecento* ceilings; a combination, as Mr. Blashfield truly remarks, which is really not at all inharmonious. This epoch was ushered in by Napoleon's famous siege of Mantua in 1796,— a frightful, long-drawn-out catastrophe, in which 60,000 Austrians under Wurmser resisted the victorious French for 9 months, enduring an incessant cannonade which nearly reduced the city to ashes, and surrendering at last only from starvation. It was upon this surrender that the French destroyed S. Francesco and its monuments, together with *fifty* other churches; which has left the city comparatively so bare today of ecclesiastical structures.

The impregnability of Mantua was thus demonstrated, to everything but hunger; although it was easily blockaded by posting bodies of troops at the ends of the five bridges leading from the city,— the Ponte Molino, the Ponte S. Giorgio, and the three crossing the southern moat and marshes. Yet when Bonaparte had gone to Egypt, and the Austrians advanced in 1799 to besiege Mantua in their turn, it was surrendered to them by the French Commandant, Latour-Forssac, after three months only; an event which ever afterwards "roused his [Napoleon's] indignation to so high a pitch, that whenever the subject was mentioned he could find no words to express his rage."[23] After Marengo the city was restored to the French without a blow; and sometime after the formation of the Kingdom of Italy by Napoleon, his viceroy Eugene came to live in Mantua for awhile, bringing with him his charming young Princess, Amalia of Bavaria; so that the *Reggia* for a last time opened its superb halls to a regal court. Here they returned in the

[23] Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte."

troublous days of 1814, after Napoleon's abdication, while Eugene's throne hung in the balance; and in the suite of *L'Imperatrice,* the Princess gave birth to a son. Eugene, after defeating the Austrians near-by on the Mincio, had signed an armistice, hoping to keep Lombardy for his own. But upon the murder of his Minister of Finance, in the uprising of Milan on April 20, 1814, in a foolish fit of anger he handed over the city to the Austrians, and fled with his wife to her father's court in Bavaria. In these final, sad scenes of the Napoleonic Epic, Eugene, as Lord Broughton remarked, "was guilty of something worse than precipitancy — when he seized the crown from selfishness, and surrendered it from spite.— Botta handed him over to the perpetual scorn of posterity for his surrender of Mantua." [24]

The second occupany of the Austrians, from 1814 to 1866, was the devilish one: they quartered their brutal troops in the wonderful halls of the Palazzina, the Troia, the Mostra, the Cavallerizza, etc., where the savages even broke down the pendants of the ceilings to use for fuel; they turned the Castello Vecchio into a prison, for Italian patriots; they leased to the lowest class of people the Grotta, the Paradiso, and numerous other cherished apartments, which were then driven full of nails, defouled, and demolished in every brutish way; in a word, they appeared to expend upon the brick and plaster the venom which they felt for Italians. It was by the fortress of Mantua, and the rest of the Quadrilateral, that the Austrians stopped and turned back Charles Albert in 1849. So thick and constantly discovered were the plots for Lombard uprisings in the following years, that the Castello was kept full of prisoner-patriots, and moist with their blood.

In 1852 a great conspiracy involving hundreds of prom-

[24] Lord Broughton's "Remarks Made in Several Visits to Italy; (1816–1854).

inent Lombards was unearthed, through the confession of a poor suspect who was tortured for three days; 150 of them were immediately arrested, and 9 leaders of the plot were hung, on the field of "Belfiore" outside the city-walls, in the month of December. They included Tito Speri, the hero of Brescia, Pietro Frattini, the hero of the defence of Rome, Dr. Carlo Poma, a famous physician, and two venerated priests; and they have been known ever since as "the Martyrs of Belfiore." Countless were the patriots maltreated and done to death in that chief stronghold of the tyrants in Italy; and justly is it now considered the most sacred of national shrines. The long agony was continued in Mantua's case after the war of 1859, because the Treaty of Zurich then adjudged the fortress still to Austria, with the rest of the Quadrilateral and Venetia; but 1866 brought the end of the people's sufferings, and their long-awaited freedom.

Mantua's history during the Renaissance era was so inextricably bound up with her art that they have been summed up together; and there remains only to say a few words of the methods and the scholars of that master with whom the city is so strongly identified. "Julio Romano," wrote Broughton—"more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil." Perkins, on the other hand, expressed the reaction of the later 19th century when he said: "As Mantegna had elevated the standard of art in all its branches, so did Guilio Romano degrade it; while the one Christianised paganism, the other paganised Christianity."[25] There is much sense in the latter remark; but it remains for us to seek the mean of truth,—to recognise Giulio's great qualities of genius, while admitting his real defects. As a decorator he stands pre-eminent; the fertility of his fancy was inexhaustible, and always original. His power of imagination has been rarely

[25] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

equalled; who else could have conceived the "Battle of the Giants,"— except Michelangelo himself? To the latter Lanzi compared him, when he said: "Giulio Pippi, the most distinguished of Raphael's scholars, resembled his master more in energy than in delicacy of style.— In grandeur of design he almost rivals Michelangiolo, completely mastering the whole mechanism of the human frame, which he bends and accommodates to his purposes with unerring skill; save that now and then, from over-anxiety to make his meaning plain, he is guilty of too much violence in his attitudes." [26]

We must recognise his underlying genius when we remember that he drew all the cartoons, and in large part executed, the Loggie of Raphael in the Vatican. It was this sort of decoration which he carried to Mantua; and there, entirely unrestrained amidst the vast mass of works committed to his charge, he became lost in a lifelong orgy of neo-classicism and mythology,— in which, haste and the striving for grand effects gradually coarsened and impaired his manner. One might say that Giulio was practically entrusted with the rebuilding and readornment of the Gonzaga capital, on a grandiose scale commensurate with the family's glory, and to which they continually urged him on. Duke Federigo "in a transport of gratitude, was heard to exclaim, that Giulio was in truth more the master of the city than he himself.—A solitary instance, perhaps, in history, of one who, having erected the most noble and beautiful palaces, villas, and temples, painted and ornamented a considerable portion of them with his own hands; while at the same time a regular school of his pupils and assistants was formed in Mantua, which continued for a length of years.— So many chambers with gilded entablatures; such a variety of beautiful stucco-work; so many stories and *capricci,* finely conceived and

[26] Lanzi's "History of Painting," Vol. I.

connected with one another; besides such a diversity of labours, adapted to different places and subjects;— altogether form a collection of wonders, the honour of which Giulio divided with no other artist. For he himself conceived, composed, and completed these vast undertakings." He painted almost entirely in fresco, upon a daring scale; and what one must be careful to bear in mind in observing these works today (which so many critics have *not* done) is that they were all extensively retouched during the French and Austrian periods, sufficiently to destroy Giulio's faces, colours, and expression, and leave in fact only his composition and figures.

He was also especially noted, as Vasari truly remarked, for his production of first-class artists. Foremost among his pupils was Primaticcio, who rose to a solitary, supreme height in his world of stucco-fancies; he, with his talented fellow-pupil Niccolò dell'Abbate, afterwards repaired to the court of Francis I, to join Cellini in educating France in the Renaissance. Rinaldo Mantovano was Giulio's chief local disciple and painter, aiding the master greatly in his palatial frescoes. Benedetto Pagni, Fermo Guisoni, and Giov. Battista Bertani were also important followers; the last-named being the one who continued the school after Giulio's death, also the decorations of the *Reggia* and many other buildings, becoming "almost as another Giulio" to Duke Vincenzo I,— though a far inferior one. He was perhaps a better teacher than a painter: under him studied such brilliant artists as Giulio Campi, Brusasorci and Paolo Farinato of Verona, Giov. Batt. del Moro, and Paolo Veronese; which shows clearly to what a height of reputation the Mantuan school had attained. With the death of Bertani, however, it passed away; and from the school of the Campi, in turn, came Ant. Viani, "Il Vianino," to decorate the *Reggia* for

the remaining years of Duke Vincenzo and his three sons.

Between the Augustan age of Virgil and the Renaissance period of Castiglione and Vittorino da Feltre, Mantua produced one bright star of literature who cannot be overlooked in any summary of her past: this was Sordello, the poet of the early *duecento* who wrote his gay songs in *Provençal*,— in consequence of having been obliged to seek refuge in that region from the punishment of his licentious sins. In fact he has been well described as a kind of Italian Faust. Born at Goito near Mantua about 1200, he led a wild youthful life which terminated in a dangerous intrigue with Cunizza da Romano, Ezzelino's sister and the wife of Count Riccardo di S. Bonifazio; on whose discovery he had to flee for his life, not returning to Italy until 35 years later; when he reappeared in the train of Charles of Anjou, and was by that sovereign given lands in the Kingdom of Naples. There he died as he had lived, by violence, in 1269. But his fame was wide as a ballad-maker, and increased with the years,— Dante mentioning him as "he who was so distinguished by his eloquence, not only in poetry, but in every other kind of speech." In 1840 Robert Browning immortalised him by his grand poem, "Sordello," which sets forth with wonderful genius the strange, brilliant, contradictory traits of the mediæval Italian character. Mantua has happily remembered her great singer in the name of her main piazza.

Another important Mantuan writer was Capilupo, of Castiglione's time; also Spagnuoli, the Carmelite poet; and at that epoch the city shone richly with a borrowed lustre for which her Marchesa Isabella was responsible,— in the compositions poured forth to her, and about her, by the circle of poets she had gathered. A little later came Bernardo Tasso, to her son Guglielmo, by whom he was appointed

chief secretary in 1563, and Governor of Ostiglia shortly after. In the latter position he died, in 1569, leaving his unfinished poem upon Floridante to be completed by Torquato, and dedicated to Duke Guglielmo; who in his turn erected a monument, now destroyed, over the poet's grave in the church of S. Egidio in Mantua.—

To understand the topography of this city the shape of the peninsula must be borne in mind: the neck, crossed by the later fortifications of Brunelleschi and Giulio in a semicircular, outward curve, is the broadest portion; the eastern side runs directly north, the western side generally northeast, and the upper side, northwest, from Ponte S. Giorgio to Ponte Molino. In the middle of the southern wall opens the main gate, Porta Pusterla, immediately without which lies the Palazzo del Tè with its gardens, and from which the important Via Principe Amadeo runs northeastward till it joins with the other main thoroughfare, Corso Vitt. Emanuele (formerly Via Sogliari), coming eastward from the Porta Pradella, at the fortifications' western end. From the point of junction four piazzas stretch successively northeastward,— the small ones of S. Andrea, delle Erbe, and Broletto, and the final great one of Sordello; between which and the eastern lake lies the vast enclosure of the *Reggia*. The latter, therefore, is generally triangular in shape, with the old Castello forming its northern point; past which, on its outer side, a narrow way leads eastward from Piazza Sordello's extremity to the Ponte S. Giorgio. The railroad lines from the west, east and south unite shortly without the Porta Pradella, and enter the city beside it, along the western lake-shore; there the station is located, closely within the gate; and the line to the north advances along the same shore, till it crosses the northern water on a bridge beside the Ponte Molino.

THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF THE GONZAGHI, MANTUA

The journey from Cremona was a monotonous ride of several hours, always directly east across the luxuriant plain, with its countless streams flowing southward to the Po. At Piadena a branch-line from Brescia crossed, heading also southward, to Casalmaggiore on the Po,— a small town not worth a visit today, but of some historic interest as having been for centuries the most formidable stronghold of the Gonzaghi, equipped with a giant fortress that was considered impregnable before the days of cannon. By it they kept their hands upon the great river, and controlled more or less its shipping. Lassels, who visited the place while the Gonzaghi were still in power, spoke of it as the Duke's "strong tower of Casal, one of the strongest places I saw in all Italy: having an excellent Cittadel at one end of it; a strong castle at the other, and strong ditches, walls, and ramparts everywhere." [27] But all these, like their ducal sovereigns, have gone the way of the past.

We crossed the wide, impetuous Oglio, approaching Mantua through the ever-laughing garden of wheat and mulberry, corn and vine; so that I thought of Dickens' words: "Was the way to Mantua as beautiful when Romeo was banished thither, I wonder? Did it wind through pasture-lands as green, bright with the same glancing streams, and dotted with fresh clumps of graceful trees?" [28] There was no sign here, not even as we came very near, of that marsh-land which —

> "In Mantuan territory is slough,
> Half pine-tree forest; maples, scarlet oaks
> Breed o'er the river beds; even Mincio chokes
> With sand the summer through, but 'tis morass
> In winter up to Mantua's walls." [29]

[27] Richard Lassels' Travels (1630–40).
[28] Dickens' "Pictures in Italy."
[29] Browning's "Sordello."

Yet as we approached those walls, there it lay to the north, — water, swamp and rushes: the far-spreading, green-blue Lago Superiore, bounded by sedge so thick and banks so level and devoid of buildings, that it was difficult to see where the water ended and the land began. But already we were in the station; and descending to a hotel 'bus, I was rattled down the broad, ancient Via Sogliari, which in donning its new dignity of "Corso Vitt. Emanuele," appeared to have been making efforts to be clothed in modern architecture. For the stagnant old city has been moving in recent years, and has now once more a population of 30,000. I shall not give the name of the hotel to which I was taken; for though of good reputation, fair rooms and excellent cooking, its service was so unsatisfactory that at last, one morning after waiting long in vain for a bit of breakfast, in despair I quitted the house for another.[30] Wretched service is a vile destroyer of peace of mind. This second inn, Albergo Sennoner, proved itself a large, clean, Italian hostelry of the Lombard type, simple but well served, and of comfortable rooms. It was centrally located, on Via Principe Amadeo (here called Via Magistrato) just a block south of the Piazza of S. Andrea; which also has been rechristened, after Andrea Mantegna.

Thither I proceeded, in the cool of the afternoon, by way of the picturesque old Via Sogliari, curving between its irregular arcades upon heavy, time-worn columns, that ran sometimes on one side only, again on both; their capitals now showing erection in the gothic era, now in the romanesque, while the connecting arches were often entirely lacking. The three-storied stucco façades above were likewise variegated, in contrasting hues of green and blue and different

[30] I have recently been informed by travellers that the management has changed, and the service become first class.

shades of brown. Flanking the narrow, low, dark side-passages were tiny shops of every nature, including the inevitable, numerous cafés, with their chairs and tables sprawling between the columns; where these were not, stalls often stood, vending articles of the cheaper grades, and aiding further to shut out the light. Very little had changed here since the Gonzaga days, except the "American bars" and the frequent cinematograph-places. The crowd was intense, standing about conversing in dense throngs; and I always found it so here,— especially upon market-days, when one could hardly move for the multitude.

The piazza itself was long and but slightly broader than the street, not distinguished except by the imposing church of S. Andrea at its northern end, gleaming amidst the other buildings with its classic marble façade. This was designed by Alberti, about 1472, in the form of a mighty triumphal arch, flanked on each side by three windows, in a vertical row, and two huge corinthian pilasters,— a curious precursor of Palladio's style; over the flat pediment rose an odd secondary archway, behind which soared invisible the lofty dome; and at the left towered its earlier brick *campanile,* of 1414, pierced by three tiers of elegant gothic windows in terracotta frames — the topmost triple-arched, with red marble shafts and very beautiful decoration,— and capped by an octagonal open belfry with a slender conical spire. The square-headed marble frame of the main portal, beneath the great arch, was handsomely adorned with arabesque reliefs.

Entering, I beheld an interior of such majestic dimensions and impressive vaulting, ennobled by such a superb dome and pure classic lines, that I paused in genuine amazement. There were no columns nor piers to obstruct the view; the extremely broad nave, beneath its lofty, rounded roof painted

in simulation of coffering, was flanked on each side by three deep, arched chapels, also lofty, crowned by vaulting of real coffer-work, in gold on white, and fenced off by handsome balustrades of Siena marble; while the wall-spaces between them were adorned each with a massive corniced doorway, a large fresco, and a circular window, enclosed between tall corinthian pilasters at the angles,— whose gilded caps supported the general frieze, of carved, winged *putti*-heads interspersed with patterns of *grisaille*. From the imposing dome, soaring above the intersection of the spacious transept, descended a well of soft white light. Around the deep, apsidal choir extended the same architectural scheme of pilasters, side-arches and frieze, illumined by the great fresco glowing from its half-dome,— so far away, that the verger upon the high-altar, arranging the candles, seemed the size of a small boy, and barely discernible behind him was the dark semicircle of sculptured stalls.

Six more large frescoes decorated the entrance-wall,—two above each doorway; all of those in sight were of unusually light tone and colouring, so that, in spite of the huge figures, in their tableaux from the New Testament, they did not distract the attention from the whole grand architectural effect. This, according to Symonds, was derived by Alberti from the enormous vaulted baths of the ancients at Rome,— those coffered halls of Diocletian and Caracalla which still stand. "The combination of these antique details in an imposing structure implied a high imaginative faculty at a moment when the rules of classic architecture had not been as yet reduced to a method." [31] This was one of the first churches of the Renaissance, as well as one of the grandest, for whose forms they went back to the purely classical: "the type"— wrote Ferguson —"of all those churches which, from St.

[31] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts."

Peter's downwards, have been erected — in the past 3 centuries." The nave was finished in 1494; but Alberti's designs for the transept and choir were not fulfilled until about 1600, when Ant. Viani carried them out;— for which he deserves much credit, in that decadent age, seeing that he did not alter them in any way. The dome was not added until the 18th century. The only feature I did not like was the huge, disproportionate archway of the façade, which, as Symonds remarked, "serves only for a decoration. Too high and spacious even for the chariots of a Roman triumph, it forms an unappropriate entrance to the modest vestibule of a Christian church."

The frescoes of the nave were also later works, of the Decadence. The doors in the intermediate wall-spaces proved to open into smaller, cubical side chapels, four on each hand; and the first of them to left was that dedicated to S. Giovanni, which Andrea Mantegna himself built and adorned, and in which he lies buried. Through a locked iron grating I saw, by the dim light of one small window, a cell-like chamber with a flat cupola, which was painted in the centre with that Gonzaga device of a red sun and a golden crown, whose use was granted to the artist in 1469 by Lodovico III. In the floor lay a slab of red marble, covering the grave, bearing the inscription: "Ossa Andreae Mantinii Famosissimi," etc., with the date, 1506. On the left wall was a round plaque bearing a bronze bust of the master, wonderful in its lifelikeness and force of expression. "The expression of the face is grave, earnest and searching, the modelling bold, vigorous and true to nature, and the treatment of the hair, which falls in long curling locks on either side of the laurel-wreathed head, is most masterly. This consummate work of art, which is perhaps the finest of modern bronze busts, has been attributed to Mantegna,—

but it is more than probable that it was cast after his death — and that the tradition is correct which assigns it to the famous medallist, Sperandio Maglioli." [32] There was further adornment upon the walls, in the form of some faded frescoes by the artist's son Francesco, and three large canvases by his school; of these two were poor works, and the third an unusually fine Baptism of Christ, of noble figures and deep feeling, in a splendid tone and atmosphere.

Over the second altar to left I admired an exceedingly beautiful though damaged specimen of Lorenzo Costa's work,— a large, richly toned canvas of Madonna and saints, graceful in figures and composition, and of languorous, blissful atmosphere. The sixth chapel to right held the alleged sepulchre of St. Longinus, consisting of a simple stucco sarcophagus in classic lines, affixed to the rear wall, painted dark brown with gilt trimmings; while roundabout were some large frescoes said to have been designed by Giulio Romano, representing the Crucifixion and the discovery of the vessel containing Christ's blood; these, however, were over-crowded and over-strenuous, besides being damaged by repairing. Upon the altar stood a pleasing *cinquecento* canvas, an Adoration of the Child by the Maries and Longinus, possessing fine qualities of tone and drawing. The tomb of Bishop Andreasi in the right transept was interesting: a black marble sarcophagus, supported on a huge black swan between two smaller white sphinxes, with two graceful female Virtues of white marble, leaning upon the base and weeping; it was carved by Prospero Clementi about 1550.

In the dome I observed an enormous Empyrean with countless figures, said to have been done by the Campi, but so high that the details were lost; directly beneath it on the pavement was an octagonal space railed in by a Siena-marble

[32] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

balustrade, covering the spot where the vessel of St. Longinus is supposed to be buried; and round it the people knelt reverently in worship of those imaginary drops of blood. The large fresco in the apse proved to be a Crucifixion of St. Andrew, containing an extraordinary number of heroic figures, and so lifelike as to be fairly harrowing; its author was Fermo Guisoni, according to Layard and Lanzi,— the latter saying that the picture "both in point of design and force of colouring is indeed admirable." Near-by was a curious kneeling figure in marble, of the church's founder, Lodovico Gonzaga, portraying faithfully his rounded shoulders and long beard, with a quaint expression on the face. There was one other interesting piece of sculpture, the monument of Pietro Strozzi designed by Giulio (about 1530), placed in the southern chapel of the left transept: four stalwart caryatides, facing to front and rear, upheld a white base and a black sarcophagus, on whose top reposed the decedent's figure, on its *side*,— a rather unusual and striking design. Roundabout it lay many other tombs, and fragments of still others, brought hither, like Strozzi's, from demolished churches.— Mr. Berenson places a work of Fran. Torbido here also, representing God the Father with the two Sts. John,— over the second altar to right.

At the northeastern corner of this Piazza Mantegna a narrow opening connects it directly with the ancient Piazza delle Erbe, dominated by its picturesque old city clock-tower, or *Torre dell' Orologio*. The latter's square, ponderous form, of begrimed and crumbling stucco, rises on the eastern side of the parallelogram, at the southern end of the arcaded *Palazzo della Ragione*, or town-hall; its huge clock-face at mid-height, shaded by a curving cornice like an eyebrow, gazes with its cyclopean eye over the village of umbrella-stands and canvas-roofed stalls hiding the pavement below,

and through the connecting passage, across the neighbouring Piazza of S. Andrea. Just beneath it stands an image of the Virgin, upon a crescent moon within an oval niche, underset by a heavy, baroque, marble balcony; and upon the tower's peaked summit swings the town-bell in the open, surrounded by dwarf-obelisks at the corners. The old stuccoed palazzo likewise looks as if it had always needed painting or cleaning, and never received it; before it stretches the long, projecting arcade, of stucco arches on slender marble columns, which bulge with stands of vegetables, grain and fruits; and above, rises a single upper storey with oblong baroque windows. At the north the piazza is closed by a protruding three-storied wing, of similar stained stucco, which ends in a square brick tower, lofty and bare of windows, capped by an open belfry. Thus has the original palace of the 13th century been mutilated by the ages.

The western side of the piazza consists of a number of mediæval houses, rising upon the usual continuous arcade, filled with shops and stalls. The southern side is plain, except for the southwest corner, where stands the only handsome feature of the square: a narrow, four-storied brick building, erected in 1444 by Brancaforte, embellished with the most exquisite terracotta ornamentation,— of gothic arcaded string-courses with miniature spiral columns, magnificent pointed window-frames, and richly moulded cornices; all rising upon a ground-arcade of fine red-marble shafts. — This picturesque old Piazza Erbe is the true heart of the city, the crowded centre of its traffic and its gossip: thronged as I have pictured it, at morning and midday, but closing up a large portion of its booths, like folding flowers, with the westward sinking of the sun.

Traversing another short passage, beside the brick tower, I entered the smaller Piazza Broletto on the Palazzo's north:

along its west side continued the street proper, with its arcades and shops, and upon the northern and eastern sides rose common, old, stuccoed buildings; with this exception,—that from the Palazzo, behind the tower, there leapt at a goodly height across a street leading eastward, to the nearest house, a quaint two-storied archway, making a wide brick curve. This charming relic of the gothic age was adorned in its lower division with two beautiful triple-arched windows, having marble shafts, and in its upper, with a delightful marble colonnade, of slender, coupled members, one behind another; it was an archway such as one finds in Italy alone. Near-by on the Palazzo's northern wall, looking over the inevitable aggregation of canvas-covered stands filling the square's centre, sat a strange, archaic, marble figure, of lifesize, within a large, elaborate gothic niche, displaying an amused but placid smile upon its bulbous features. It was Mantua's monument to her beloved Virgil, erected in 1220.

"Proud of having given birth to Virgil, Mantua elevated him to be her prince, painted his likeness upon her banners, and engraved it upon her coins; and when in the beginning of the 13th century her citizens had raised the siege of the castle of Gonzaga and repulsed the Cremonese, the magistrates decreed that to commemorate the event a statue of the great poet should be placed in a niche above the Piazza, whence it might look down as if taking part in the joys and sorrows of his compatriots. As it was undoubtedly made by their best sculptor, we are justified in taking it as a proof that his art was then in a rude state. Virgil is seated before a reading-desk upon which lies a book, wearing the cap of a rector of the people and a long robe."[33] The crude, coupled, gothic columns and the peculiar foliated reliefs of the pointed

[33] Perkins' "Italian Sculptors."

arch of the canopy, are also very interesting and significant of the then state of the sculptor's art.

Another short passage now led me at last, beneath a lofty brick archway containing dwelling-rooms, into the vast and famous Piazza Sordello. Its enormous extent flashed upon me with surprise, stretching far away to the north, and up a gentle slope to the east; so that the mighty palace-city of the Gonzaghi, upon which I gazed for the first time, raised its long and variegated façade of many epochs on the summit of an elevation,— which was the site of the first settlement between the lakes. The centre of the huge parallelogram, cobble-paved and grass-grown, was marked by a marble monument with a tall obelisk, topped by a female figure bearing a crown of glory and a flag,— Mantua's memorial to the Martyrs of Belfiore. It consisted of a mound of artificial rocks fully 100 feet long, a ponderous granite base mounted by flights of steps, and a large square pedestal beneath the obelisk, adorned with a sculptured lion on the front side, and carved in *relievo* with the grouped busts of the heroes upon a golden ground.

Behind this the giant façade of the *Reggia* crested the slope, in four or five different buildings. Proceeding northward, the first portion, and latest, consisted of a long front of crumbling brown stucco, pierced with three tiers of very modern windows, shaded by a row of fine horsechestnut trees, and overtopped by a tall mediæval brick tower, rising somewhat to east of the corner, and frowning down with gaunt, unwindowed walls. Next came the original gothic palace of the Buonacolsi, where the Gonzaghi first gained their power by the tyrant's assassination in 1328: it consisted of two structures,— the first a lofty, four-storied, gothic, brick edifice, rising upon a splendid renovated arcade, of red-marble columns and pillars supporting pointed brick arches,

with voussoirs in alternate red and yellow bands. Above, the major part of its windows had also been recently reconstructed in the original manner: the single-arched openings of the first floor being pointed in the northern half, rounded in the southern; those of the second floor were a row of small square apertures; and those of the third, or *piano nobile,* a row of six superb gothic double-arches with marble shafts, recessed in brown brick frames with several white quoins to the outer arch,—"the most exquisite examples of their class," said Street, "that I anywhere met with;" the eaves were crowned by picturesque, forked battlements of the Ghibelline style. Behind those upper windows lay the great hall where Pius II gathered his general council of the Church to deliberate upon his crusade against the Turks.

The second Buonacolsi structure rose upon a similar arcade, of pointed brick arches with red and white quoins, resting on heavy marble columns; above which its brownish brick façade was irregularly broken by a scattering mixture of variegated windows,—large and small, single and double-arched, gothic and romanesque, some enclosed in frames of elaborately coloured brickwork;[33a] there were no battlements, but the whole effect was most picturesque. This was the oldest part of the *Reggia,*—and the last used for a royal purpose: for in its first-floor rooms, in 1814, dwelt the ill-fated Prince Eugene and his consort. Beyond this the façade became a plain, unwindowed, stucco wall supported upon a heavy stucco arcade, entirely painted yellow, fronting upon the northern bay of the piazza; it was not an edifice proper, but the face of the vaults upholding the *Reggia's*

[33a] All these windows, according to my latest advices, are being rapidly restored to their original designs, of the early epoch of the Gonzaghi; so that my description will probably not accord with what the visitor now sees.

extraordinary hanging garden. At its end came a queer sort of small triumphal archway, likewise of yellow stucco, guarding — as I later found — the entrance-passage to the extensive series of courtyards; and beyond this again was a modern covered market, used in the annual July fairs, which stands upon the ground formerly occupied by the ducal theatre,— the latter having been pulled down several years ago on account of its tottering and dangerous condition.

Returning to the piazza proper [34] I gazed at its western side, which was fully as picturesque as the eastern,— a succession of ancient, stuccoed, mouldering palaces, of divers styles. The two southernmost were of the gothic era, grim, decayed and battlemented, deprived by the changes of time of nearly all their original pointed windows of the 13th century. Once they were the splendid houses of noble and famous families: that next the southern entrance-arch was the Palazzo Cadenazzi, topped by an enormous brick fighting-tower, rising someway back; from the adjacent southern street I could see the iron cage still fastened to its side near the crumbling top, in which the Buonacolsi were wont to expose their unhappy prisoners for three days running, at the time when they possessed the palace; — hence its name of *Torre della Gabbia*. The other structure was the Palazzo Castiglione (originally Buonacolsi), where the family of the renowned poet-courtier dwelt in after years. (The house to which he brought the fair young Ippolita Torelli of Bologna, on that bright October day of 1516 when Isabella and Elisabetta Gonzaga stood in the entrance-hall to welcome his bride, then stood near-by, in the Via Pradella.) Here was the portal which received the Buonacolsi in their days of power, with its broad marble arch adorned with foliated

[34] Its northern bay is but half the width of the main part of the square,— which is thus narrowed by the bulky Cathedral.

reliefs, and the handsome marble balcony just overhead; four out of the seven great triple windows of the second floor also linger yet, with their gleaming slender marble columns.

North of this stretched the huge Palazzo Vescovile, in its ugly, stuccoed, rococo façade of inharmonious broken lines and make-believe solidity, painted the usual yellowish brown of that period,— its window-frames and cornices shaped in convoluted baroque, with the customary imitation-pilasters laid on, to add a little dignity. Two giant Hermes stood beside the doorway to support the balcony above, and a long row of urns and statues crowned the balustrade of the roof. It was a typical building of the 18th century. Adjacent, facing southwestward from the left side of the piazza's end, stood the Cathedral which Giulio rebuilt,— its façade likewise of yellowish stucco and baroque design; four mighty corinthian pilasters upheld its entablature and pediment in classic form, embracing the three plain doorways and rococo windows. Between its right side and the *Reggia* extended the piazza's long northern bay, the former looking upon it with a mass of beautiful cotta decorations — of the earlier, gothic church,— in frieze, cornice, window-mouldings and gables. Here also, behind the transept, rose its massive, tall, plastered *campanile,* of the 12th century, pierced near the top with three irregular rows of romanesque arcaded windows.— The interior of the Duomo, as the sun was setting, I left for another day; and wended my way slowly backward through the long series of shadowy, historic piazzas, calling up visions of the countless dead, famous and infamous, who had thronged them thus at eventide during two thousand years.

CHAPTER XIII

MANTUA THE MAGNIFICENT

"The noble-minded Isabel, who, where
It stands on Mincio's bank, in other age
Shall gild the town of Ocnus' mother hight,
With her own glorious rays, by day and night;
Where with her worthiest consort she will strain
In honoured and in splendid rivalry,
Which best shall prize the virtues' goodly train,
And widest ope the gates to courtesy.—
'Twill be upheld, Penelope, the chaste,
As such, was not beneath Ulysses placed."

Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso"; Rose's Tran.

MANTUA has been unusually distinguished by her women. In the glorious Renaissance days she had not only Isabella d'Este, but Elisabetta Gonzaga, and Leonora Gonzaga, Isabella's daughter,— both duchesses of Urbino, and both remarkable for their wit, learning and accomplishments. In the Middle Age she had that foremost of all Italian women, Matilda of Tuscany, "*La Gran Donna d'Italia,*" who made Mantua her home and the capital of her wide domains, as her fathers had done before her.[1] Thence she defied Emperor Henry IV and entered into a league against him with the Guelfs and various cities; in consequence of which Henry besieged the city in 1090, capturing it after a year's wait by the aid of treachery. In the latter part of her long and eventful life Matilda devoted much time and treasure to the neighbouring convent of S. Benedetto, about 15 miles distant, which was founded by her grandfather Tebaldo, and enriched

[1] Mrs. M. E. Huddy's "Matilda, Countess of Tuscany."

by her with many grants of land, besides her celebrated collection of manuscripts. There she was buried, in a "beautiful, simple ark of alabaster, upheld by eight slender columns;" [2] but her remains were later removed to St. Peter's at Rome, where they now lie, beneath Bernini's splendid memorial.

Matilda and her line were closely connected with the grand old gothic Cathedral of Mantua, which Giulio Romano transformed into a classic temple; but its walls and foundations remain the same. And it was to Countess Matilda that my thoughts first turned, when I repaired to visit it on the morning after my arrival. Here her father, Marquis Boniface,[3] was buried, and the place where his ashes rest is marked by a black stone in the west wall of the retro-choir, cut with this inscription in Latin: "Here lies the excellent Lord Boniface, Marquis and Father of the most serene Lady Countess Matilda, who died May 6, 1052." Here her worthy friend and valued counsellor, Anselm, was buried in 1086, with great ceremony; and within these walls was held

[2] Nora Duff's "Matilda of Tuscany."

[3] It was he that gathered together the enormous estates afterward so worthily administered by Matilda, who was the chief support of Pope Hildebrand in his contest with Emperor Henry IV; her possessions included "a great part of Tuscany, the province of Viterbo as far as Orvieto, the province of Umbria, practically all the Marche of Ancona, and the cities of Mantua, Parma, Piacenza, Reggio, Ferrara, Modena and Verona." (*Annali del Friuli.*) She had her due revenge for the taking of Mantua when she lived to witness Henry standing barefoot on the frozen ground, fasting and praying three days before the Pope's castle of Canossa, until Hildebrand accepted his abject repentance. Upon Matilda's death, in 1115, she completed her unequalled benefactions to the Papacy by devising to it in perpetuity those provinces of Umbria and Viterbo, which formed at once the beginning, and ever afterwards the principal part, of the temporal "States of the Church."

that general council of the Church and princes, in 1064, to discuss the validity of the recent election of Alexander II to the Papacy. The Pope and the College of Cardinals were escorted all the way from Rome by Matilda and her step-father,— Duke Godfrey; and they were met at the city's outskirts by her mother, with a glittering cortège. All the decorations and entertainments were upon a magnificent scale. The conclave duly approved Alexander's election (the choice of Hildebrand) — although it was attacked one day by a crowd of rioters, instigated by the latter's enemies; these were forcing their way into the Cathedral with arms in hand, when the Countess-Mother arrived with troops just in time to prevent a tragedy.

But of this storied past not a sign was visible, as I stood gazing down the imposing, colonnaded nave; all was grandeur, gilding, and comparative newness; none would dream that a gothic edifice of momentous history once occupied the place of this Roman temple. Giulio did his work not only thoroughly, but superbly:[4] down each side ran two long rows of beautiful corinthian columns, tall and finely proportioned, topped by no arches, but by rich continuous architraves of frieze and cornice, adorned with gilded marble reliefs; forming thus double aisles upon each hand, the first covered with rounded vaulting, elaborately stuccoed and painted, the second roofed with lower, flat ceilings, of similar decoration. The spacious building, thus open from wall to wall, presented a grand spectacle with these four noble colonnades, rising

[4] "Giulio dashed here"— said Forsyth in his "Excursion in Italy" (1801) —"into all the irregularities of genius, and ran after the Tuscan graces, the mighty, the singular, the austere, the emphatic." Eustace in his "Classical Tour," called it "a very regular and beautiful edifice," and the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, "an exquisite specimen of Mantuan taste."

from the polished marble floor. Overhead the nave was lighted by a row of oblong windows on each side, alternating with large niches occupied by statues; between which corinthian pilasters mounted, to sustain the upper, gilded cornice. Its roof was flat, and heavily coffered, with more exuberance of gilding. Triumphal arches separated the transept from the nave, and from the lofty high-altar-recess, and over the intersection soared the white cylinder of the dome. The spaciousness was further emphasized by the numerous domed side-chapels, opening into each other by connecting archways.

Halfway down the left side stood the covered pulpit between two columns, square in shape, raised high upon four slender corinthian shafts, its sides decorated with stucco reliefs. At the beginning of the outer left aisle I observed a fine marble sarcophagus of the 12th century, bearing on its gabled lid an interesting relief of the Nativity. The first few chapels here had no noteworthy contents, but farther down there opened a deep passage leading to Alberti's handsome chapel of the Incoronata: this was of delightfully harmonious lines, in the form of a Greek cross, crowned by a cupola; and contained three canvases from the school of Giulio,— one of them a pretty Madonna with angels. At the end of the left transept opened another striking chapel, that of the Sacrament, designed by Giulio in an octagonal form, with its walls and dome profusely covered by stucco reliefs, gilded and painted. The recessed archways running around the walls held seven large canvases, mostly by Romano himself, all of exceeding grace and naturalness, richly toned and highly finished: the four Evangelists occupied the corners, a martyrdom of S. Gregorio the right side, and a S. Margherita of Cortona being crowned by an angel, the left side; while over the altar were seen the Saviour and Sts. Peter and Andrew on the Lake of Galilee,— a very life-

like composition. Lanzi says that Fermo Guisoni painted the last, from one of Giulio's cartoons; and Berenson ascribes the S. Margherita to Brusasorci, the Martyrdom to Paolo Farinata,— in which last he is probably right.

The floor-space beneath the dome I found divided from the nave by a red marble balustrade, and reserved for the choir, for which there was not sufficient room in the shallow lady-chapel; the cupola, above the 8 windows of its drum, was painted with a huge *Gloria* of the decadent period. Other frescoes of no account adorned the rounded vaulting of the transepts, which was of even height with the flat roof of the nave; and a huge work by the early *seicentist,* Domenico Feti, decorated the half-dome of the apse. In the eastern line of side-chapels appeared one more noteworthy painting, a canvas of S. Eligio shoeing a horse, by Paolo Farinata,— over the altar nearest the front.

On leaving the church, I proceeded down the northern bay of the piazza between it and the hanging garden of the *Reggia,* turned slightly to the right at the farther end, by the covered market, and passing eastward along the latter's side, through a modern city-gateway for the taking of *dazio*-duties, emerged upon the western shore of the northern lake beside the ancient Castello. There it lay mirror-like between its reedy shores,— the long stretch of greenish-blue water beloved by Isabella, curving round in a great quarter-circle from the north to the eastern bridge — the Ponte S. Giorgio,— whose innumerable brick arches ran straightaway for over half a mile. The lake proper was narrowed to half this breadth by the large extent of rushes along its farther side, growing so thickly as to seem at the first glance like solid land; behind them rose a gentle green slope of meadows and trees, in whose full stretch but a solitary building was visible; trees of every size lined the water's edge, and ex-

tended inland in dense groves to distant rows of poplars. But that which endowed the whole scene with marvel and majesty — it being a clear day, of distant views — was the magical chain of snow-white mountains glittering down from the northern horizon,— jagged, innumerable and far-stretching, suspended seemingly in the deep blue sky, at once formidable and of entrancing beauty; they were the Alps behind Verona and Vicenza,—visible thus clearly only when the atmosphere is transparent.

On the lake's bosom moved a single vessel, a heavy ancient barge with flapping yellow sail, propelled by sweeps, which had evidently just passed the draw of the bridge, coming up from the Po; a number of dingy-looking fishing boats, also, were drawn up on the hither shore, and beside them kneeled a throng of brightly-dressed women, washing their linen on the stones. Seldom subsequently did I behold any more life than this upon the sleeping, forgotten water, which seemed to have in its peaceful vista some Lethean, soporific spell, suggesting utter unchangeableness from the days when the boy Virgil played upon its banks.

> "In the meadows at Mantua,
> But to have lain upon the grass
> One perfect day, one perfect hour,
> Beholding all things mortal pass
> Into the quiet of green grass." [5]

Upon the long, historic bridge, with its extensive solid approaches, its countless brick arches, and its double draw lifted by heavy balance-beams on arched supports, the movement was much more animated. At its farther end rose a high square guard-tower, of formidable look; and through this there came galloping, two by two, headed by a dashing cap-

[5] A. Symons.

tain, a full troop of cavalry, a hundred strong,— increasing from black dots to a thunderous whirlwind dashing by. Then a funeral plodded solemnly to the other shore,— the simple, open hearse, bearing the coffin covered only by a pall and flowers, being followed by a dozen orderless male mourners on foot, and three coaches of women. Besides this the ordinary traffic was continuous,— a chain of *contadini* always passing each way, with their heavy two-wheeled carts, wagons drawn by oxen, and occasional lighter vehicles. But the grand old Castello, to whose foot the bridge brought them, glowered mightily down from its machicolated towers as though no change had taken place since the days of knights and armour; ancient indeed it appeared, in its rough, stained brick walls, but as intact, as ponderous and menacing, as when it lorded over the countryside far and wide.

In general shape it was a huge quadrangle, three storeys high, surrounded still by the deep, wide moat, now drained of its water; at each of the four corners rose a massive square tower, projecting from the mass and one storey taller, capped with machicolations of imposing depth, and battlements now built up and roofed over. Subsidiary towers projected from the middle of the western and southern sides, to guard the bridges there crossing the moat and connecting with the rest of the palace-city; that on the west was a covered, masonry bridge, and on the south Giulio Romano had built his famous staircase, crossing to the adjacent palace of S. Sebastiano with the state apartments of the Trojan Cycle. All around the castle, above its spreading base, ran a rounded moulding of white stone or marble; beneath which opened a series of small, deep, heavily barred windows, just above the water-line, marking the original dungeons. The upper windows had been evidently made over in modern times, being square and frameless,— all except two remaining gothic apertures

in the northwest tower, of double, pointed arches, in fair brick frames.

The northeast tower, in its second storey above ground, holds the celebrated *Camera degli Sposi.* Beside the southeast one there projected from the façade toward the lake an extra, small, battlemented turret, three storeys in height, in whose first floor above ground was the original retreat constructed by Isabella, which she called her "Studiolo"; upon her son's marriage a bridge was thrown from this turret across the moat, and a small structure erected on the farther side which was named the Palazzina; this, however, becoming shaky, was demolished in 1899, leaving Isabella's turret as it originally stood.— Here a full view was afforded of the aforesaid wing of the castle built upon its south by Giulio, containing the state apartments of the Trojan Cycle: externally, it was but a large, ruinous, stucco building of two storeys, with only one remnant of its former glory,— a group of three fine renaissance windows, fronting upon the lake from the middle of the *piano nobile,* with red marble frames.

Advancing upon the Ponte S. Giorgio, I saw the Lago Inferiore stretching away to the south for 2 or 3 miles, enclosed in similar beds of rushes and low, wooded banks, with no buildings visible except some of the long roofs of the *Reggia* over the tree tops. To northwest the lake-shore was lined by low houses and gardens, turning their backs upon the muddy coast. I returned to Piazza Sordello, and my inn; and on starting forth again after lunch, took the eastward turning from Piazza Broletto, under the beautiful colonnaded archway already mentioned. After passing a peculiar palace with a front exactly like a late-Renaissance church, and a lofty mediæval brick tower, unwindowed and resting upon a base of Roman stones, I reached the Piazza Dante, containing a statue of that poet in its central grass-plot. Here

were gathered all of Mantua's art-institutions; the *Reale Accademia Virgiliana di Scienze e Belle Arti,* founded by Maria Teresa, and the more recent *Museo Patrio,* together occupied an imposing *palazzo* of 1767, on the piazza's eastern side, having a modern stuccoed façade distinguished by a row of huge ionic pilasters two storeys in height, supporting a heavy, parapeted cornice; while upon the south side was the plainer, stuccoed *Palazzo degli Studi,* of 1763, containing the city library, its *Archivico Storico Gonzaga* (or collection of Gonzaga state papers and family documents, of great interest and importance to the historical student) and the *Museo Civico,*— or collection of ancient sculptures.

Entering the latter edifice, I inspected the library,— a fine large two-storied hall on the *piano nobile,* surrounded by the customary wooden galleries overhead; but putting off to a later date my examination of its contents, I proceeded to the Museo, which proved to be located in another long hall upon the same floor. It was a gallery lighted by windows along the west side, filled with sculptures ranged unbrokenly around the walls, and others extending in an impressive row down the middle; their remarkable number and clever arrangement, and the beauty of many of the pieces, made a surprising and beautiful effect. It was indeed astonishing to find so many antique marbles, even in Mantua, considering the thoroughness with which the great Gonzaga collections were dispersed; practically all of these, however, came from the ducal palaces,— especially that of Sabbioneta — saved from the wreck in one way and another. To look upon this splendid hall, and reflect that it represented but a small portion of the antiques that once adorned the *Reggia* and the Tè, would be sufficient to open any one's eyes to the artistic glories of that princely house.

So many of the pieces were surprisingly good, of the higher

periods of Greece and Rome, that I cannot even enumerate the best. There were altars round and square, cut with charming reliefs, sarcophagi elaborately carved, delightful vases and urns, splendid reliefs detached from tombs, sarcophagi, etc., statues whole and mutilated, and portrait-busts without number, displaying the well known features of emperors and classic poets. The statues betrayed the customary piecing together of broken parts, which occasionally resulted in a head ill suiting a body, but on the whole they were of a most pleasing excellence,— representing gods and goddesses, nymphs and satyrs, warriors and Roman ladies. But the most beautiful work of all lay in the reliefs, the majority of which were in fair condition. Especially remarkable among them were the Pluto and Proserpine enthroned, with Cerberus and Mercury (71), the feasting Bacchus with two nymphs and two satyrs (158), the fight over the body of Patroclus (186), the rape of Europa (259) and the Diana and Endymion (171).

Many of the busts were unusually powerful in expression and individuality; especially fine were the Antoninus Pius (27), the degenerate Domitian (38), the sorrowful Matilda Augusta (46), the speaking Agrippina (54), the masterful Tiberius (62) and the bestial Caracalla (302). A head of Faustina (25) is alleged to be the very one which Mantegna so long cherished, but sold to Isabella six weeks before his death when hard pressed for money through his illness; but it cannot be the same,— it is too commonplace and expressionless, "too poor to have received the enthusiasm of so exquisite a connoisseur of Roman sculpture as Mantegna."[6] In a small, partly detached, front room I found the so-called Seat of Virgil,— a fine ancient marble chair with a high curved back, and winged lions for the fore legs. Near it

[6] Maud Cruttwell's "Life of Andrea Mantegna."

were piled ten lovely classic consoles, from some Roman building; and the floor was heaped with fragments of antique statuary,— arms, legs, feet, hands, etc., looking like a surgery after a battle.

On another day I visited the *Museo Patrio,* located upon the ground floor in the western part of the Accademia palace. Here were collected sculptures executed in the mediæval and Gonzaga periods, a number of which proved of much interest. In the third room was another early statue of Virgil (1242) posed in the same queer position as that upon the Broletto, and surrounded by several quaint mediæval reliefs; here was a beautiful *quattrocento* relief, of four genii holding the Gonzaga arms, with the heads of Lodovico III and his wife Barbara on the right, their son Federigo and his wife Margherita of Bavaria on the left. Besides being exquisitely done, this was historically interesting: because when the Bavarian envoy arrived at Mantua in 1462, with his "attendants all clad in coarse, red clothes of ugly shape, with bad manners and rude habits," Federigo fled to Naples to escape the union; the match nevertheless was plighted; and the good Marchesa searched everywhere for her errant son, until "Federigo, who was discovered living in a destitute condition under an assumed name, was prevailed upon to return and marry Margaret,— and she made a good wife and mother." [7]

In this same room I saw the curious red-marble sarcophagus of Archbishop Ruffino Landi (1378), adorned with crude sculptures; also five half-pedestals of the *cinquecento,* with charming arabesque reliefs. In the fourth room I observed an excellent *quattrocento* mantel, and a bust of Virgil with a badly restored nose, which stood in the Piazza delle Erbe for centuries. The fifth was a chamber of unusual

[7] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este."

terracotta relics: among them a fine bust of Gianfrancesco III, Isabella's husband, in a handsomely decorated cuirass; two remarkable small reliefs of the Crucifixion,— one of them in the manner of Mantegna, of wonderful modelling, expressiveness and feeling; three lifelike busts of Virgil, Spagnuoli (the Carmelite poet) and Gianfrancesco again; two striking little reliefs of Roman scenes,— a procession, and an emperor before German chiefs; and a fine portrait-figure of Dante, reading in a library. There followed two large rooms of prehistoric objects and skeletons, from the ages of stone and bronze, besides a few Etruscan vases.

Upstairs I was shown, in the Accademia collection, a suite of rooms containing old paintings, coins, die-stamps, etchings, etc., but few of them of importance. The third chamber held a good copy of the design of Mantegna's great Madonna della Vittoria, now in the Louvre; it was painted to commemorate the heroism of Gianfrancesco Gonzaga and his kinsmen at the battle of Taro (or Fornovo), upon the anniversary of which it was for many years afterward taken from its shrine and borne in procession through the streets. In the main hall were a number of interesting works, amongst many of little worth; here was the solitary remaining relic of Rubens' stay,— a huge canvas now cut in half, and in bad preservation, depicting a couple of the Gonzaga princes with their wives, kneeling before the Trinity; the latter represented as the Father and the Son seated, with the Dove of the Holy Ghost hovering above,— all apparently painted upon a large cloth held by 5 or 6 angels over the heads of the worshippers. The deep, rich tone and colouring, the golden light and finish, all showed the influence of the Italian schools then dominant in the young master's mind; as did also the repose and restraint.

Here were two portraits of charming Gonzaga women

(17, 18), a fine though colourless Byzantine Madonna of the 13th century (5), a Madonna with Sts. Joseph, Catherine and others, from the school of Pavia — a delightful picture, of exceeding tenderness and beauty (10), a Flagellation by Lor. Costa, well moulded and deep in chiaroscuro, but not very pleasing (12), an anonymous picture of the Christ, with a noble head, falling under the Cross in a *cinquecento* street (13) and a *weeping* Christ in the same position, by Fran. Monsignori (18). Several pieces were outputs of Mantegna's school, demonstrating his success as a teacher: a Madonna and devotee, mostly destroyed, but with a most lovely Child (9), three spirited uncoloured figures of Fortune, Merit and Virtue, clearly showing Andrea's guiding hand (20) and a Madonna with four saints by Andrea's pupil, Antonio da Pavia, faithfully reflecting his habits of drawing (11). Here, finally, was the well-known *Beata Osanna* (16) by Fran. Bonsignori of Verona,— who was called here by Gianfrancesco to decorate his villa of Marmirolo. This celebrated Dominican nun, Osanna dei Andreasi, a kinswoman of the Gonzaghi, was widely adored during her later years for her goodness and beneficence, being popularly "supposed to have received the stigmata, and to be endowed with prophetic gifts.— Isabella was deeply attached to the Beata Osanna, to whom she turned in all her troubles, and after her death in 1505 raised a splendid tomb over her ashes.— In the portrait — Isabella is said to be introduced, kneeling with three of her ladies" at the holy woman's feet.

Mr. Berenson places a work of Caroto of Verona in this collection,— a fresco of the Madonna with a donor, dated 1514.— On the first floor I was farther shown the local *Museo del Risorgimento,* containing the usual assortment of relics of that eventful period. After looking it over I returned to Piazza Broletto, and kept on westward, along

the Via Cavour, which leads just under the Torre della Gabbia, from before the entrance-arch to Piazza Sordello. On the left I soon passed one of those impressive brick buildings of the Renaissance which demonstrate how very little we Anglo-Saxons know of the proper uses of that material; it was a handsome, three-storied palazzo, with ground-floor windows framed in radiating rustica, a projecting central pavilion adorned with pilasters, and fine cornices to the upper windows and the eaves;— all in brick, of the best renaissance lines and effectiveness. Beyond, on the same side, came another interesting all-brick edifice, a lofty church of rococo design, whose extraordinary façade *curved inward* from angle to angle; and here a short turn to the right brought me to the amazingly vast Piazza Virgiliana.

This enormous open space, shaped like a colossal theatre, extends southwestward from the Lago di Mezzo, halfway between the two bridges,— some 400 metres in depth and 250 in breadth. Around it curve two long parallel rows of varied trees, shading a driving path and a gravelled promenade, which are separated by a green hedge from the huge grassy field within, used for public sports and army exercises. Insignificant stuccoed dwellings line the surrounding streets, with the exception of one large palace on the west, crowned by statues. In the northern centre of the field rises the solitary edifice of the modern Teatro Virgil, shaped like an amphitheatre, with apsidal ends; its curving southern front is a two-storied arcade of yellowish stucco, rusticated below and adorned with half-columns between the upper arches; through these one sees the enclosed fore-court, backed by the lofty gable of the auditorium. Not far behind it stretches the muddy lake-shore, whose monotonous vista is varied only upon those few days when the atmosphere is exceptionally clear; and then, far away to the north, one

sees the jagged outlines of the mighty Alps, with their snow-peaks glittering against the blue.

I followed the shore northwestward for nearly half a mile, to the Ponte dei Molini; and, it being near the sunset hour, walked slowly across the ancient structure, gazing over the far reaches of water to right and left, and stopping at the twelve old mills to inspect their ponderous, simple wheels, and the quaint statue of an Apostle that watched over each. The modern railway bridge accompanied me on the left. At the farther end I reached the hamlet of S. Antonio, or Limone, as it is sometimes called from its extensive culture of that fruit; and here I saw the old northern citadel of Mantua, guarding the approach to the bridge, with its stout ramifying walls and bastions sunk deeply in the earth; — a fortress once formidable, still impressive, and in Austrian days a terrifying political dungeon. "It was here that, in 1810, Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolean patriot, was arrested by order of Napoleon. A boat conveyed him to the prison of Peschiera, and he was soon afterward shot in the citadel of Mantua." [8]

Immediately to north of Albergo Sennoner, on the east side of the Via Magistrato, rises the Palazzo Municipale, whose quiet, Palladian façade I passed every day; it consists of a high, rusticated basement, of stone arches built in with stucco — except the entrance-way,— and a loftier *piano no-*

[8] Robert A. MacLeod's "On the Rhine and Other Pictures."—(For the near-by, ruined *Palazzo della Favorita,* see next chapter.)— Hofer's place of concealment had been betrayed through a large reward set upon his head.—Bearing "a crucifix, wreathed in flowers, in his hand, he walked to the place of execution.—He refused to kneel, or to have his eyes bandaged, but stood without flinching to receive the fire of his executioners." (Miss R. H. Busk: The Valleys of Tirolo.) The spot is marked by a simple marble monument, fenced in amidst a bower of greenery.

A SCENE IN GIULIO ROMANO'S GREAT FRESCOES OF THE TROJAN WAR.
THE REGGIA, MANTUA

bile, adorned with large ionic half-columns and corniced windows with heavy balconies, surmounted by a well proportioned *cornicione.* A little south of the inn the street widens into the long Piazza Garibaldi, holding a statue of the hero in its centre. The central part I found to be nothing more than a wide bridge across a little stream flowing from the western lake to the eastern: it was the so-called *Rio,* the original moat of the marsh-city, in far-off days when it was but half the present size. From the parapet of the piazza I saw the stream dashing along some 25 feet below, darkly confined between the backs of basements; westward, there projected at intervals along its southern side small stone colonnades, aged and crumbling, sustaining the rear portions of dwellings and shady arbours verdant with trailing vines and potted plants,— a most picturesque vista; eastward, there extended along the same side a long colonnade of fine stone shafts with brick arches, upholding a broad, modern promenade. Ultimately the *Rio* empties into a great enclosed basin, the *Darsena,* or *Porta Catena,* connected by a narrow strait with the Lago Inferiore; this was the ancient protected harbour, or ship-basin, where the city's extensive water-commerce could be locked against all enemies; but the quays that once resounded with activity are now decaying in silence.

After glancing at the baroque statue of a Pope, rising from the western parapet,— seated, rather, with a cherub standing beside him,— I kept on southward, down the right-hand street of the two diverging from the piazza (Via Giovanni Chiassi) and soon reached the large church of S. Maurizio on its western side. It had a frightful rococo façade of yellowish brown stucco, undulating in and out; its interior was an imposing, domed rotunda, with a lofty nave on one side and chapels on the others. Three chapels also opened from

each side of the nave. The first on the left held in its walls many memorial stones of past martial heroes,— a relic of Napoleonic days, when the French commandants started to make of this edifice a sort of military Pantheon; and prominent among these inscriptions was one of exceeding interest. —"Johannes Medices Hic Situs Est": it was the famous *Giovanni delle Bande Nere,* of the younger line of the Medici, who if he had lived 5 years longer would perhaps have been the first Duke of Florence; but he was mortally wounded in a battle against the Imperialists near Governolo in December, 1526, was carried to Mantua, and died a few days later in the church of S. Domenico (now suppressed) whence this tablet was removed from his tomb. In consequence his son Cosimo became the first Florentine duke; and his descendants ruled over Tuscany until 1859, intermingling with most of the royal families of Europe. There is hardly a sovereign today who cannot count this *condottiere* among his ancestors.

The *pala* of this chapel was a S. Bartolomeo painted by Boccaccio Boccaccino II, the nephew of the great master. The adjacent chapel held the elaborate marble monument of Luigi Gonzaga, the founder of the dynasty, with a fair altar-painting by Lor. Garbieri, a pupil of the Caracci; and the second and third chapels on the opposite side contained good examples of Lodovico Caracci.

Some four blocks farther south, at the angle of Via Carlo Poma, rises the great church of S. Barbara, facing westward,— another splendidly proportioned, baroque edifice, with an ugly façade. It was erected by Bertani, and filled with paintings of the late Renaissance; but two are noteworthy,— the huge Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes, by one of the lesser Costas, over the main entrance, and the Decapitation of S. Barbara by Brusasorci, in the

choir. Of the tomb of Giulio Romano, who was buried here, all trace has been lost. Turning westward on the Via Poma, I quickly reached the house of Giulio Romano,— on its left side beyond S. Barbara,— the residence which he himself built and adorned, and occupied for years preceding his death. It has a charming stuccoed façade, of a most delicate and pleasing colour-scheme: the rusticated basement is of a light-brown tint; the first floor contains grey relieved arches of radiating rustica, holding daintily moulded window-frames of a lighter grey, over whose masked pediments the lunettes are coloured in imitation of purple-veined marble; while the beautiful frieze and cornice — the former composed of circles, festoons and rams' heads — are again of the light brown hue. The string-course forms a gable over the round-arched doorway, above which, in the central upper arch, is a niche containing an ancient Greek statue of Mercury, exceedingly lovely. The interior, unfortunately, has suffered despoliation of all the adornments inserted by Giulio; the façade also became dilapidated, but was carefully restored in 1800.

Immediately beyond this building the broad street was dignified by the imposing *Palazzo di Giustizia,* towering massively upon its southern side,— the same palace which Giulio erected at Federigo's order for his inamorata, Isabella Boschetti, but which has of late years been adapted for the use of the courts. Its chief feature is the series of 12 colossal Hermes upon the upper parts of the large pilasters running the height of the two upper storeys,— their fearful, bearded heads posed as if in support of the heavy ionic capitals. So aggressive is their uncouth, ferocious ugliness,— the aged, toothless faces sneering through straggling locks of ragged hair and ends of liberty-cap strings — that they are really fascinating, and would surely torment the dreams

of any child. The whole stuccoed front is of a peculiar deep brown shade, excepting the marble window-frames and balconies. The ponderously corniced windows of the rusticated basement are adorned with beautiful, curving, wrought-iron gratings; those of the *piano nobile* are crowned with pediments alternately rounded and peaked, and those of the third storey are square and simple. The very heavy cornice juts out above each pilaster, and the massive top parapet protrudes with corresponding pillars. These are the beginnings of the rococo; and the interior is similarly formed on grandiose, decadent lines, which overreach themselves in the efforts to be impressive. The great halls and staircases, and some of the smaller rooms, are decorated with corresponding frescoes by the pupils of Bertani.

A few blocks to the south upon the next street, Via Principe Amadeo,— and most easily seen upon the way to the Palazzo Tè,— stands the abandoned, ruinous church of S. Sebastiano, which Alberti designed in 1462. The interior is stripped and unsafe to enter. On the exterior naught remains of its once celebrated beauty except a fairylike portico on its left side, adorned with two rows of slender marble columns, 14 in number; from this one enters to right its strange, enclosed vestibule running across the front, lighted by a row of 5 windows, alternately arched and oblong; and here its original main doorway can still be seen, charmingly decorated in marble.

Another interesting walk which I took, was that westward upon the Corso Vitt. Emanuele. Over the *Rio* it, too, broadened into a spacious piazza, on whose eastern side rose the handsome, classic building of the *Teatro Sociale,* with a portico projecting on 6 huge ionic columns, and with statues in niches flanking the main portal. Adjacent, at the angle of Via Grazioli, stood a pleasing Renaissance

palace, with rusticated basement and stone windows; and immediately to the west, on the Corso's northern side, came another striking renaissance structure, occupied by the *Banca Agricola,*— its second-storey windows adorned with pilasters at the angles, and those of the third storey being double-arched, on slender triple columns. Thence the avenue continued, broad and majestic, between fair buildings of even height, prominent among which was the large and graceful renaissance façade of the *Ospedale Civile.* At the end rose the old brick gateway of the *Porta Pradella;* on traversing which I found a modern public garden set out upon the ground once covered by the wide city moat and the protecting swamps,— embellished with shrubbery and flowerbeds amongst the clumps of young trees; while the higher bastion of the old fortifications, that guarded the gate upon the lake-shore, no longer frowned with cannon, but looked smilingly across the long blue expanse of the Lago Superiore, sleeping in its rustic frame. The city wall of Brunelleschi's designing still remained intact, and swept away to the south-east with its grim, recurrent lunettes, along the top of its artificial ridge.— Some distance farther out here is the field of Belfiore, with its monument to the heroes of the *Risorgimento* who perished there.—

The massive brick walls of the city, faced by their extraordinary fosse of 50 to 60 yards' breadth,— whose deep depression still lingers, though long drained of water,— were of renowned strength in Renaissance days; as Mrs. Oliphant said, in speaking of Brunelleschi,—"The fortifications which he built at Mantua and Pisa were of such a character as to justify the complimentary assertion, that if "every state had a man like Filippo, they might consider themselves safe without arms."[9] I thought of those earlier walls, of the

[9] Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence."

smaller, mediæval city, which rose along the inner side of the *Rio* and consisted only of *wooden palisades;* yet even they were so unassailable, that when Emperor Henry IV attacked them during his siege of more than a year (1090–91) he could not take Mantua except by purchasing treachery within. Of course he had no explosive artillery, and the walls were approachable only by certain narrow causeways, guarded by high towers.

I found several other churches which are worthy of a visit by one who makes a long stay, distinguished each by one or more valuable paintings: S. Maria della Carità holds a fine example of Caroto — St. Michael with Sts. John, Cosmas and Damiano,— and a Martyrdom of S. Biagio by Brusasorci; S. Egidio has a portrait of the Beata Osanna by one of the lesser Costa's, and a Madonna with saints by Ben. Pagni,— besides a beautiful piece of *quattrocento* silk embroidery done with gold thread; S. Leonardo, which was the ancient Duomo and family church of the Gonzaghi, and where is still celebrated every August 16th the festival of their exaltation to princely state,— has a fine old *campanile* of 1155, a fresco of the Saviour with four prophets by Lor. Costa, and a lovely Madonna with saints by Fran. Francia; S. Apollonia contains two pictures by Luigi Costa,— a frescoed Marriage of St. Catherine in Giulio's style (perhaps indeed his work) and a beautiful Madonna with S. Marta by Dosso Dossi,— some critics say by Bern. Luini, but I think not; and the church of the Ognissanti holds an interesting fresco in the oratory attached to its sacristy, representing the Madonna enthroned, with many saints and angels, by that rare old master of Verona,— Stefano da Zevio (dated 1463).

It was the day after my walk out to the walls, however, that I commenced my inspection of the palace-city of the

Gonzaghi,— even in its ruined state one of the wonders of the world; and although I kept steadily at the delightful task, nearly a week had elapsed before the completion of the primary examination, without any doubling on my tracks; — which may suffice to give some idea of its size. Further visits were thereafter paid at intervals, to review the portions of most importance. The *Reggia* of course *can* be walked through rapidly in a day,— leaving the bewildered sight-seer in an utter daze, a chaos of endless impressions. But to attempt now the practically impossible, and give in words any conception of the vast place, it is necessary first to roughly outline its general plan.

As before mentioned, it forms on the whole an equilateral triangle, with its head to the north, and its sides running respectively southwest and southeast.[10] I will treat now only of the northern half of it,— the palace proper. Its western side consists of the two old Buonacolsi palaces facing Piazza Sordello, the hanging garden, and the market occupying the site of the court-theatre,— which last, bending slightly eastward from the line of the palace-fronts, reaches to the western tower of the Castello. The eastern side consists of the Castello, its wing of the Trojan Cycle,— often called Palazzo S. Sebastiano — and the huge Cavallerizza. The bottom of this northern triangle, connecting the Buonacolsi palaces with the Cavallerizza, is formed of three more structures, running from the inner side of the two palaces eastwardly to the southern corner of the tourney-yard (Cavallerizza); these are the buildings of the Appartamenti Ducali (which I will call, for distinguishment, the Corte Vecchio), that containing the Paradiso of Isabella (or Palazzo

[10] The eastern side runs more nearly south, in reality; but we will call it southeast, for the purposes of easier description with regard to the points of the compass.

Belvidere), and that of the Appartamenti Stivali. The large open space in the centre of the *Reggia,* also triangular in shape, was filled by Duke Guglielmo from 1560 to 1580, by erecting in its eastern portion the church of S. Barbara, facing southwest, and by occupying its remaining portion with a huge square cloister, arcaded on all sides,— the so-called Piazza or Prato del Castello,— which thus filled in the gap between the church, the Castello, the theatre and the hanging garden. Above the arcade on its southeastern side runs a long, covered corridor, leading directly from the Corte Vecchio to the staircase of Giulio Romano (uniting the Castello with Pal. S. Sebastiano) and giving a private access, as it passes, into the left side of the church; by this route the city's rulers could take their seats unobserved in their private gallery above the choir; and it afforded easy communication between the distant parts of the *Reggia.*

To deal somewhat more minutely, as is necessary, with the bottom line of the triangle above indicated: the southern Buonacolsi palazzo, which projects beyond the line, is a long, shallow edifice with a depth of two rooms only; the northern is a square structure of twice that depth, built around the little court of S. Croce; behind this eastward extends the still larger, rectangular building of the Corte Vecchio, surrounding the spacious Cortile d'Onore (Court of Honour); behind this again is its extension containing the Paradiso (the Palazzo Belvidere), a U-shaped structure with its opening to the south,— said opening being called the Piazza Paradiso; and from the northeastern corner of the last stretches eastward the long, low, narrow edifice containing the Appartamenti Stivali, to the southern end of the Cavallerizza,— this being the final addition of the Gonzaghi to their beloved *Reggia,* constructed by Duke Guglielmo about 1562. The Corte Vecchio was added to the Buonacolsi edifice by one of the

earlier Gonzaghi; the Belvidere building was erected by Lodovico II, and till the end of Isabella's epoch received the name amongst the family of the "Casa Nuova." Another garden, once of celebrated beauty, lies in the angle between the Stivali and the side of the Paradiso, overlooked by Isabella's rooms in the latter,— the spacious Giardino del Padiglione, bounded by an arcade on the east and the stables on the south.

South of the Corte Vecchio and Paradiso extends the vast Piazza della Lega Lombarda,— or, as it was formerly called, the Piazza del Pallone; and beyond it on the south and east stretches the enormous congeries of buildings which were devoted of old to the great Gonzaga stables and kennels — with their many hundreds of choice horses and hounds,— the general kitchens, laundries, and other domestic establishments, as well as the dwelling quarters for the innumerable servitors of all lines. In other words, this southern half of the greater triangle, separated from the northern — the palace proper — by the Piazza del Pallone and the Giardino del Padiglione, was the domestic portion of the *Reggia;* its western front, toward the Piazza Sordello, being closed by the buildings containing the many clerical offices of the state departments. That front is now in use by the officials of the city and province, and the rest of the southern buildings are occupied as barracks by the large garrison of Mantua; where Gianfrancesco III was wont to exhibit to visitors with pride his splendid breed of prize-taking Barbary horses, now rest the simple chargers of the troops of cavalry. All this portion is today severed completely from the *Reggia* proper, which remains an uninhabited memorial of past grandeur and art.

Its entrance I found to lie, as of old, under the front arcade in Piazza Sordello, between the two *palazzi* Buona-

colsi: a simple hallway now, with an office on its right where visitors are awaited by the uniformed governmental guides. The hall runs back through the Corte Vecchio, by the south side of its Court of Honour; but before that the great stairway turns off to the left; and up this I was led, to visit first the upper floors of the Buonacolsi edifices. This was the portion of the *Reggia* which received the renovating attentions of the Austrians under Maria Theresa and her son, and which was occupied by their governors and by Prince Eugene Beauharnais.— Right here I must do credit to the guides of the *Reggia,* by saying that never have I found men in their position so uniformly courteous; their information, however, is not always to be relied upon.

At the head of the winding staircase one is first ushered into the large *Sala dei Duchi,* overlooking Piazza Pallone, on the southern side of the northern palace,— entirely in white save for the painted frieze, retouched under the French dominion, consisting of the portrait-heads of all the 18 reigning princes of Gonzaga, from Luigi I to Ferdinando Carlo.[11] Neither in this, nor in a single chamber of the whole *Reggia,* except the Appartamento dell'Imperatrice used by Princess Beauharnais, and one or two other rooms, is there any furniture remaining.— From this one enters the series of large chambers along the rear side of the southern palace. The first, the Sala delle Caryatidi, was repainted by the Austrians with huge Egyptian figures in *grisaille,* upholding a fancied entablature, interspersed with representations of Virgil, Dante, Apollo, Homer, and the nine Muses, upon an orange ground. There follow, proceeding south, the four

[11] In this very chamber Francesco IV, as a result of the machinations of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, judged and condemned his innocent wife and secretary, in February, 1391; the sentence of decapitation was executed in the room directly below.

large *Appartamenti di Guastalla,*[12] redecorated under the last of the Gonzaghi, since fallen to ruin, and now undergoing repair; the first has a painted oak ceiling, and a frieze of imitation-marble with openings in which vases apparently stand against the sky, and with consoles supported by cherubs astride of dolphins,— all charming *seicento* work; the second has a similar ceiling, with gilt pendants, and a *seicento* frieze showing many of the Gonzaga emblems and mottoes, while its walls hold fragmentary, early *quattrocento* frescoes recently discovered beneath the whitewash, including the traces of a large quaint Adoration of the Magi, and two beautiful figures of a princess and a sainted knight; the third is distinguished by a *grisaille* frieze of designs and *putti;* and the fourth has another fine oak ceiling, painted in imitation of tarsia, with the Gonzaga emblem of the sun in every panel.

From the last I entered the southernmost front room, which exhibits remains of later frescoing in the shape of fanciful designs, eagles and sphinxes, and a family-portrait frieze displaying Gonzaga princes, princesses, monks, etc. Then, through a little oratory constructed under the Empire, I traversed the long front gallery, which was for a couple of centuries past divided into small rooms. Directly above all this, as I found on again mounting the stairs, the second floor of the southern palace was entirely devoted, from earliest days, to a single spacious hall called the *Armoria,* because in it the Gonzaghi kept their famous collection of armour and weapons,— that collection which was the hobby of Isabella's husband, and which has since been scattered far and wide. This hall, 68 metres by 15, was the place where Pope Pius II in 1459 held his great Council to inaugurate a crusade against the Turks (which was soon after cut short

[12] Socalled from the Duchess Anna Isabella of Guastalla, spouse of the last duke, who dwelt here.

by his death); and we see it represented in Pinturrichio's portrayal of that gathering in the library of the Cathedral of Siena, amongst his magnificent series of frescoes upon the life of Pius II.[13] Of all the famed decorations with which the salon was then resplendent, naught now remains; but a single frescoed fragment of the later decorations of Vincenzo I lingers on the northern wall,— the arms of the knightly Order of the Redeemer which he instituted, upheld by genii, and flanked by two noble warriors.

Returning to the *piano nobile,* we next traversed the *Appartamento dell' Imperatrice,* consisting of four chambers running across the front of the northern palace, and several smaller rooms in rear; they were redecorated under the Austrians for the accommodation of their Empress, and are still adorned with some of the hangings and furniture of Empire style remaining from Prince Eugene's occupation. Amongst them I saw the four-posted, gold and white bed in which his Princess gave birth to her child in March, 1814. Surmounting its gilded dome were a cherub and the Napoleonic eagle; its frieze consisted of beautiful gilt reliefs, and it was yet shrouded in its exquisite blue silk curtains. At the end we entered the large hall of the *Refettorio,* or *Sala dei Fiumi,* extending from the façade far back, along

[13] "Hill-Towns of Italy," pp. 278-80.—"It was through Barbara's (Lodovico II's wife) suggestion to her uncle, the Margrave Albert of Brandenburg, that the Pope was induced to summon the meeting at Mantua. Princes and ambassadors arrived from all parts of Italy and Germany. Pius II and his cardinals, Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, Albert of Brandenburg, and Duke Sigismund of Austria, were among the guests who were entertained in the Castello." (Julia Cartwright.)— What a picture must that gathering have presented in the grand old frescoed hall,— with all its pomp of prelates and princes, all its glory of arms and banners, and gay-hued silken vestments!

the southern side of the hanging garden; its vaulted ceiling and walls were all painted in an extraordinary manner, simulating an immense vine-spread arbour, with grottoes at the ends in niches of artificial rocks, and the six river-gods of Mantuan territory frescoed in openings at the sides. The last were a work of Giorgio Anselmi, in 1775; about which time the whole scheme was executed. In the centre of the vaulting were seen various divinities and the Hours, before a temple; and in the southern wall opened a handsome marble doorway, finely wrought, topped by a good bust of a Moor. Another ornament was a rich mosaic table of coloured marbles, porphyry, jasper, *verde antique,* etc.

The adjacent hanging garden, called the *Nuovo Giardino Pensile,* proved to be a large square plot, whose shrubs, flowerbeds and *nespoli* trees were still kept in fair condition; pleasing colonnades of coupled marble shafts enclosed it upon three sides, and in the middle of the northern side rose a pretty octagonal *tempietto,* a sort of summer-house, with a basement of precious marbles and a double dome of terracotta work. The corridors were lavishly frescoed with designs and arabesques, on walls and vaulting,— retouched in 1773. At the northeastern corner a winding staircase descended to the contiguous arcade of the Piazza del Castello, forming in Gonzaga days a convenient access to the castle. Upon the eastern side opened an extension of the greenery,— the small octagonal *Giardino degli Orsi,* shaped like a well, whose name indicates that it was once used as a bear-pit. This whole charming cloister was constructed by Bertani under Duke Guglielmo.

From the eastern end of the *Refettorio* we stepped into the northernmost of the series of six rooms running across the rear of the Buonacolsi palace, and looking upon the Cortile d'Onore: this was the Sala dello Zodiaco, a square chamber

whose vaulting was painted by Lor. Costa junior, about 1580, with the twelve figures of the Zodiac in brown upon a dark blue sky,— the constellations being marked upon them with gilt stars. Over the midnight heaven presides Diana in her chariot. The work was poorly restored about 1750. Above the doorways I noticed four rectangular panels of stucco reliefs painted a bronze hue, inserted about the same time in the place of Costa's damaged frieze; they represented mythological personages and scenes. Also of the Empire were the several panels of gilded stucco arabesques running up each wall.

The following four rooms constitute an apartment known as the *Verde,* or *dell'Imperatore,* or *degli Arazzi;* the last name coming from the famous *cinquecento* tapestries depicting the Acts of the Apostles, after Raphael's cartoons, which belonged to S. Barbara until about 1783, when they were removed here to aid in the scheme of redecoration; in 1866 they were removed again, to Austria, and now adorn the private apartments of Emperor Francis Joseph at Schoenbrunn. Their places are partly taken now by painted imitations of arras, fairly well done by Felice Campi of Mantua, upon canvas, portraying various scenes from the Sacred Story; — such as the Nativity and the Presentation, in the 2nd room, the Transfiguration (after Raphael) in the 3d, and the Massacre of the Innocents, in the 4th. All the ceilings are handsomely coffered in wood, with variously shaped panels, painted in with designs on white; and above all the doors are delightful stucco reliefs, uncoloured. The first chamber is further interesting for a small, low bed, canopied with green silk falling from a gilded dome, which was used by Napoleon during his campaign of 1796, and again as Emperor, in 1805; in the mosaic floor one sees a large wreath which held formerly a bronze imperial crown, and in the

lunettes of the walls, two excellent frescoes of the later Renaissance, depicting Roman sacrifices.

The last chamber of the six in this row is the *Sala dei Papi,* adjoining on the east the Sala dei Duchi where I started: like it, a bare, white room, adorned formerly with a frieze displaying portraits of the Popes, which now has vanished. From it I turned to the left into a long gallery of the Corte Vecchio, extending along the southern side of the Court of Honour,— the modern *Pinacoteca.* Its walls were covered with paintings collected from the suppressed convents and dismantled churches, and brought from the other parts of the *Reggia,*— mostly of little worth, because the best were seized for the Brera gallery of Milan. By Palma Giovane were four large canvases depicting the Four Ages of the world; and, said to be by one of the Costa (although a copy of Giulio's fresco in the Tè) was a pretty Psyche awakening Cupid. Those of most worth, however, were by unknown hands: the fine group of Sts. Paul, John and Sebastian, surmounted by a charming angel; the two bishops from a wooden *ancona* of the *trecento;* the excellent panel of the Madonna enthroned between Sts. Vincenzo, Giovanni Battista and others,— which formerly served as the high-altar-piece in the church of S. Vincenzo; the large canvas of Perseus carrying the Medusa's head; and, finally, the excellent Ascension hung just above the Psyche.

Eight marbles also adorned the gallery,— six indifferent statues of mythological divinities between the windows on the left, and two interesting busts in the right-hand corners; the first was by Bernini, a remarkably fine work, portraying the handsome Duchessa Maria Gonzaga, in the monastic veil which she assumed in 1643; and the second was by his noted pupil, Lor. Ottone,— showing an older princess, with a formidable nose and fiery eye, evidently a speaking like-

ness of the unknown original. The rooms upon the right of the gallery, exactly over the *Grotta* of Isabella below, constituted formerly the *Appartamento dell'Alcova,* of whose beauty naught now remains; but recently they have been used for an attempted reconstruction (begun and never finished) of the decorations saved from the wreck of the Palazzina,— the beautiful woodwork, frescoes, and *stucchi* that were the cause of the fame of its *Gabinetto della Paleologa,* which Duke Federigo II constructed for his bride under Giulio's designing.

From the end of the gallery we stepped into the enormous, square *Sala degli Arcieri,* at the southeast corner of the Corte Vecchio,— the first hall of the renowned *Appartamento Ducale,* stretching across its eastern side and looking upon the Piazza Paradiso. Duke Guglielmo began the decoration of this suite, and Viani completed it for Vincenzo I. The Hall of the Archers received its name from the ducal body-guard of archers here stationed. Its walls are now frescoed in *grisaille* with an architectural scheme of the time of the Empire; 22 huge consoles extend around the cornice, upheld by female busts; but the lofty, vaulted ceiling is ruined,— removed but for the skeleton of its ribs, because it threatened to fall to pieces. In the northern wall open two doors,— the second leading to the remaining rooms of the ducal apartment, the first leading to the spacious *Sala degli Specchi,* extending northward along the eastern side of the Court of Honour. The latter, by the way, is a large grass-grown square, with a dainty marble *tempietto* in its centre, which was transferred from the ruined church of S. Sebastiano; in Gonzaga days the close was kept up as a private garden.

Entering the *Sala degli Specchi* (Hall of the Mirrors) I was greeted by a great surprise: for here was a magnificent ballroom still radiant in all its original beauties of painting

and gilded stucco, still fresh and smiling, hung with a dozen sparkling, cut-glass chandeliers, and with its numerous white seats for the spectators of the dancing still placed around its brilliant walls, upon the glassy mosaic floor; all looking, in fact, as if Duke Vincenzo might have given a ball here only the night before. The long vaulting was lavishly covered, from end to end, and cornice to cornice, by a vast assemblage of frescoes still of refulgent colour; they were done about 1580 by Lor. Costa, junior, Ruboni and Andreasi, but were of course retouched in Austrian days. Down the centre extended three immense panels, successively,— Apollo driving his chariot of the sun, the gods in Olympus, and Diana in her chariot of the night; the best of which was the Apollo, whose four splendid white horses gallop over the rolling clouds with a beauty and a naturalness of motion quite exceptional. Costa is generally believed to have been its author, though some critics now impute it to Sebastiano del Vino. The figure of the goddess Venus is also much admired.

The two large lunettes at the gallery's ends are filled with immense tableaux of Apollo in Parnassus, wooed by the nine Muses, and an assemblage of divinities representing the arts and sciences; under the former are portraits of Virgil, Sordello, Castiglione, Spagnuoli, and other Mantuans who distinguished themselves in letters. The seven lunettes above the cornice on the west side are decorated with mythological personages,— those on the east wall representing the cardinal virtues; the triangular spaces above them, on the first curve of the vaulting, are filled with fanciful designs; and the spandrels between them, curving likewise forward, contain separate divinities in *grisaille*. The frieze in *grisaille* is especially pleasing, consisting of gambolling *putti* connected by garlands, on a golden ground. The walls, originally covered with yellow damask, are now adorned with mirrors

framed between panels of foliated reliefs in gilded stucco, of 1779, and separated by handsome corinthian pilasters with gilded caps. On the end walls stand four lifesize painted figures, both realistic and graceful, said to represent the four elements; the one portraying Water — or, as some say, Innocence — is of special merit.

The door in the end of this splendid hall opens into the long, narrow *Corridoio dei Mori,* extending along the northern side of the Court of Honour, to the *Sala dello Zodiaco.* Its lavish decorations of the later *cinquecento* consist of arabesques, *putti,* and other figures and designs, both in fresco and stucco, covering the upper parts of the walls and the vaulting. From it two doorways open to the north: one opposite the Sala degli Specchi, admitting to a stairway which descends to the great corridor leading to the Castello; the other, near the western end, admitting one to a suite of three rooms there located, adjacent to the *Sala dello Zodiaco.* The middle one of these rooms is the *Saletta dei Mori,* which gave the corridor its name; I found it a small, square chamber looking north over the Giardino degli Orsi, whose frieze, cornice and flat ceiling were one mass of the most beautiful gilded, open-work wood-carving, of the richest and most graceful foliated designs. Nothing more splendid for its size could be conceived, and nothing more significant of the *quondam* glories of the *Reggia.* It was done in the *seicento,* by unknown hands. At intervals through the foliage of the frieze appear the small half-figures of negroes, and negro faces are scattered through that of the ceiling. The centre of the ceiling is an exquisite large medallion, painted in oil with the nude figure of Venus escorted by divers cherubs, flying in a sky of fleecy clouds,— the *putti* charming, and the goddess a voluptuous form of considerable loveliness.— The room on the east of this is also distinguished by its ceiling,

of the same period, finely frescoed with raphaelesques and *amorini.*

Returning to the Sala degli Arcieri, we now traversed the eight chambers of the *Appartamenti Ducali,*— three large and square, looking east upon Piazza Paradiso, and five smaller ones at their end, running to the east in the Paradiso building. The three large chambers were remarkable for their magnificent wooden ceilings: the first and third were superbly coffered in oak, with delicate, foliated, gilt reliefs upon the beams and their rounded intersections, and with the white grounds of the panels decorated by handsome gilt foliations; the second was an intagliated labyrinth, of gilded ridges and blue lanes, the latter all engraved with the motto of Isabella, " Forse che si, forse che no," [14]— which was here most appropriate. The first room contained also four paintings by Pietro Menghi, depicting the story of Judith, placed as a frieze between richly carved cornices painted blue and gold, with repeated emblems of the Gonzaga sun.

Of the following smaller rooms, the first four looked northward over the forecourt, or Piazza, of S. Barbara, and the fifth southward into Piazza Paradiso. I entered first a little bathroom with a pretty diamond-coffered ceiling of gilded stucco; a similar ceiling succeeded, with its panels daintily adorned by gold reliefs on a blue field; and a third, covering a charming little toilet-room, was of beautifully carved and gilded wood. Otherwise these *camerini* were destitute. From the last one on the north side, a rising stairway of 13 steps of red marble led me, still eastward, to the anterooms of the *Paradiso* itself. The vaulting of this staircase

[14] " Perhaps yes, perhaps no."— This labyrinth is said to be a memorial of the safe issue of Vincenzo I from the siege of Turkish Canissa, in 1601, where he successfully brought out his command from a maze of disorder and dangers.

gave the first hint of the beauties to follow: its different bays, diversified in form, were profusely decorated with coloured *stucchi* and frescoed raphaelesques, of a most delicate character. The doorway at the top was once a fine piece of *cinquecento* work, painted with oriental designs, but is now practically ruined. I thought with some emotion, as I mounted, of all that throng of the great men of the Renaissance — artists, poets, musicians, connoisseurs — who treaded these same steps to reach the secluded shrine of their adored high-priestess.

The two anterooms, looking northward to S. Barbara, are now called the *Stanze delle Città,* from the views of notable cities with which they were adorned when Vincenzo I had them reconstructed; before which time, it is believed, their place was occupied by the vanished *Loggia delle Città* which Isabella made. The city views, I found, were frescoed in the lunettes around both rooms, where they were not long ago recovered from whitewash; they supposedly represent such places as Rome, Jerusalem, Algiers, Toledo, London, Constantinople, etc. On the spandrels between them were painted various Gonzaga emblems and devices, and certain of those of the Medici,— for the sake of Vincenzo's wife, Eleonora dei Medici. The ceilings were decorated with delicate stucco-work, and unimportant paintings empanelled in the centre. The rooms were small and low, and — as I observed from the windows — located upon the third story. Beyond them, in the very northeastern corner of the building (the "Casa Nuova" of Lodovico's time) appeared the square *Stanza dei Quattro Elementi,*— so called from its four anonymous, ill-painted representations of the elements upon the ceiling, of the 17th or 18th century. The framework of these, however, was adorned with charming *stucchi* and arabesques of the *cinquecento;* and especially noteworthy here

were the festoons of fruit bound to hideous masks by ribbons.

The doorway at the right conducted me to the first of the three rooms of the *Paradiso* proper, extending southward along the building's eastern wing, with windows opening upon each side: those on the right looked into Piazza Paradiso; from those on the left I gazed eastward at that view which so delighted Isabella, and originated the apartment's name. Directly below lay the spacious, square *Giardino del Padiglione,* framed by other buildings on either hand and a stately colonnade at the farther end; the first of the stables extending on the right, the low *Appartamenti Stivali* extending along the left,— over which appeared the grand arcades of the Cavallerizza. Beyond stretched afar the peaceful waters of the lake, embosomed in its emerald banks covered luxuriantly with copses of trees; the long Ponte S. Giorgio crossing on the left to its terminal guard-tower, and the Lago di Mezzo curving away to the north. It was easy to see how much the rural, restful beauty of this scene appealed to the Marchesa's court-harassed mind.

So small were the rooms, that but a single, ordinary-sized window looked lakeward from each. The first two of them were Isabella's own sanctuary, which she decorated herself,— the real *Gabinetti del Paradiso;* all of them preserved their original, exquisite, wooden ceilings, supported on consoles, or deprived of angles in the Empire style and curving forward from the cornice to the central, rectangular panel. That of the primary chamber, the " Camera di Musica," was especially tasteful and characteristic: the broad concave frieze uniting cornice to panel was relieved with an infinitude of minute foliations, amongst which appeared at regular intervals shallow, rectangular coffers, engraved with other designs and certain of Isabella's mottoes and devices. These

emblems, which she spent so much pains and learning in adopting, and spread through all the apartments occupied by her, are of much historical interest, connected with the vicissitudes of her eventful life that gave rise to them, one by one. Here were her famous "Nec spe, nec metu," the Roman numeral XXVII, the liturgic candelabrum of Holy Week, the monogram of the three letters U. T. S., the bunch of twigs bound with a ribbon, the Alpha and Omega, the open pack of playing cards, the monogram YS, etc. All have their historical significance: the XXVII, for instance, indicates "*vinte le sette,*"— that the Marchesa had "conquered the factions," and emerged triumphant over all foes. A full volume or two could be written on their derivations and meaning; as the learned Equicola did in his treatise upon the "Nec spe, nec metu."

The large central panel of this first ceiling is tessellated by ribbon-like bands, with pendant rosettes at their intersections, and each square is carved with a different maze of foliated reliefs; the middle one is engraved with the words, "Isabella — Esten — Mar.— M." (Isabella Estense, Marchioness of Mantua.) The beauty and richness of it is increased by the gilding of all the relief-work, and the blue colour of its ground. The oak wainscoting of the room, fully six feet high, is another remarkable relic, though greatly damaged by the low class of tenants during the Austrian *régime:* it contains a series of panels nearly 3 feet square, which were filled with fine tarsia by Antonio and Paolo della Mola. A half dozen still remain, probably not in their original places,— three of them representing fantastic *paysages,* the other three, musical instruments of various kinds; they conceal cupboards used by Isabella for keeping her own instruments. Above the wainscoting, in the space about three feet wide beneath the cornice, once occupied by her glorious can-

THE FAMILY OF THE GONZAGHI. MANTEGNA'S FAMOUS FRESCO IN THE SALA DEGLI SPOSI, MANTUA

vases of Mantegna and other great masters, extend now a series of unimportant and dilapidated later paintings. The mosaic pavement of her time has also given way to an ordinary tiled floor.

But the most brilliant feature here, which strikes the eye first upon entering, is the splendid doorway to the following room, which Gian Cristoforo Romano sculptured for the *Grotta,* and Isabella removed here after 1520. (He came to Mantua in 1497, fresh from his wonderful work upon the Certosa, and served the Marchesa for a number of years.) It is a rectangular portal with a classic cornice, about 8 feet high, the side-posts and lintel inset with regularly spaced panels of porphyry and coloured marbles; between these, on each post, were inserted three most exquisite medallions of bronze and Carrara marble. The four marble ones still remain, though in bad condition: each is carved with a single beautiful figure,— Apollo with his lyre, the armed Minerva, and a couple of the Muses. Six smaller medallions adorn the inside of the jambs, depicting a monkey, a peacock, different birds, etc. Injured as it is, this doorway is a worthy monument to that great sculptor. The subjects of its reliefs, one notices, chimed exactly with the former mythological paintings stretching roundabout the *Grotta,* all executed in accordance with the scheme of Isabella.

Traversing it to the second room, I saw a refulgent, all-gilt ceiling supported on consoles, coffered with alternate circles and octagons, over every inch of whose surface ran the same wealth of minute relieved tracery. The original paintings that extended below it were gone, but their lovely framework remained,— charming gilded columns, reaching from the top cornice to that of the wainscoting, cut with delightful, delicate reliefs of *putti,* nymphs, and arabesque patterns. The modern canvases now inserted are used to con-

ceal the gaping cupboards behind. The panels below were filled once with handsome pieces of arras, long vanished. Both the fine doorways are of Carrara marble, inlaid with bits of porphyry and serpentine, that on the south being probably a work of Tullio Lombardo, about 1523. Above it is an inscription,—" Carolus Primus — Dux," etc.— showing that the decorations were renewed by Charles de Nevers, about 1630–37.

The ceiling of the third cabinet is coffered in hexagons, supported on consoles, and entirely gilded. Here I saw four long fragments of the frieze of Lor. Costa, painted on canvas, that formerly adorned the Hall of the Zodiac; they depicted *amorini,* dogs, and arabesques, in a curious but well-executed manner. Here also were more of Isabella's devices,— including the famous musical notes of the Estensi, and her name and title,— painted on the middle panels of the ceiling. There followed a chamber not belonging to the Paradiso, called simply *lo Stazone:* it had an exceptionally fine vaulting of the 17th century, of pine and black walnut decorations intermixed,— probably a relic of the period of Charles de Nevers. The light and dark variations in shade of the rich traceries and foliations, were most effective. Beyond this the wing contained half a dozen more rooms, but they were entirely bare and dismantled.

All of these doubtless belonged to Isabella's suite, for she had 17 rooms together in this portion of the palace; but it was the three rooms of the Paradiso that she loved, and spent her declining years in. The *Grotta,* with its wonderful art-collections, was her public drawing-room, where she received ambassadors and strangers of distinction; the Paradiso was her private nest, where she retired to rest among her intimate friends, surrounded by her most beloved books, musical instruments, and treasures. " The first room was

dedicated to music.— The cupboards were filled with instruments: mandolins, lutes, citherns, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and made especially for her by Lorenzo of Pavia; here stood the famous organ by the same master.— Round the walls were views of towns in intarsia of rare woods,— and along the cornices friezes were formed of musical instruments carved in the wood. In the second room, devoted to painting and also to study, six masterpieces by the greatest painters of the time adorned the walls. The third room was reserved for receptions.— In the recess of the thick wall Isabella placed her writing-table, within reach of the shelves containing her favourite books; while she wrote those letters addressed to the poets and artists of Italy, overflowing with enthusiasm for art and letters." [15] We must realise her also surrounded by a quantity of her favourite art-treasures,— her "antique bronzes, figures of alabaster and jasper, cabinets of porphyry and lapislazuli, Murano glass of delicate tints and rare workmanship, precious vases — and crystal mirrors set in rubies, diamonds and pearls." Amongst these and other treasures, of letters and the arts, she talked with her famous friends as only a woman of the Renaissance could talk, when "all virtues, all crimes, all forces were set in motion by a feverish yearning for immaterial pleasures, beauty, power, and immortality," [16] and conversation was in itself an art, and the highest of the graces.

The visitor to the *Reggia* must next proceed to the palace of S. Sebastiano, which is reached by the covered corridor before mentioned. This corridor one enters by the steps from the Corridoio dei Mori; and a short walk brings him, past the church on the right, to the head of Giulio's marble staircase from the Castello, whose heavy, rich coffering is painted

[15] Charles Yriarte (Supra).
[16] Gregorovius's "Lucretia Borgia."

within the panels in imitation of tarsia. Here a door on the right admits one directly to the rearmost hall of S. Sebastiano, — the magnificent *Sala di Manto*. These *Appartamenti di Troia* were constructed by Gianfrancesco III and Federigo II between 1486 and 1540, with the aid of Mantegna, Giulio, Primaticcio, Leonbruno, Rinaldo Mantovani, Fermo Guisoni, and a number of Giulio's other pupils. Here were then located the head-offices of the state departments and the Council of Ministers, besides the public chambers of the Duke.

The *Sala di Manto,* so-called from its practically vanished frescoes which depicted the story of the sorceress, was the ducal throne-room, for the giving of formal audiences: a superbly proportioned hall, fully the size of the Sala degli Specchi (about 80 x 33 feet), and far loftier and more imposing. Even in its ruined state it is impressive. Around the walls at mid-height — but still some twenty feet or more above the pavement — runs a beautiful stucco cornice, with a delightful frieze of relieved arabesques, from which pilasters rise to the top cornice, richly decorated with reliefs; between the latter are large panels for the destroyed frescoes and small panels for the windows, under and over which extends more charming *relievo*. The unapproachable beauty of the stucco-work through all these apartments may be realised, when we reflect that it was designed, and mostly moulded, by the great Primaticcio himself; it is ruinous, but still unequalled. The wooden ceiling here is very grandly coffered, but most of its long pendant rosettes are vanished,— beaten down to serve as fuel by the barbaric Austrian soldiers, who were quartered in this palace during 150 years. The thought of such wanton demolition of irreplaceable treasures is maddening. But one can picture the hall as it formerly shone, with its "profusion of statues, busts, gilt furniture, crystals, arms, candelabra and damask hangings,"— a glorious setting for the

solemn receptions of foreign ambassadors, and of the nobility and clergy of the realm.

Succeeding on the east came the grand *Sala di Giuramento,* or *dei Capitani:* the former name derived from one of the four huge paintings that covered the upper walls, representing Luigi Gonzaga receiving the people's oath of fidelity on Aug. 26, 1328 (restored in 1873),— the latter name derived from the four busts of the chief Gonzaga captains surmounting the string-course. These busts were posed over the four doorways, near the angles, flanked by lifesize male figures seated guardingly beside them, with pendant limbs,— a unique and most effective design. All were of white stucco. The other three paintings, now destroyed, doubtless represented other important events in Gonzaga annals. The splendid wooden roof was in good condition, the beams that made its deep, broad coffering being gilded on the edges and painted with handsome arabesques, while the heavy gilt pendants remained intact.

The third chamber, in the northeast corner of the building, was the magnificent *Sala dei Marchesi:* so-called from the eight busts of Gonzaga princes and princesses, posed before roundels on the mid-cornice, two on each side near the angles; they were flanked by heroic statues of the Virtues, rising from ornate corbels almost to the ceiling. The pure white of these fine plaster sculptures contrasted agreeably with the rich gilding of the lavishly decorated cornices and ceiling; the latter being again superbly coffered, with deeply recessed octagons and florid rosettes, while four remarkable festoons, fully two feet in diameter, enclosed the central, octagonal painting. A number of the statues, and one of the busts — that of Isabella d'Este — were now missing. To right opened the *Loggia,* looking upon the lake through the fine triple archway with red marble columns which I had noticed from without;

from this the Gonzaghi were accustomed to show their visitors the celebrated view,— grand indeed when the air was clear enough to discern the snowy Alps. The decorations here were of no importance; but directly behind, facing the inner *Cortile dei Cani,* were the delightful *Gabinetti di Primaticcio.* On these two little rooms that master poured out the beauties of his fertile imagination.[17] Their cornices and vaulting are a fairy world of happy fancies, connected by richest festoons of coloured fruits and flowers, with many white panels of idyllic scenes filled with charming figures, and other figures and musical instruments relieved upon the consoles,— the white *relievo* being marked against a formerly azure ground. The first chamber, the *Camera di Apollo,* has on its vaulting also an involved representation in stucco of that deity "surrounded by joyous nymphs, fauns, singers and musicians."

The *Cortile dei Cani* was the original hanging garden, deriving its name from the odd use made of it by Isabella and her husband, to bury a number of their deceased pet dogs; for their tombstones even Giulio was called upon for designs. One of their mortuary inscriptions yet lingers on the wall, amidst the empty mosaic niches and traces of frescoes. To-day the garden is fallen to earth from its former height, which was equal with the surrounding apartments. Beyond this and the Loggia, along the southern side of the palace, extend three rooms now entirely desolate; from the rearmost the open so-called *Loggia of Giulio* stretches southward to the adjacent northeast angle of the Cavallerizza. But we returned to the *Sala di Manto,* and entered the suite of seven

[17] The learned Mantuan authority, Signor A. Patricolo, insists that these were decorated after Primaticcio departed for France, most probably by his disciples, Nicola da Milano, the dei Conti, and others; but to me it seems apparent that no hand but the master's was capable of such exquisite fancies and perfect execution.

rooms extending south from it, behind the Cortile and the last-mentioned loggia; these were the *Appartimenti di Troia* proper.

The first was the large *Sala del Trionfo,* looking west upon the apse of the church: so called because it contained, as is generally believed, the 7 great canvases of Mantegna's Triumph of Cæsar; and in witness, the 7 huge panels that held them extend around the hall above the string-course, 3 on the longer east side, 2 upon each end. The dividing pilasters are beautifully relieved, and the roof exhibits the usual elaborate gilt coffering. Between this and the *Cortile,* looking upon the latter, stretch three little rooms that were delightfully decorated with *stucchi* and raphaelesques by Giulio,— done with an excess of dainty imagination, a cleverness of execution, and a charm of colour and design that have been rarely equalled. The northernmost is the gem of the *Reggia.* The southernmost opens into another small, square chamber, looking upon the Loggia of Giulio,— the *Sala degli Undici Imperatori:* in this were kept Titian's famous portrait-heads of the Cæsars (he never finished the twelfth) in three square niches on each side but the eastern, where there were two beside the window. These panels, beneath the cornice, but over six feet from the floor, were framed in finely relieved mouldings, and separated by little rounded niches for ancient statuettes or oblong compositions of raphaelesques and *stucchi.* The vaulting was one huge fresco by Giulio, of which there remain but a handsome head of Diana, and other fragments.

Adjacent to the Sala del Trionfo on the south, and, like it, looking west upon the church, lies the medium-sized *Sala di Giove,* or *dei Capitani di Ventura.* The first name came from its ceiling-painting, which depicts Jupiter in the heavens with his thunderbolts in hand, and a cupid and an eagle at

his feet: a work probably of Rinaldo Montovani, after Giulio's cartoon. The second name came from the 12 busts of *condottieri* placed around the upper walls upon corbels, before circular niches, separated by handsome pilasters; originally of bronze, by *Il Lombardi,* they were replaced after the sack by these plaster copies. From this chamber I entered, finally, the *Sala di Troia* itself,— a spacious room looking upon the Loggia of Giulio. Emerging from the ruinous apartments just traversed, its world of brilliant colour, glowing from every wall and the whole wide vaulting, its score of splendid tableaux animated with dramatic life, its hundreds of lifelike figures glistening in gay-hued vestments and martial armour,— struck me with a joyous, dazzling effect that was vastly enhanced by the contrast.

It was the Iliad reproduced by Giulio in fresco: overhead I saw the deities of Olympus, with mighty Jove holding in his arms the form of Venus, fainting from the defeat of her beloved Trojans; roundabout the lower vaulting, just above the cornice, stretched the famous cycle of critical scenes from the war, undivided and running into each other like the component parts of one huge battle. Here Diomedes is slaying Astinous, Xanthe and others; here, having thrown down Æneas and lifted a heavy rock to kill him, Diomedes is stopped by Mars and Apollo, who have hastened to aid Venus in saving her hero; here Ideus is saved from the same warrior by Vulcan, and the Greek then hurls Pandarus from his chariot; there we see the conflict over the body of Patroclus, and the succeeding final struggle in which the Trojans are victors. The arrangement of all these scenes, the grouping and dramatic posturing, are worthy of the highest praise. The individual figures and their expressions, too, must in the beginning have been of a high order, judging from the reports come down to us; but unfortunately that same re-

painting of the Austrian period, which makes the colours so bright today, destroyed the expressions and the naturalness of the faces, and even the just proportions and tactile values of the forms.

Under the cornice other large tableaux extend around the walls,— incidents connected with the war: we see the Judgment of Paris, the Rape of Helen, Laocoön and his sons, and the Wooden Horse; and in smaller proportions, the Dream of Andromache, Ajax struck by lightning, Thetis requesting the armour of Vulcan, and handing it to Achilles. These pictures also, though still most decorative, still finely composed and admirable in many points, were spoiled by the same "restoring" brush. It is as a spectacle, a decorative scheme, that we must now consider the hall; since we can accredit to Giulio only the glory of the splendid composition. This was worthily complemented in Gonzaga days by many of their most precious furnishings,— of ebony and crystal, rare marbles and inlaid armour, delicate vases and glassware, gold and silver plate, and ornaments flashing with jewels of every kind. From this chamber alone the Imperialists of 1630 took an inestimable fortune.

Adjacent to this shrine of neo-classic painting succeeds, most appropriately, the superb *Sala dei Marmi,* or Hall of Ancient Marbles, which must have been the most thoroughly classic, and most purely magnificent, of all the chambers of the *Reggia.* Nearly the size of the Sala degli Specchi, it lies upon the south of the Sala di Troia, stretching across the northern end of the Cavallerizza,— a part therefore of the latter building. Its fine proportions, its pure, harmonious lines, and refined, delightful decorations, form the strongest witness to Giulio's taste and genius, and constitute to my mind one of his noblest monuments. Along the northern wall, opposite the six windows looking into the tourney-yard,

extend a series of exquisitely framed niches, divided by pilasters painted with arabesques, in which were posed the chief statues of the Gonzaga collection. The plastic adornment of these round-arched frames is surpassingly lovely; two of them, next the ends, hold doorways in place of niches, topped by roundels for busts, and pretty frescoed bacchantes on gold. Other busts formerly were perched upon dainty consoles projecting from the row of pilasters at two-thirds height, forming portions of a continuous, richly moulded cornice that crosses the shoulders of the arches. Over their tops runs the principal, heavier cornice, of graceful design. Similar pilasters separate the windows, between two of which, in the middle, stands a subsidiary niche. At each end opens an apsidal recess, holding a doorway flanked by smaller niches; beside which, in the upper angles of the wall, between the two cornices, were placed lifesize stucco divinities arranged in couples,— but two now remaining; and similar figures reclined in the spandrels of the window-frames.

One of the most pleasing things about these stately walls is their soft grey, dove-like colour, which certainly harmonised most happily with the gleaming white of the marbles. This is not disturbed by the gentle hues of the delicate arabesques that adorn the pilasters and the flat panels of the niche-frames, and cover the long rounded vaulting from end to end. The ground-shade of the vaulting is the same soft grey; it is divided into immense bays by decorative ribs, each bay being centered by a medallion of winsome, frolicking *putti* on azure, with lunettes of the same cresting the cornice; the slopes hold charming panels of stuccoed white figures on a black ground, well preserved; smaller, frescoed panels are freely spaced over the remainder of the slopes, and the whole grey ground is a mass of minute arabesques.

Three statues of no importance had been reinserted in the

northern wall, when I saw it, to give in part the original effect; but that throng of ancient sculptures which glorified this hall, is scattered far and wide through the museums of Europe. Some of them, we know not which, I had beheld in the Museo Civico; but enough of the latter collection should by all means be placed here, to revivify this magnificent gallery, so fortunately preserved. Giulio's designs here, according to Sig. Patricolo, were not carried out by himself, but by the same pupils who built for him the Palazzo Tè,— Scultori, Luca da Faenza, Fermo da Caravaggio, Il Recanati, and Rinaldo Mantovano.

What better than these precincts can recall for us that wonderful period of man's new mental birth, when every thought of his restored culture was thus devoted to the Beautiful. Here indeed can we realise the truth of Symonds' summary: "The speech of the Italians at that epoch, their social habits, their ideal of manners, their standard of morality, the estimate they formed of men, were alike conditioned and qualified by art. It was an age of splendid ceremonies and magnificent parade, when the furniture of houses, the armour of soldiers, the dress of citizens, the pomp of war, and the pageantry of festival were invariably and inevitably beautiful. On the meanest article of domestic utility — a wealth of artistic invention was lavished by innumerable craftsmen no less skilled in technical details than distinguished by rare taste." [18] As Gregorovius well said, "The Renaissance has been called an intellectual bacchanalia."

Piero Soranzo, of the suite of the Venetian ambassadors who came to Mantua in November, 1515, has given us a glimpse of Gianfrancesco III in the midst of these sumptuous halls. Through the innumerable rooms and corridors they were conducted to "the palace of S. Sebastiano, and admired

[18] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts."

the magnificent series of Triumphs painted by Mantegna. After this they were ushered into another suite of apartments, where the same odour of rich perfumes met them on the threshold. Here they found the Marquis reclining on a couch by the hearth of a richly adorned room, with his pet dwarf clad in gold brocade, and three superb greyhounds lying at his feet. Three pages stood by, waving large fans, lest even a hair should fall upon him; a quantity of falcons and hawks in leash were in the room, and the walls were hung with pictures of favourite dogs and horses. Francesco received the envoys graciously, and gave orders that they should be shown the other halls of the palace, containing Costa's recently painted frescoes, etc. The beauty and extent of the gardens and the magnificent view from the Loggia greatly impressed the visitors, as well as the gorgeous dinner-service of wrought silver." [19]

The door in this hall's eastern end admitted us to the Loggia of Giulio Romano, which looks upon the lake through four great arches. The ground in front was formerly a luxuriant garden reaching to the water's edge; under the Austrians it became a fort, and now is a grass-grown space used for a *tir aux pigeons*. The four bays of the vaulting are decorated with arabesques, and in the lunettes are dilapidated frescoes of *putti* and medallions, including a pair of genii holding the arms of Vincenzo I, quartered with those of his Medicean consort. The painting otherwise was of Guglielmo's time; and the structure was a work of Giulio's, to connect the palace with the long, covered corridor leading to the *Appartamenti Stivali,* which lie beyond the Cavallerizza.

This corridor, which we next entered, runs along the lake-

[19] Julia Cartwright (Supra).

side of the tourney-yard, in the second storey of the latter's arcade; it is open on each hand, with alternate arches and square windows, corresponding to the same design below. Toward the water the façade of this double arcade is plain; toward the yard it is adorned similarly to the other sides of the huge rectangle,— of which I was now offered a complete view. The long plot where knights once tilted, where the *cinquecento* dukes set their brilliant martial spectacles, was today but a grassy, forgotten quadrangle in which washed linen was hanging to dry; the ground storey of the surrounding arcades was mostly built up within its arches, framed in radiating rustica; the second storey remained open,— its alternating arches and square apertures, set in similar heavy rustica, being divided by ponderous, twisted, fluted half-columns, rising from corbels to the doric frieze; over the latter ran a high, panelled parapet. It was all stucco-work, but painted a natural stone-colour, to which the deep rustica and bulky columns added a further sense of ponderosity. Along the ends there were arches only, inset with the rectangular window-frames of the Sala dei Marmi and the Appartamenti Stivali; in the upper storey of the western side, both the arches and square openings were likewise turned into windows, for the lighting of the great Mostra Gallery, which lies there.

The double-arcade upon the east side, with its corridor, was erected sometime after the rest of the structure; the lake itself was at first the boundary here, and the end-walls reached down to it. This enabled the Gonzaghi to add water-displays and naval battles to their grandiose spectacles, in the manner of the Romans; and we read that Federigo offered such an entertainment to Charles V, during his eventful stay in 1530. Upon such occasions large wooden tribunes

and stands were put up around the walls, and awnings drawn over them from the parapets of the roof,— whose fastenings may still be seen.

At the end of the corridor I entered the Appartamenti Stivali,— a shortening of *estivali,* and meaning therefore the summer apartments, since they were built open to the tourney-yard, the Giardino del Padiglione and the lake, for the zephyrs of the latter to play freely through; to this secluded corner of the *Reggia* the later dukes retired in hot weather, as isolated as if they were in a country villa. Bertani put up the building, about 1562, under Guglielmo's orders. Four chambers look upon the Cavallerizza, of which the westernmost only conserves any remnants of the original decorations, the others having been desolated by the savage tenants that occupied them under the Austrian *régime.* South of these extends a long room called the *Loggia dei Frutti,* because its eastern end looked upon the lake through a triple archway and balcony and its stucco ornamentation was largely of fruits. It was the central and principal chamber of the apartments; and its scheme of decoration, still well preserved, is one of the loveliest things in all the *Reggia.* The cornice and the beams of the coffered ceiling are exquisitely relieved with festoons and straight garlands composed of fruits, leaves and vegetables, wrought deceivingly of stucco and painted in natural hues; and the alternate large and narrow panels are frescoed with charming though faded scenes, from the legend of Manto and Tiresias, and individual figures of much grace.

On the south again of this, at the building's southeastern angle, lies a room but slightly smaller, divided by a triple, columned archway; through all these apartments the ceilings are low, and the embellishments confined to appropriate

rural subjects, with an eye to the charming rather than the magnificent, giving the whole place an intimate, homelike air. In the last mentioned chamber its *cinquecento stucchi* and frescoes are mostly covered over by later painting and whitewash; but behind it I came to the delightful *Camera del Pesce,* looking southward upon the Giardino del Padiglione: above its frieze of festoons stretches a row of 14 large sea-shells, moulded like that of the clam, with bunches of fruit inside their grooves; the heavy beams of the vaulted roof, intersecting obliquely, form triangles over the shells, and are quaintly but prettily relieved on their faces by continuous strings of fish, of much variation and realism; while the coffers are painted with other fishes, ducks, and many species of aquatic life.

There followed, continuing west, the pleasing little *Camera della Gemma,* appropriately named, for it is indeed a gem of delicate ornamentation: square panels of reliefs extend above the rich, arabesqued frieze, and the small polygonal compartments of the sumptuous ceiling are formed by the most delicately modelled ridges,— although their frescoes, and that of the large central panel, have mouldered away. From this I entered to right the southernmost of the four rooms looking upon the tourney-yard, which exhibited still another beautiful ceiling of luxurious stucco mouldings, with coffers of *stucchi* and arabesques. A little hallway lay on its west; and from this I stepped to right into the vast *Galleria della Mostra,* stretching along the western side of the Cavallerizza,— the largest and one of the grandest of the halls of the *Reggia,* 215 feet long by 22 in width.

Here was gathered and set up by Dukes Guglielmo and Vincenzo I, in surroundings of the utmost magnificence, the celebrated Gonzaga Museum of natural history,— in its

time one of the half-dozen greatest in the world;[20] hence the name of *Mostra,* or display. The countless objects were exposed in cases set along the west wall, well lighted by the continuous openings of the eastern. We see today the handsome pilasters dividing the recesses in which the cases stood, and the panels above them that held the marvellous row of canvases by the greatest masters,— including Mantegna, Costa, Palma, Tiziano, Correggio and Guercino; and above these we observe the oval niches, flanked by smaller ones, in which were posed the long rows of antique statues and busts of the Roman Emperors,— the same busts, in part, that rest now in the Museo Civico. The wooden roof of Giulio's designing was splendidly coffered and gilded, but now is mostly fallen. The eastern arches, which before the reconstruction of Francesco II were entirely open, and thus gave free admission to the seats placed for tourneys, are now built up except for oblong apertures in ornate baroque frames, topped each by three successive niches, for other busts. The end-walls are beautifully decorated in stucco-work, with portals framed by corinthian half-columns, and capped by pediments.—There is talk, which I sincerely hope will be carried out, of transporting to this hall and its neighbour, the *Sala dei Marmi,* the art-collections of the Accademia and Museo Civico. Such an extraordinary opportunity to give, for once at least, an ideal and historic setting to a museum of ancient sculptures, should not be neglected.

Returning to the hallway at the southern end, we proceeded again westward along the northern side of the Giardino del Padiglione, through the final four chambers of the *Appartamenti Stivali,* called the *Stanze della Metamorfosi:* their ceilings, except that of the last room, which was used

[20] See description of it in Carlo d'Arco's "Dell' Arte e degli Artefici di Mantova."

by the recent tenants as a kitchen, are remarkably preserved, and exquisitely decorated with *stucchi* and painting. The first two depict scenes from Ovid (whence the name) and the third contains several charming idyllic tableaux in oil; all of which are declared to be works of the *seicento,* under Vincenzo and his three sons. From the late kitchen, directly beneath the northeast angle of the Paradiso building, and therefore under Isabella's suite, I stepped into the Padiglione garden; and from its turf was afforded a clear view of the fine eastern façade of that building, erected in the best early Renaissance style by Lodovico II. The pavilion from which the garden derived its name, an extension upon marble columns of the Galleria della Mostra, was demolished shortly after 1755.

From the final chamber of the Stivali a short passage continuing westward led us directly into the semicircular corridor which curves around the forecourt of S. Barbara, starting from the *campanile* at the southern end of the church's façade and merging itself at the other end into the great corridor to the Castello. It is midway in this semicircle that the steps descend into it from the Corridoio dei Mori, where I had started; but just before reaching those steps my guide turned aside through a little doorway on the left, and led me through the celebrated *Appartamenti dei Nani.* They occupy the mezzanine floor beneath the Sala degli Specchi and Appartamenti Ducali, looking upon the Court of Honour on one side and the Piazza Paradiso on the other.

This strange suite of rooms for the ducal dwarfs is a unique curiosity, whose like I have never heard of elsewhere. Guglielmo was the builder; but before his day Lodovico and Barbara had a valued pair of midgets, known as Franceschino and wife, and Isabella derived much amusement

from another couple, called Morgantino and Delia.[21] Under Guglielmo their number was so increased, that he bethought himself of this dwelling, proportionate to their size in all respects. The three stairways rising to it have tiny steps, the ceilings graze one's head, the doorways one has to bend to enter, and the rooms are mostly cell-like cubicles,— unfortunately stripped today of their minute furniture. A few of them are broader: the entrance-hall, the succeeding vestibule with its little doric columns, the central, circular *saletta* with its archways and tiny niches, and the miniature chapel. All is upon such a perfect scale that the dazed visitor begins to fancy himself transported to Lilliputia. A fourth stairway is observed, by which the dwarfs mounted directly to the Duke's apartments overhead. The ornamentation is not elaborate, but there is an amount of fair stucco-work in the cornices and ceilings,— with difficulty inspected, for the rooms had been darkened by the erection of the corridor I had just left, and by the arcade toward the *Cortile d'Onore*.

By this arcade I reached its brother on the court's southern side, which is the continuation of the main entrance-hallway of the palace; and here, at the completion of the grand circle of inspection which had taken so many hours and days, that inspection was fitly capped by the sight of the *Reggia's* most famous and most interesting *locale*,— its treasure-chamber, the *Grotta of Isabella*. This, or rather what is left of it, lies between the Court of Honour and the Piazza del Pallone, looking upon the latter: consisting now of but one chamber, the so-called *Schalcheria*, and the arcaded *cortile* or cloistered garden upon its east. The entrance is to the former. For an instant upon entering I was disappointed, having been unconsciously expecting to behold some relics of

[21] See "Buffoni, nani e schiavi dei Gonzaga ai tempi dell' Isabella d'Este;" by Luzio and Renier (Nuova Antologia).

those innumerable art-treasures of priceless value, which Isabella spent so many years in acquiring and mounting; yet what still lingers is of such significance that a number of volumes would be necessary to contain its literature.[22] That which I saw, however, to be brief, was a good-sized, oblong apartment, with bare plastered walls, above whose cornice extended a beautiful series of frescoed lunettes, and a magnificent vaulted ceiling, completely decorated with arabesques, *stucchi* and painted panels, well preserved and still bright in hue.

These were a work of Lorenzo Leonbruno, executed in 1522,— although Isabella had first occupied the place in 1496, on finding the *Studiolo* too small for her growing collection. The 14 lunettes depicted scenes from the chase of Diana, much injured by modern retouching but still of most pleasing effect: on three sides was being run the chase of the deer, on the fourth, that of the hare and the boar; all of the hounds were remarkably lifelike creatures, copied from actual dogs of Duke Federigo,— just as all the subjects, and the scheme of the ceiling (every decoration of the place, in fact) were furnished by the Marchesa Isabella. One great hexagonal panel occupies the flat of the vaulting, upon whose white ground the clever grotesques are very freely spaced; its centre is a medallion portraying an upward well-perspective, ending in a balustrade with a young girl and a cupid looking down,— in imitation of Mantegna's similar picture in the Camera degli Sposi. Isabella is said to be represented in the young woman, but her pretty features are obscured by the work's decay. Around this are placed

[22] L'edificatione di Mantua e l'origine dell' antichissima Famiglia de' Principi Gonzaghi," by Raphael Toscano (1587) and the Inventory made by the notary Odoardo Stivini (1542) have handed down to posterity exact descriptions of this wonderful place in its full grandeur, and a catalogue of its contents.

four smaller medallions, holding charming little white stucco figures, relieved on gold. All these were till recently believed to have been done by Giulio, and Lanzi speaks of them in evident wonder as his "beautiful works,— in which we still perceive some reminiscence of Raphael's engaging naïveté." Over the large chimney-piece on the southern wall there is, however, a frescoed group that is far more in Giulio's manner,— Venus caressing Cupid, with Vulcan looking on; and this it is very probable that he painted.

The walls, according to the best authorities, were in Isabella's time richly wainscoted on the lower part; and above this there were panels formed by ornate pilasters or strips of arras, holding the marvellous series of pictures; contemporary descriptions speak of the beautiful woodwork, carved, gilded, and set with the finest tarsiatura, and of the splendid majolica pavement of Pesaro tiles, decorated with the various Gonzaga emblems.[23] The room adjoining on the west, now quite bare, then belonged to the suite and was similarly adorned. Of the pictures that filled them five were particularly renowned, by Mantegna, Costa and Perugino. Like all the paintings, they were executed to Isabella's order, upon subjects minutely prescribed and measurements given by her, to take their allotted place in her classic scheme of allegorical fancies, which should give "expression to her ideals of culture and dispose the mind to pure and noble thoughts."

The first of Mantegna's was his famous Parnassus, or Triumph of Love, executed in *tempera* and one of his few greatest works. The second depicted the Vices being driven from an elysian retreat by Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. Both were finished by the year 1501. One of Costa's two

[23] *Vide* "Isabella d'Este et les Artistes de son Temps," by Chas. Yriarte in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," 1895.— Some of these tiles may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

allegories represented the Triumph of Poetry, with Isabella portrayed as the queen of that art, being crowned by Love and presiding over a circle of immortals; this was done in 1505, and as a consequence Costa was called to Mantua as court-painter in the following year. Perugino's composition, the Triumph of Chastity, was not so entirely successful, for that genius was hampered by the Marchesa's numerous restrictions;[24] it portrays Diana and Minerva overcoming in conflict Venus and Cupid,— backed by his usual happy vista of the Umbrian hills and plain. The whole five pictures now hang in the Louvre. Isabella failed in all her efforts to get an allegory from Gian Bellini;[25] but later on she procured a number of superb works from Titian and Correggio, which fitly complemented the series. The rooms, we must remember, were also crowded with cabinets and stands loaded with countless rare *objets d'art* of every known species, besides books, manuscripts and musical instruments of the highest value.

To the left opens the *cortile,* through a sort of arched loggia which was the original *Grotta* proper; for it was covered with roughened stucco in the rustic style, and its recesses, on both sides of the passage-way, were lined with niches in which Isabella placed all the most treasured marbles of her collection. These niches still remain, some of them adorned with the original mosaic-backs; some are oblong, for statuettes, others rounded, for vases and shorter marbles. In Gonzaga days this little place was wainscoted,

[24] To see her curious directions in full, *vide* M. Eugene Muntz's "Histoire de l'Art pendant la Renaissance: Italie," Vol. II.

[25] Eventually Bellini contributed a beautiful Holy Family, and Dosso Dossi of Ferrara, a number of lovely scenes. Titian's were a series of "unrivalled portraits and a splendid array of Holy Families and Saints painted in the same glowing colours, with the same exquisite landscapes."

with low benches, with three cupboards for valuables, and two shelves extending above rich cornices. Upon these shelves and in the niches the Marchesa gathered some forty small pieces of marble sculpture,— original works, and reproductions on a small scale of the most famous antiques — besides some fifty original antique bronzes. "In the cupboards were cameos, sole or set in wrought gold; one counted by dozens the chests of ivory and of precious woods, engraved, inlaid, and set with jewels; the perfumery bottles and vases of precious marbles, and articles glittering with priceless gems, occupied every angle, amongst a rich collection of 250 exemplary jewels exposed in cases, and boxes whose compartments held another thousand. A superb table of porphyry enclosed in carved wood, with a most delicate mosaic frieze of animals and foliage, was near the window, and upon it the celebrated iron inkstand adorned with jewels set in gold." [26]

But of all these treasures the most precious were the three famous "Cupids" of Isabella,— the marble statuettes by Praxiteles, Sansovino and Michelangiolo, which in those days excited so much wonder and admiration. They occupied three of the most prominent niches.— Beyond the *Grotta* extended the *cortile,* about 30 feet in length by 25 in width, with triple-arched porticoes at the ends, upheld each by four marble columns; no arcades were at the sides, but high walls decorated with rows of half-columns, rising from pedestals to the continuous, classic cornice, and tipped with varied capitals of exquisite beauty, which must have been carved by first-class sculptors. A small garden occupied the middle, with a paved walk on its northern side; the charming marble fountain that formerly cooled the air from its centre, is gone. Upon the frieze of the farther portico I read the

[26] Sig. A. Patricolo; translated freely by the author.

PALAZZO DEL TÈ: THE WEDDING BANQUET OF CUPID AND PSYCHE;—FRESCO BY GIULIO ROMANO. MANTUA

words, still plainly visible: "Isabella Estensis, regum Aragonum neptis, ducum Ferrariae filia et soror, Marchionum Gonzagarum coniux et mater, fecit anno a partu Virginis MDXXII;"[27] which showed the date when Isabella had this garden enlarged and readorned in its present form, and the rooms redecorated. At the ends of each portico were two niches, and in its back wall one larger niche, that formerly held choice statues; roundabout them, and on the side walls of the court, were visible fragments of further decoration in mosaics and frescoing, which included the use of many precious marbles, with the repetition of Isabella's various emblems.

These decorations in her day added a brilliant colour-scheme to the graces of the architecture, the marbles, the vases, the numerous other delightful ornaments posed upon pedestals and fancy tables, amidst the setting of shrubbery with its splashing fountain; and here, beneath an awning drawn across the top to ward off the sun and the rain, the Marchesa and her friends lounged away countless happy hours on couches and easy chairs, reading, talking philosophy and art, fondling and discussing her latest treasures, and listening to soft music. "Here she would read her favourite authors, or sing Virgil and Petrarch's verses to her lute. Here she would play the clavichord with the Greek and Latin mottoes, — and listen to the strains of Jacopo da San Secondo's viol, or the recitations of the wonderful *improvisatore,* Serafino." The amazement and pleasure of foreign envoys and visitors of distinction, on being received in such surroundings, may be easily understood; and equally were they impressed by the beauty, graces, learning and extraordinary character of the

[27] "Isabella Estense, niece of the kings of Aragon (Naples) daughter and sister of the dukes of Ferrara, consort and mother of the marquises of Gonzaga, constructed this in the year 1522."

great Marchesa herself, thus framed and set forth by all that was inspiring.

Giangiorgio Trisseno, the Vicentine poet, who was received into Isabella's literary circle when driven from his home by the war of the League of Cambrai, has left us an accurate picture of her at about 33 years of age: "A lady more radiant than the sun, with golden hair falling on her shoulders, loosely caught up in a tan-coloured silk net, with knots of fine gold through which her locks shone like bright rays of light; a sparkling ruby and a large pearl glittered on her forehead, and a rope of pearls hung from her neck to her waist; her black velvet robe was embroidered in gold.— Her voice, in the words of Petrarch, is a thing *chiara, soave, angelica, e divina.* It would have charmed Orpheus and Amphion themselves by its entrancing sweetness.— And if you had once heard her sing to the lute, you would, like the Sirens, forget home and country to follow its enchanted melody. Truly God has given her all the gifts of the Muses." [28]

On leaving the *Grotta* I was, by special request, shown the near-by rooms on the ground-floor of the northern Buonacolsi palace, between the Cortile d'Onore and Piazza Sordello; this score of chambers, together with certain of those overhead (probably the Appartamento degli Arazzi) formed the suite to which Isabella removed her habitation, from the Castello, in the year following her husband's death (1520). In them she resided until her son's marriage, in 1531; when she was compelled to move the final time, to the suite of the Paradiso. I found the bare rooms just in course of restoration from their past two centuries of neglect and abuse. From the whitewashing were emerging here and there, upon

[28] Trisseno's "Ritratti," as translated by Julia Cartwright (Supra).

walls and over chimney-pieces, bits of Isabella's frescoing, including her usual mottoes and devices; the ceilings were of little beauty, owing to decay and subsequent renewal, but every indication was of interest, that showed what they were in the Marchesa's day. At the northeast corner of the small, central *Cortile di S. Croce,* I noticed the private staircase connecting with the upper apartments; there were her private chambers, and here were her reception-rooms, and those devoted to her kitchens and domestic establishment.— By the time that this is in the reader's hands, I trust that the lower suite will be entirely restored and added to the past glories of the *Reggia.*—

I had not, upon my long round, visited either the church or the Castello, because they are the sole buildings still remaining detached from the control of the national government,— S. Barbara being yet in Roman Catholic hands and used for public worship, and the Castle being still retained by the city authorities, for the storage of archives, etc. Both however can be visited, but separately. To reach them I repaired one morning to the triumphal archway already mentioned, just beyond the hanging garden; this was erected under Giulio's designs in the first generation of the *cinquecento,*— except for the top storey, subsequently added. Upon the walls of its arched passage I noticed a similar scheme of decoration to that which he used in the Sala dei Cavalli of the Palazzo del Tè,— stuccoed composite columns and lions' heads, and paintings of which but traces now remained. It debouched into the western angle of the huge *Piazza Castello,*— a deserted, silent, dreary and crumbling quadrangle, paved with grass-grown cobbles, surrounded by the doric arcades which Duke Guglielmo erected about 1580. In the middle of the northeast side they bayed out into a wide exedra, over which rose the square, ponderous towers

of the Castle. The entrance to the latter commenced at the rear of the semicircle, which communicated directly with the southwestern bridge across the moat.

I proceeded first, however, to the church, crossing the square to its southern corner, where a passage beneath the covered corridor to the castle admitted me to the northwestern end of the forecourt, or Piazza, of S. Barbara. This semicircular space, still more grass-grown and deserted, was bounded by a two-storied structure of yellow stucco, on filled-in, rusticated arches, over which extended the enclosed corridor already mentioned; far above it rose the ugly brick walls of the Paradiso palace on the south. The façade of the church to left was a hideous rococo edifice, with distorted window-frames, and two-storied, yellow pilasters upon a greenish body; in pleasing contrast with which soared the beautiful, red-brick *campanile* at its farther angle, in the purer style of the earlier Renaissance. At the court's southern corner a long dark passage beneath the Paradiso building led me into the Piazza Paradiso, and the vast quadrangle of the *Lega Lombardo* (*del Pallone*) adorned in its centre by a double circle of shade-trees.

Turning back to the church, I was admitted by the sacristan at a side door, and found myself shortly in its spacious, vaulted nave of cream-coloured stucco,— rococo in all its lines. Over the front vestibule I observed a large balcony, which was often used for band-music in former days. There were no aisles, but the nave was first flanked by a couple of chapels, then extended freely to the side-walls with the effect of a transept; beyond this came another couple of chapels, and then the deep, slightly elevated choir. Above the first chapels and the sides of the tribune were four closed boxes, entered from the corridors of the *Reggia* and used formerly by the habitués of the court; that to left of

the choir — I was told,— faced by latticed glass casements opening inward, was the box of the ducal family. It was all especially interesting as being the only precinct of the palace-city continuing inviolate from the Gonzaga times; and there still remained here many of the artistic gifts given by the various princes of the house. Nearly all the light descended from two domes, one over the tribune and the other above the nave at its widest part; these reminded me of the purposes for which Guglielmo chiefly erected the edifice,— to provide an imposing though private setting for the family marriages, baptisms, funerals, etc.; and the double cupolas were designed for throwing floods of light upon the parties engaged in the ceremonies, or the magnificent catafalques occupying the centre of the floor.

At the entrance to the choir hung a splendid relic from the treasury of ducal gifts, a beautiful silver lamp of the *cinquecento,* ornamented with open-work, and human figures in *relievo;* below it stretched a gorgeous bronze balustrade, with Hermes for balusters, crowned with busts of the Saviour and various saints. A number of good paintings also remained: one by Luigi Costa in the first chapel to right; two over the transept-altars by Lorenzo Costa and his name-sake son; a most realistic Last Supper by Andreasino in the second chapel to left; a couple of saints and an Annunciation by Lor. Costa upon the organ-doors; and a martyrdom of S. Barbara by Brusasorci, over the high-altar. The oak stalls behind the latter were elegantly carved, with lifelike and graceful scenes from sacred history,— a seicentist work. In the sacristy to right I was shown a very fine bronze crucifix, of most vivid expression, and a number of exceptional pieces of goldsmiths' work. In a room on the left I saw an admirable wardrobe bestowed by the present King of Italy, with panels of remarkable tarsia representing well-known paint-

ings of Raphael, Perugino, Domenichino, etc., besides a wealth of arabesques, bacchantes, and other fancies.

This peculiar church has always had a special service, missal and breviaries of its own, and a collegiate chapter accountable only to the Pope, whose five chief dignitaries are called *Conti Palatini.* These are provided by the endowment with separate dwellings, and every one of the canons, called Apostolic Protonotaries, is also given a separate apartment. The right of their nomination has passed from the dukes to the King of Italy.

Returning to the exedra of Piazza Castello, I found a woman dwelling in some adjacent rooms who kept the keys to the castle, and she led me across the covered bridge to its main hallway, which was bare and desolate. Neither the ground-floor rooms nor the ancient dungeons were to be seen, she said, being occupied by city archives; and but two rooms were visible on the first floor. Passing the foot of Giuilo's staircase, we mounted a small stairway adjacent, to the upper hall: it was a typical mediæval castle-stairway, narrow and winding, and I wondered how many thousand times Isabella's feet had pressed these same stones, in her 30 years of residence here; — the *Scala Santa,* Italians sometimes call it, because by it those hundreds of patriot-prisoners mounted to their cells, and the Martyrs of Belfiore descended to their execution. At the front end of the upper hallway we entered the long spacious chamber extending across the eastern façade from one corner-tower to the other, looking upon the moat and lake through four or five plain windows; this main salon of the *piano nobile* was the living-room of the old nuptial suite,— Isabella's private drawing-room during those first three decades of her married life. Of its then decorations naught now remained but some faded grotesques upon the lofty vaulting.

At its right end, next to the southern tower, the small square turret projects from the front, within which Isabella formed her Studiolo: a little cubicle lighted by a single window, and entered by an ordinary doorway. When the young bride, in the year following her marriage, took possession of this recess to make a private retreat, Mantegna, we know, was ordered to decorate it at her direction; but of his labour only a few traces yet linger,— some fragments of frescoing about the sides and lintel of the window, including two heads in chiaroscuro that are clearly of his manner, and probably formed portions of large compositions. His work upon the vaulting was hidden by a subsequent, arched, wooden ceiling, attributed to Ant. and Paolo della Mola, now in a ruinous state; its repeated devices of Isabella — the musical notes and the playing cards — indicate its construction in her declining years, probably when the Palazzina was built just across the moat, in 1531, and this recess became but an entrance-passage. The redecoration then made by Giulio has mostly disappeared, along with the earlier work, owing to the room's 350 years of use as a corridor. It was only about 5 years, from 1491 to '96, that Isabella's inchoate collection was housed here, for in the latter year it was removed to the Grotta; but until her husband's death this remained her private retreat, furnished with her few most cherished treasures.

Returning across the large salon I entered the northern tower-chamber, the famous *Camera degli Sposi,*— and stood delighted at the wondrous preservation of Mantegna's great frescoes, that cover its walls and ceiling. I saw a perfectly square room, perhaps 7½ yards in diameter, lighted by a couple of plain, oblong windows next the northern and western angles, covered by a flat vaulting about 15 feet high, whose groinings so descended as to form three large

lunettes on each side. These lunettes held medallions draped by festoons, in which upon blue ground were painted a lion, a dog, and various emblems of the family. The intervening concave pendentives contained eight pieces of chiaroscuro truly marvellous in their tactile values, grace, and naturalness, which alone would rank Mantegna amongst the greatest artists of Earth. The design of each was in general points the same: a central medallion like a coin, from whose ground of fine gold mosaic seemingly protrudes the boldly modelled bust of a Roman Emperor, his curled locks bound with a wreath, his powerful shoulders clad in scale-armour: imaginary, idealised heads, of superb and lifelike moulding, and vigorous, expressive individuality; the medallion being enclosed by a projecting circular garland of leaves and fruits, tied at the sides and top by three ribbons whose flying ends are interlaced in charming convolutions; its bottom supported by a standing cherub of the most perfect beauty and modelling,— so real, so tangible, that the observer longs to seize his lovely little form from its corbel. The deception of solidity here is the most absolute I have ever seen; but, unfortunately, most of the Cæsarian heads, which run from Julius to Otho, are so badly faded as to lessen their effect,— only that of Tiberius, above the front window and not exposed to the direct light, having retained its original distinctness.

The triangular spaces directly over the lunettes contain each two or three mythological figures, such as Hercules, Apollo, Orpheus, etc., likewise in chiaroscuro, and surrounded by flying ribbons. The beauty of all this monotone is exceedingly increased by its golden background. The flat of the ceiling enclosed by it has a simulated framework of ornate white beams, four of which form the large, square, central panel, placed diagonally with the walls; and within

this glows the chief feature, in hues still gay,— Mantegna's celebrated well-perspective, looking upward, which was probably the first of the endless line of such decorations. Gazing skyward, one sees a circular parapet of marble open-work, roundabout which gambol eight charming *putti*,— three clambering round the inside, three perched on the top railing, and two thrusting their pretty heads through the apertures; the foreshortening of the standing forms is wonderful. Also upon the top railing, outlined against the sky of fleecy clouds, one sees at opposite sides a peacock and a pot of roses, and between them, leaning over and looking down, five feminine heads, very natural and pleasing. One is a negress-attendant, two are evidently serving-maids, a fourth is a young lady with pretty face and glossy, dark hair, smiling merrily, and the fifth is doubtless the Marchesa Barbara, Lodovico's consort,— wearing her customary white coif, and having her tresses bound with pearl-strings and studded with jewels; she was of this comely middle age when Lodovico had the work done, 1462–74, and the Teutonic cast of features is practically the same that we behold in her portrait-figure on the northwest wall. The younger lady must have been one of her daughters.

Magnificent, however, as is all this ceiling-painting, it is little in comparison with the great frescoes on the walls. The larger of the two famous tableaux covers the northwest side, above the mantel; it represents probably an event of the year 1462,— the return to the court of Lodovico's eldest son, Federigo, after his alleged flight and concealment in Naples to avoid the marriage with Margherita of Bavaria.[29]

[29] A few authorities insist the scene here portrayed was the arrival of envoys sent in 1474 by the Duke of Wurtemburg to ask the hand of Lodovico's daughter Barbara. Many things absolutely disprove this: Barbara and Lodovico the younger are seen to be chil-

The many lifesize figures are known to be faithful portraits, executed with Mantegna's scrupulous accuracy and realism; consequently the males exhibit the noted Gonzaga ugliness, — but this is redeemed by a manliness of form, a dignity of carriage, a nobility and intelligence of expression, that invest the characters with a positive charm. The composition is a masterpiece of naturalness combined with pleasing effects. It is divided into two parts: on the left we see the expectant family scattered informally upon a sunny terrace, surrounded by courtiers; on the right we see Federigo mounting the shadowy stairs with his companions, and welcomed by a couple of friends at the top.

The comfortable-looking form of the Marchesa Barbara centres the family group, with her two youngest children, Barbara and Lodovico, standing at her right knee, and her favourite dwarf, the tiny spouse of Franceschino, dignifiedly erect upon the other side; to left of the children, and nearest the observer, sits Lodovico II in a simple fur-trimmed gown, turning his strong, smooth-shaven face to speak to a chamberlain behind his right shoulder,— his secretary, Andreasi, who has evidently just handed him a letter. Behind the ducal couple stand half-a-dozen courtiers, doubtless intimate friends; on the right stand the just-grown sons, Rodolfo and Gianfrancesco, aged about 17 and 18 years, clad in long-hose and fur-edged, satin doublets, looking expectantly toward the stairs; their youthful ages alone prove the date of the scene represented. Between them and the others the

dren at the mother's knee; the newcomer is no grave ambassador, but a joyous young prince; and it is a family reunion that awaits him, not a formal, ducal reception.— Again, as still others claim, it may be that this is a scene of no historical event whatever, but simply a portrait-group of the family. Be that as it may; the different figures and the epoch are identified, which is all we care about.

eldest daughter Susanna is visible in rear, talking with an old nurse. Nothing could exceed the realism and individuality of all these forms, marked with their respective characters. Behind them are observed the tops of the tall potted shrubs of the terrace, and its confining marble wall. The scene upon the stairway is equally realistic; its participants are all young men, clad like the brothers mentioned; and the welcome of the friend, the joy of the returned wanderer, are clearly depicted.

On the southwest wall Andrea portrayed another, similar, domestic event, which occurred 10 years after the last scene, — the return in 1472 of the second son, Cardinal Francesco, fresh from his elevation to that rank in Rome; to welcome him, the first of the Gonzaghi to reach that powerful position — so important to all of the family,— his father and brothers have gone forth some way into the country. Francesco stands in the centre of the group, tall and broad-shouldered in his priestly cape and vestments, his ugly but fascinating features illumined by the fire of that learning and keen intelligence which brought him to such distinction as a churchman and a connoisseur. His father stands at the left, conversing with him, and his eldest brother Federigo at the right,— the same Federigo, somewhat older and stouter, who mounted the stairs before; between them is the youngest brother, Lodovico, now a youth of 15 and already in priestly garb,— in whom it is interesting to note the very same pinched features that he showed as a boy of five in the first scene. He was probably a hunchback, like his sister Susanna,— in whom the deformity was discernible in her unnaturally short waist. Behind him are seen the straight martial figures of Rodolfo and Gianfrancesco, whose faces are the same as before, but clearly a decade older; they were splendid soldiers, and the former was killed at Fornovo.

The younger Lodovico holds a couple of children by the hand, lads about four and six years of age,— charming little figures in their silk hose and fillet-bound hair; they are the results of the marriage of Federigo and Margherita,— Sigismondo, destined to be the second Gonzaga cardinal, and Gianfrancesco, the future Marquis and husband of Isabella.

Amidst the throng of persons in the background the head of Mantegna himself is prominent, between Federigo and Gianfrancesco the elder; it is the strong, resolute, closely shaven face of a man of 40 years who has accomplished great things,— with square jaws, obstinate chin, firm straight mouth and prominent nose,— the same face, nevertheless, that I saw in the youth of 23 portrayed in the Eremetani at Padua. But here is a still more interesting character,— the strange young man of 20, with large nose and long chin, who is clearly revealed between the Marquis and the Cardinal: it can be no other than Politian, who arrived with Francesco (and Alberti) on this occasion, and who had just attained that age. To celebrate the home-coming he composed within two days his celebrated poem "Orfeo," which, as Symonds says, ranks among the most important poems of the 15th century. Andrea therefore would not have left him out of the scene. In rear of the whole group rises a vast mountain-side, on whose slopes is depicted a fanciful picture of the Eternal City surrounded by its walls, marked as such by its ruined temples, baths, and Coliseum, — a reminder of the Cardinal's sojourn.— This remarkable tableau was painted by Andrea in 1474; the other, therefore, must have been done a full decade earlier, to account for its accurate portraits of the same persons when childish and less mature.

To the left of the group of personages, separated by a

pilaster, appear the horses on which the cardinal has arrived and the princes have ridden forth, with the grooms watching them, and a pack of the inevitable dogs,— extraordinary in their lifelikeness; behind them continues the imposing mountainous landscape, picturesquely diversified by cliffs, vales, crags, woods, and castles perched on pinnacles. To left of this again, over the doorway in that wall, are seen a number of most delightful and natural cherubs, upholding an inscription which testifies that Mantegna was the artist. Through all these scenes the colours, though much faded from their original bright lustre, are properly varied and blended, and of a pleasing softness.— On the other two walls are frescoed imitations of tapestry, of a later date.

When this room was Isabella's bedchamber, her husband occupied the suite directly below, with which a private stairway connected; his tower-room, the *Camera del Sole,* is still painted on its vaulting with the sunburst and golden ribbons, and upon its spandrels and lunettes with the various other Gonzaga mottoes and devices, which were placed there under Francesco II, before 1444.— Of all the work that was done upon the Castello by Giulio, Primaticcio, Leonbruno and Lor. Costa, there seems to be naught remaining (aside from the Studiolo) but a few bits of faded arabesques and crumbling *stucchi* in two or three chambers on the southern side of this floor, and in several *camerini di bagno* on the western side, decorated with painted stucco-panelling.— I climbed the stairs again, to the upper floor, and traversed slowly, thoughtfully, its long series of prison-cells hallowed by patriotic memories. The bedrooms of an earlier age had been cut up by the Austrians into dozens of brick-walled cubicles, with iron-studded doors and barred windows closed by heavy shutters; according to size, they held one or more prisoners, and the topmost tower-chambers were large enough

for a dozen. Gone was all their miserable furniture, but the sad memories lingered in the writings upon the walls,—names, appeals, verses, sighs of resignation, death-bed cries for Italy's freedom.

I saw the mean cells where the noble young Tito Speri and the other Martyrs of Belfiore awaited their doom. With particular interest also I observed that of Felice Orsini, from which he made his marvellous escape in 1856: with a file that had been smuggled to him in food he cut the window-bars, and lowered himself from this dizzy height by a frail rope made of ravellings from a sheet and his underclothes; the fall into the dry moat from its too short end badly injured his leg, but a couple of patriotic peasants, passing at daybreak, heard his low cries for help, pulled him out, and carried him to their home.[30] Thence, at the risk of their own lives, he was smuggled by night-travelling into Switzerland. The final result was that terrible attempt upon the life of Napoleon III, two years later, when Orsini and three companions, crazed with rage at the Emperor's apparent refusal to help Italy, threw at his carriage those three frightful bombs which killed 10 persons and injured 156.—"When we Italians consider,"—cried D'Azelio,—"had Orsini succeeded!—This subject makes my hair stand on end. Let us thank God that he did not."[31] The misguided patriot's last thoughts before the guillotine were of his beloved land:

> "Condemned I die, by one who once conspired
> With me, and stood behind while I struck.
> Where are the Gracchi?—Are they set,

[30] *Vide* Felice Orsini's Autobiography, and his "Austrian Dungeons"; also J. W. Mario's "Birth of Modern Italy," page 257.

[31] Massimo D'Azelio's "My Recollections."

Never to rise again? No, there remain
For Italy, brave guides to lead her sons
In the right path, altho' its end be death." [32]

[32] Walter Savage Landor.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PALAZZO DEL TÈ, SABBIONETA, AND ENVIRONS OF MANTUA

"Look downward where an hundred realms appear —
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride."
Goldsmith's "Traveller."

"GIULIO ROMANO'S Palazzo del Tè at Mantua," said Symonds, "may be cited as the most perfect production of this epoch, combining, as it does, all the forms of antique decoration and construction with the vivid individuality of genius. Giulio Romano comprehended the antique, and followed it with the enthusiasm of a neophyte. His very defects prevented him from falling into the frigid formalism of Palladio." [1] "In the palace of the Tè," wrote Forsyth, "he assembled all the graces — he left on the very architecture a congenial stamp." [2]

To grasp the reason for the supreme position of this wonderful, ideal villa of the Renaissance, we have only to remember that it was fathered by one of the very few most cultured and magnificent sovereigns of that era, who knew enough to give his artist *carte blanche,* and spared no expense whatsoever; that it was builded at the very apex of the neo-classic revival, just before the decadence commenced; and most of all, that its unfettered creator was that genius who above all the great masters was perfectly fitted to construct such a supreme shrine to Beauty and Pleasure,— which

[1] J. A. Symonds' "Fine Arts."
[2] Forsyth's "Excursions into Italy" (1801).

was man's highest attempt to embody his age-long dreams of summer palaces in Elysian gardens. Even in its own day, when Tuscany, the *Veneto,* and the *Milanese* were filled with splendid classic villas all striving for that ideal, the Tè was unequalled for its combination of charms: its setting was a royal park of majestic glades and vistas, its size was imposing, its architecture was one of the grandest efforts of the Greek revival, its regal suites of lofty halls were spacious and impressive, its surrounding pleasaunces were gardens whose shrubberies, marbles and tinkling fountains would have tempted Bacchus and his crew of satyrs back to Earth. Yet surpassing all these beauties was that superb scheme of decoration on which the enthusiastic Giulio poured forth all the most brilliant fancies of his rich imagination, all his fondest dreams of Olympian graces and grandeur, transporting these noble halls and porticoes to the realms of Arcady and Parnassus.

Giulio had his faults, but after all they were insignificant beside his mighty powers,— his largeness of vision, his grandeur of conception, his keenness in realising his glorious fancies, with their enchanting combinations of form and line and colour; architecture, sculpture, painting, mosaics, were all splendidly handled and sublimely blended, with a masterful touch that struck from the various instruments one pæan of joyous, triumphant harmony. No other genius of the Renaissance was so perfectly adapted to realise this embodiment of the classic pleasure-ideal; and no other had this perfect opportunity.

If such was the position of the Tè in that wonder-working age, how much more unique is it today, when, amidst the crumbling into ruin and desolation of nearly all that host of rural palaces, it remains preserved to us as by a miracle,— its walls still intact, its suites unaltered, its noble salons

still radiant in their glories of frescoing and sculpture. Through them, as nowhere else, we walk beside Isabella, Bembo, Castiglione, and all the intellectual giants of mankind's rebirth, beholding with our own eyes this unchanged, classic fairyland in which they moved inspired. We miss only the minor, replaceable details,— the gold and white furniture, the silks and tapestries, the crowd of priceless *objets d'art,* the ordered shrubberies and marbles of the gardens.

The Tè is situated immediately south of the city, closely beyond the Porta Posterla in the middle of the southern wall. Here, amidst the extensive swamps that from time immemorial hemmed in and protected the town, Francesco Gonzaga IV took notice, about 1400, of a considerable stretch of land somewhat elevated above the water,[3] and constructed upon it a sort of stock-farm for his horses. The stables were enlarged and bettered by the subsequent marquises, until Federigo II, in 1525, conceived the idea of adding a pleasure-house for the delight of his mistress, Isabella Boschetti,— a rural retreat amongst the woods, to which they and a few companions could retire at will and enjoy themselves free from the restrictions of the court. The task he entrusted to Giulio Romano, who but three years previously had been brought to him by Castiglione. Giulio, using his unfettered opportunity, soon produced a small structure so full of beauty and promises of greater things, that Federigo caught fire from the enthusiasm of the master, and ordered him to go ahead to the full extent of his desires. He had opened the Marquis's eyes to a new and plastic material,— in a word, to the possibilities of stucco; though he would have liked to build of stone, yet, there being none

[3] From the marshy ground, called *tejetto,* came the abbreviation Tè, or Thè.

easily procurable, Giulio "contented himself with brick and other substitutes,"— says Vasari —"which he covered with stucco, and out of these materials made columns, bases, capitals, cornices, doors, and windows, all in the most perfect proportion and beautifully decorated." With such speed was the labour pushed — for Giulio was a worker of unparalleled rapidity — that by 1535 the whole magnificent edifice was completed,— gardens, sculptures, paintings and all. Under the master laboured Primaticcio, Pagni, Scultori, Rinaldo Mantovano, Battista his brother, and a dozen lesser artists; but everything had been done under Giulio's own direction, after his cartoons, and the pictures which he did not paint himself had been gone over and corrected by him before they were dry.

Federigo and his successors justly appreciated this monument of art, and the glory which it brought them; many were the great fêtes held in it during the following 200 years, and it was the special scene of the magnificence of Guglielmo and Vincenzo I, for whose lavish entertainments it afforded an ideal setting. At the time of the sack, and again upon the fall of the last Gonzaga in 1708, the Tè suffered despoliation and considerable injury. Maria Theresa had it cleaned and restored in 1728; in 1781 troops were again quartered in it, and also during the following era of the Revolution; finally, in the second Austrian period, it was once more renovated, and the frescoes retouched. Today therefore the paintings of Giulio are beheld in much of their primeval brilliancy and decorative effect, but the subtleness of his colour-schemes, his finer details, his faces and expression, are in great part obliterated. After the *Risorgimento* the property was acquired by the Municipality of Mantua, who have ever since tended the palace with anxious care, letting out to private tenants only that portion in which there are no

artistic remains. They replanted with trees the surrounding ground, which had become bare during the convulsions of the preceding century; so that now we see the great villa in somewhat the same wooded environment that it had in Gonzaga days.

The way to it lies out the Via Principe Amadeo, past the ruinous church of S. Sebastiano,— a sufficiently long walk to make a carriage advisable to all who are not excellent pedestrians; as I found by my own experience. Beyond the Porta Pusterla, however,— which is no longer marked by a gateway,— the walk was pleasant across the meadows: immediately next the brick city wall, sweeping far away on each hand with repeated bastions, a small stream here lingered in the ancient fosse, spanned by a bridge of masonry; beyond which extended the drained depression of 50 or 60 yards' breadth, crossed by the road upon a dyke. Not a house nor a human being was in sight, except a group of women washing clothes at the water's edge. Ahead appeared the tall trees of the park, and its ornamental gateway of yellow stucco, consisting of two cubical renaissance pavilions topped by images of spread-eagles. Within this I crossed the track of the steam-tramway to Modena,— whose station and yards were visible to the right,— and kept on down the highway between rows of splendid plane-trees; other imposing planes stretched across the fields in noble avenues, shading glades of springy turf. But quickly the road wheeled to the left, and there, behind an expanse of lawn crossed by a driveway, rose the beautiful edifice of the Tè.

The first glance was disappointing,— so low appeared the structure, and so simple in style; but it was the simplicity of true grace, and its two storeys in reality have the height of four of today; very deceiving is the effect of its perfect

PALAZZO DEL TÈ: THE GRAND ATRIUM. MANTUA

proportions. I saw an immense cube of yellow stucco, browned in spots by the damp, with a look of great ponderosity, even majesty, due to the heavy rustica and the impressiveness of its doric order. Both of its faces (to north and west) are the same: a lofty triple archway pierces the middle, framed in huge blocks of radiating rustica; similar blocks frame the rows of large square-headed windows on each side, the upper ones being but half the size of the lower, and square in shape; these pairs are separated by massive doric pilasters in high relief, rising from bulky bases to the doric frieze; the latter between its triglyphs bears reliefs of arms, musical instruments, helmets, deer, and various Gonzaga emblems; and the dark tiled roof slopes but slightly from the simple cornice, with short and inconspicuous chimneys.

To east from the main, northern façade extends a long, high wall of plainest stucco, enclosing the garden, which lies upon that side. Advancing to the principal entrance, I rang at the single doorway beneath its portico, and on being admitted by the *custode,* found myself in another graceful portico looking upon the central *cortile.* This was a spacious square filled with grass-plots and shrubbery, intersected by two gravel-walks at right angles; formerly, I was told, it was partly marble-paved, with a fountain; and the surrounding walls — quite similar in design to the exterior faces — bore then long rows of statues in the now empty niches between the windows. The portico itself had a fine coffered vaulting by Rinaldo Mantovano, brightly painted, and upon its walls, two fanciful landscapes by his brother Camillo, ruined by retouching; while the lunettes above the doorways held a couple of uninteresting stucco figures of doubtful meaning.

This entrance-passage, together with the two chambers at its sides, was the first part of the whole structure raised

by Giulio, whose success inspired the Marquis to authorise the larger work. I stepped into the room upon the right, behind which stretches the suite occupied by the custodian and his family: here were the first of Giulio's frescoes, two panels in the centre of the vaulting with representations of Apollo and Diana driving their chariots,— gay in hue, graceful in outline, and happily decorative. The surrounding slopes were fashioned by white stucco mouldings into diamond-shaped coffers of pale green, which set forth a series of individual white figures by Primaticcio,— charming mythological deities, in flowing robes. It is no wonder that Federigo was delighted by this work, the first of its kind that he had seen. Around the walls were many plaster copies of classic reliefs in the Museo Civico, brought here during the second Austrian *régime*.— The remaining rooms on this side of the entrance, occupied by the keeper, have no decorations of worth now, and are not shown; the suites adjacent on the west of the court, originally bedrooms and private chambers, and therefore not highly ornamented, have likewise no present interest, and are let to respectable tenants, who enter only by the outer, western portal.

The public halls extend east from the front entrance, and along the whole eastern side toward the garden, rising mostly to the full height of the palace, and lighted both from without and from the court; — as I found upon now entering the first of them, the lofty *Sala dei Cavalli*. This spacious chamber, immediately to left of the portico, was the *anticamera* and guardroom, where the ducal body-guard kept watch, and applicants for the ducal presence were kept waiting. Its richly coffered ceiling is coloured in gold and green, with the Gonzaga device of Mt. Olympus painted in the panels; its frescoed frieze, of charming *putti* intertwined with arabesques, is said to have come from Giulio's

own hand; the broad walls are painted with an architectural scheme in *grisaille,* between whose coupled columns stand five antique statues and five busts, similarly depicted; leaving six wider apertures or bays — two upon each side and two at the ends — in which stand half-a-dozen handsome, lifesize chargers, in their natural shades of chestnut and white, apparently tied by their bridles to the ornamental pillars. These well-executed animals, from the brushes of Ben. Pagni and Rinaldo Mantovano, portray the favourite riding horses of Duke Federigo, of whose points he was very proud. Here, also, and in several of the succeeding halls, I noticed many small figures of the salamander, usually accompanied by the motto, "Quod huic deest, me torquet": an interesting reference to the original cause of the villa's erection, indicating that the fire which the salamander enjoyed was consuming the Marquis,— with love for the Boschetti.

This hall is so long that its successor occupies the adjacent corner of the palace,— a large, square chamber, frescoed from end to end and over the whole of its lofty vaulting, the famous *Sala di Psyche;* it is by far the most highly decorated of them all. And the fact which gives it beauty and celebrity is that Giulio did most of the work himself, using Isabella Boschetti as a model for the Psyche. Here we behold him at his best, in the full tide of his luxurious and splendour-loving fancy; for his huge, magnificent tableaux that convert the walls into the Elysian bowers of Olympus, veritably transporting the observer to the nectareous banquets of the gods,— have been so little damaged by age and retouching that they still exhibit most of their original charm. I know of nothing to equal this wonderful chamber in its perfect reproduction of the ancient spirit that deified the beauties of nature and the human form,— in its

utter *abandon* to the delights of the senses; and the theme is realised on a grandiose scale that combines dozens of fairy-like scenes with great tableaux of gorgeous brilliancy,— that teems with loveliness in a hundred voluptuous forms, set in landscapes of exotic lustre.

The history of Psyche commences in the octagonal coffers of the vaulting, which picture her early days with her worshipping parents, her seizure by Cupid, their happiness together, the jealous suggestion of her sisters, and her awakening of Cupid by viewing him with a light; the last panel only was executed by Giulio himself,— a beautiful piece of chiaroscuro-work, with lifelike, graceful, finely moulded forms, which thoroughly betray the loveliness of the Boschetti. All the rest of the panels were done by Pagni and Rinaldo; but many of them also contain figures of ideal modelling, charmingly posed, and most dramatically expressive. The square central coffer is said by some critics to be Giulio's work: its perspective is a marvel, depicting Jupiter at a great height, hovering directly above the group of deities assisting at the wedding, and blessing Cupid and Psyche with outstretched hands; the whole scene being shrouded in phantom-like clouds, extending upward like a funnel. Roundabout are four half-octagons, holding separate divinities that display the most perfect figures in the room; these are surrounded by the 8 full octagons already mentioned,— between which and the lunettes intervene a dozen triangular, curving spaces, filled with *amoretti,* who are frolicking and dancing to music in an enchanting manner that none but Giulio could draw.

His method of thus working through his disciples, which enabled him to accomplish so much in a short time, is described by Lanzi: "He was accustomed himself to prepare the cartoons, and afterwards, having exacted from his pupils

their completion, he went over the entire work with his pencil, and removed its defects, impressing at the same time upon the whole the stamp of his own superior character. This method he acquired from Raffaello." [4] It accounts for the only slight difference here between his own scenes and those painted by the disciples. The effects of the restorations are obtruded upon the attention only in the loss of Giulio's exquisite colour-schemes, which are overlaid by hues somewhat violent and discordant; how lovely his original tinting was, we may see in his arabesqued *gabinetti* in the palace of S. Sebastiano.

From the octagons Psyche's story is continued in the 12 large lunettes, in which we behold her heroic efforts to rejoin her lost lover; we see her repulsed by Juno, by Ceres, descending into Hades to seek Proserpina, stealing the lock of golden wool, sifting the heap of sand, etc., and finally, brought before Venus, who consigns her to torments by the Furies. Cupid's intercession with Jove, and the latter's action on behalf of the distressed lovers, are not depicted; but we view the happy result, in Giulio's two great tableaux on the inner walls, which cover the entire spaces between the lunettes and the tops of the doors. Beneath them extends a sort of stucco wainscoting, formerly draped with arras. The southern picture shows the nuptial feast: a table loaded with gold and silver plate amidst a wide-stretching landscape of southern aspect; an ass, a camel and an elephant standing near, that are supposed to have conveyed provisions; Bacchus, Silenus, Apollo, and other deities and nymphs, crowding around the board to sample the wine and edibles prepared; Psyche and Cupid reclining on a couch to right, smiling at the revellers and being served by attendants. These last two forms, as well as Apollo and Bacchus, are re-

[4] Lanzi's "History of Painting."

markable for their beauty, and the care-free joyousness of their expressions and attitudes.

The western picture shows the broad table now spread with snowy cloth, the Graces scattering flowers upon it, satyrs bringing forth viands, nymphs lending assistance, and fauns disporting with goats; while Mercury appears at the right side, to announce the gods' approaching arrival. But the setting here is different: a lovely bower of roses backs the table, with a vista on the one hand of distant rocky peaks, on the other of a sunny lake amidst idyllic slopes, upon whose verge recline a naiad and a river-god. Over the rose-bower, across the upper part of the triple openings in the wall of the seeming portico that shades the feast, extend two lines of parallel bars; and perched upon these, against the sky, are the scene's most delightful feature,— a dozen pretty winged cherubs, gambolling with flowers, singing merrily to the music of an orchestral trio in the middle. Nothing more charming than these happy babes could be imagined,— the same charm of *abandon* that distinguishes the whole theme, and which must have communicated itself to the real diners below, in those countless dazzling banquets that were given here by the Gonzaga princes.

Upon the walls broken by windows Giulio placed a number of subsidiary tableaux, unconnected with Psyche's story but of similar erotic spirit: on the north side we see Mars and Venus in the bath, Venus and Adonis surprised by Mars, and Bacchus and Ariadne served by a satyr; on the east side we see Jove presenting himself to Olympia in the form of a dragon, the giant Polyphemus, and Pasiphae entering the wooden cow of Daedalus. All are from Giulio's own brush, but badly damaged by the restorers,— only the exquisite group of Bacchus and Ariadne retaining its original attractiveness.

Turning southward here, I entered the smaller *Camera delle Medaglie,* so called from its series of 16 beautiful panels of stucco reliefs extending around beneath the vaulting, representing the different common activities of life,— such as fishing, dancing, racing, playing, the chase, the market, etc.; all were remarkably well done, by Scultori and Mantoanello. One was a notable exception in subject,— a view of the garden of the Tè as it originally appeared. By the same hands — also, of course, from Giulio's cartoons — was the richly coffered, low ceiling, in whose squares and hexagons glistened the signs of the zodiac in gilded stucco, and numerous white figures of history and mythology. Under the medallions stretched a course of delicately moulded festoons, drooping from the little Hermes that supported the springings of the vaulting; and beneath these extended the lovely cornice, luxuriantly adorned with dainty reliefs and arabesques. The floor here, like that in the last chamber and in several others, was noteworthy for being the original mosaic pavement, exceptionally preserved.

The *Sala di Fetonte* followed, with another low ceiling of extraordinary ornamentation,— so called because its central, painted panel represents Phaeton falling from his fiery chariot, smitten by the thunderbolt from Jove. The lower slopes of the vaulting hold four stucco-framed lunettes, each painted by Giulio with six small tableaux of exquisite delicacy, representing the youth of different gods; above these are four larger frescoes by Giulio, depicting the battles of the Naiads and the Tritons, the Centaurs and the Amazons; between them, on the mid-slopes, are four of Primaticcio's finest reliefs, with classic subjects; elsewhere the ceiling is a mass of painted foliations in white and green, interspersed with more than 200 tiny *amorini,* in every conceivable posture. The frieze is relieved with little eagles holding fes-

toons, under which tapestries formerly depended, and over which are posed a row of antique marble busts of Roman empresses, alternating with reliefs of Roman trophies and Gonzaga arms. The handsome doorways are of *pietrosanto,* and the magnificent mantel is of Lucchessino marble.

Hence I stepped into the central portico of this eastern side, called the *Grand Atrium,*— which is one of the most splendid features of the palace. To the left it looks upon the neglected garden through three massive archways, with coffered soffits, upheld by quadruple clusters of doric columns; corresponding to these clusters are heavy piers upon the enclosed court-side, each adorned with one or three lifesize statues in niches; and from columns to piers circles the lofty vaulting, frescoed from end to end with tableaux, patterns and arabesques, said to have been executed by Giulio himself. Three large scenes extend down its middle; and four more occupy the lunettes at the sides and ends,— each of those over the end doorways being surrounded by five medallions of stucco reliefs by Primaticcio; the theme of all these tableaux is the life of David,— whence the portico is often called the *Atrio di Davide,*— and the subject is continued on a series of 18 rectangular panels of reliefs, of varying length, moulded in stucco and painted to resemble bronze, which extend around the three walls beneath the frieze. Originally these last were really of bronze, but having been carried away by the French, they had to be replaced by plaster copies; their artist is said to have been Degli Orefici, a pupil of Cellini. Similarly, the 14 statues extending roundabout in niches — 8 on the piers of the inner wall and 3 on each end wall beside the portal — were originally marbles of great beauty, representing divinities, of which but plaster copies remain.

There is a reminder here of the Austrian siege of the French garrison in 1799,— a gaping hole in one of Giulio's

attractive octagonal pictures in the centre of the vaulting, through which a cannon-ball plowed its way.— The middle arch on the inner side is open into the court; those upon the left afford an uninterrupted view of the pleasaunce, across a deep, dry fosse stretching immediately below. This was not a moat, but a channel of changing water stocked by the princes with every kind of fish they could procure,— the Gonzaga aquarium; in place of the modern bridge crossing from the central archway to the garden, marble steps then descended to the water's edge, where the court and its visitors used to sit, observing the varied specimens of aquatic life. The outer wall of the fosse was a mass of coloured marbles and statuary, from which fell jets and cascades of incoming water.

Beyond this stretched then the spacious greenery, in its carefully ordered figures of turf, shrubberies and flowerbeds, shaded by groves of rare and beautiful trees, amidst which gleamed everywhere the marble of statuary and splashing fountains; rare plants of every obtainable species contributed to its exotic charm; the boundary walls at the sides were covered with glowing scenes of Elysian life by Caravaggino, and across the far end extended a glistening arcade on clustered columns, echoing the ornate face of the royal villa. Vanished is all this paradise now,— replaced by a wide stretch of weedy grass, bounded by bare stucco walls at the sides, and by the semicircular red-brick colonnade at the end which Prince Eugene erected in lieu of the ruined arcade of Giulio. The façade of the palace, as I saw on walking forth, alone remains the same, with its imposing central portico, and its long row of graceful arches sustained by slender columns resting on parapets. The *Grotta* of Giulio also remains, in its small building at the garden's northeast corner, no longer hidden by trees.

Leaving that for the end, we continued southward from the Atrium, stepping next into the delightful *Sala degli Stucchi:* this received its name from the double frieze of white reliefs, each about 2 feet high, filled with countless figures marching in one vast, continuous procession, which represents the entry into Mantua of the Emperor Sigismund in 1433, when he created the marquisate of the Gonzaghi. Over the door to the next room we see the Emperor himself, a noble form on horseback, followed by a file of gaily caparisoned chargers, then by officers, guards, bands of music, foot-soldiers, banners, troops of cavalry, captives,— every division of an army, down to the butchers of the commissariat; all executed with astonishing lifelikeness and vigour, and in perfect preservation. It is one of the *chefs d'œuvres* of Primaticcio, who was assisted by Scultori. By artistic license the whole army is garbed in ancient Roman costumes. The handsome vaulting is also by the great master of stucco-work: its large square coffers are filled with mythological groups, and at the ends rise two lunettes containing lifesize reclining figures of Mars and Hercules, strongly modelled,— topped by radiating panels with tiny figures.

The *Sala di Cesare* succeeded, so called from the frescoed medallion in the centre of the vaulting, in which the great Julius is seen amongst his lictors, commanding the burning of the private papers of Pompey; in this, and in the two other medallions over the doorways — portraying Scipio and Alexander — Primaticcio tried his hand at frescoing. They are not offensively poor,— but, as the *custode* well remarked, Primaticcio was a *decorator,* not a painter. Around the central panel stand 6 large Roman warriors, of which Giulio executed the four upon the slopes; the right-hand one upon the northern side is furnished with his own lineaments. But the wonderful feature of this chamber is

the frieze of *putti,* painted by Giulio in *grisaille,* on brown: these cherubs are of a most celestial beauty and joyousness, drawn with a perfection of modelling and a grace that nothing could excel,— walking, frolicking, playing instruments, carrying festoons of flowers, drinking from vases, etc. One has only to glance at them to realise the truth of the assertion that Giulio was the greatest *putti*-painter that ever lived; — the reason being, that he infused into them all the joys and graces of his own soul.

Finally now I entered, in the southeastern corner of the palace, Giulio's celebrated *Sala dei Giganti,* in which he poured forth all the grotesque and colossal fancies of his extraordinary imagination,— all that side of his dream-world which strove after the horrible and the immense, which I had already seen partly in evidence in his huge Hermes of the Palazzo della Giustizia. Every great artistic mind seems to have a certain leaning to the uncouth and the awful; Leonardo showed his, in the keen enjoyment with which he ever sought and drew persons of fearful ugliness, and Michelangiolo his, in the terrors of his Last Judgment, and the size and exaggerated strength of most of his created forms. Giulio took for his exposition the War of the Titans with Jove,— a theme as daring, as tremendous, as it would be possible to find here below; and using the four walls and vaulting of this chamber as one would construct a cyclorama, he obliterated their form and architecture, submerged their very being, under one vast, unbroken picture of the primitive world of the Giants, shaking to its centre with the throes of the awful combat. The Palazzo del Tè, the modern world, fade to nothingness with him who enters these strange portals; and he stands amidst the falling caverns, the rocking mountains, the opening abysses, the boiling sea, of that Titan-peopled earth crashing to its destruction; he is a participator

in the terrible cataclysm, and seems to feel the solid rock quake beneath his feet.

It is a cavern, apparently, in which the spectator finds himself,— one of those huge caverns in which the giants dwelt,— whose roof has just fallen upon all sides, accompanied by portions of the surrounding mountains, burying beneath the débris many of the struggling monsters. On one side naught is seen of them but the extremities of one colossus, and the ruins heaving above others; near-by appears the projecting one-eyed head of Polyphemus, bellowing with pain and fury; on another side two Titans are visible uplifting the masses of rock pressing upon them and struggling to emerge,— terrifying, brutish forms, teeming with evil passions; between them a large aperture affords a vista of the surging sea, with a peopled island whose crags are toppling upon the inhabitants, crushing many and hurling others into the water; two of them are trying to climb forth into this very cavern, their massive, uncouth heads, glaring eyes and clutching hands reaching almost to one's feet; through another crevice a far expanse of landscape is seen, across which numbers of Titans are fleeing, smitten as they run by the hail of thunderbolts from the sky; in still another direction one beholds the great temple of the giants, to which many have rushed for refuge,— but its mighty columns are snapping, and, with its ponderous roof, are dashing in fragments on those below.

Fully 80 of the Titans are visible in all these scenes, "so inconceivably ugly and grotesque," said Dickens, "that it is marvellous how any man can have imagined such creatures, — monsters with swollen faces and cracked cheeks, and every kind of distortion of look and limb,— undergoing and doing every kind of mad and demoniacal destruction." [5]

[5] Dickens' "Pictures from Italy."

Marvellous is the word for this feat of Giulio, in which, wrote Lanzi, "he appeared to compete with Michelangiolo himself in the hardihood of his design;" seldom indeed did dramatic composition more directly and powerfully accomplish its purpose. I have no patience with those critics who turn up their noses at the whole effect because the faces of the giants are "lacking in true expression;" how could it be otherwise when the brushes of two sets of "restorers" have been over those faces, obliterating every original line and painting over every feature!

The scenes upon earth are wonderfully complemented by those in the heaven, where the host of the gods appear, equally agitated by the struggle. Looking up, one sees in the zenith the empty throne of Jove, framed by a circular loggia and surrounded by rolling clouds; below, in a great circle, extends the throng of the Olympians, stopped from their usual occupations, gazing downward in fear at the awful conflict and anxiously seeking counsel from each other. Every prominent deity is visible, clearly distinguished by the customary form and implements; the Hours have halted their horses in dismay, the nymphs and satyrs are overcome by fright, Mars and Venus flee with Cupid; the four Winds alone keep at their work, blowing furious tempests to the aid of Jupiter. The latter has descended lowest of them all, and from a commanding cloud, aided by Juno, is hurling his thunderbolts angrily at the Titans, with careful aim.—Rinaldo and Caravaggino were Giulio's assistants upon this work, and doubtless did much of the colouring, from his cartoons.—

In accentuated and delightful contrast with these grandiose halls was the suite of little rooms,[6] daintily orna-

[6] Little by comparison with the other apartments, yet of good size and height compared with modern rooms.

mented like cameos, which succeeded the last hall, running westward across the rear of the *cortile:* semi-private chambers of the Duke and his intimates, with low, confidential ceilings and a more homelike air. Here were held the restricted house-parties, the gay little suppers, the nights of frivolity with the Boschetti and her friends; here doubtless the princes slept and worked when staying in the villa, and received their breakfasts from the adjacent kitchens in the southwest corner. The suite is double, with parallel chambers, the more important looking upon the court and the lesser looking to the south; they are in a damaged condition, some much more so than others, because of long use as sleeping quarters for the Austrian troops. The first one, facing north, is remarkable for its characteristic ceiling-decoration by Giovanni da Udine, who was prevailed upon to give the Tè a little of his time; its grotesques are in his happiest manner, most gaily tinted, and worthily set off by Primaticcio's lovely *stucchi* filling the lunettes, with white figures on a maroon field. Back of this I observed a domed apartment, probably designed for an oratory, similarly ornamented by Giovanni and Primaticcio. The latter endowed the second chamber on the court-side with one of his beautiful white friezes, of separate panels; naught is more charming than his graceful Greek forms, nude or in flowing robes, posed amidst temples and idyllic scenes. The original ceiling here held famous paintings by Giulio; but having been stolen in the wars, it was replaced by the Austrians with the present wooden coffering; they at the same time redecorated the walls.

The following chamber is ennobled by one of Primaticcio's splendid double friezes,— the first exhibiting fauns and bacchantes at intervals (in white, upon imitation-marble of reddish veining) upholding the cornice, and centered by three

panels depicting Fortune, Force, and Thoughtfulness; the second displaying more bacchantes, on imitation-marble of cerulean hue, alternating with medallions containing mythological deities. The original ceiling was of real marble, replaced now by an imitation, of wood. Traversing next a room entirely desolated by the troopers, I reached the last one on the court-side, which has conserved its primary wooden ceiling with coffers painted by the pupils of Mantegna; the central panels show the Gonzaga arms held by genii, and two of the master's well-like perspectives ending in open, circular balustrades, from which look down a lady combing her hair and a mother cleaning her child. The quaint frieze of arabesques in *grisaille,* is of the same source, with tiny busts at intervals, of the Gonzaga marchionesses. The remainder of the suite, looking southward, has preserved no decorations worth annotation.

Returning to the *Grand Atrium* and the garden, I visited Giulio's *Casino della Grotta,* located in the northeast corner,— externally but a plain little stucco dwelling, with a rear enclosure. I entered first a vestibule, with a ceiling covered with pretty arabesques, by Giovanni da Udine; behind this lay a square chamber with a ceiling of large coffers, painted by Giulio's pupils with emblematic figures and scenes from Roman life,— one of which, portraying the self-sacrifice of Regulus, provided the name of *Saletta di Regolo.* To right from the vestibule extended the main *Loggetta,*— a long, arched loggia opening upon the enclosed garden in rear; it preserved the original mosaic pavement, and was charmingly frescoed from end to end by Giulio's disciples, after his cartoons,— the walls being covered with daintiest and most varied grotesques, set off by occasional stucco medallions, the broad cornice gilded upon all its *relievo,* the vaulting aglow with eleven large panels depicting the different

ages of man, divided by courses of gilt foliation. Upon the long wall hung also three framed pictures by Giulio himself, representing mythological scenes; while over the central, and largest,— ruined by restoration — I noticed two curious, small panels from his hand, decorative groups of bacchantes, sphinxes, tigers and other animals.

The restricted garden was divided into four little flower-beds; and roundabout its brown stucco walls ran a pleasing arcaded frieze, with grimacing Hermes that upheld the cornice; the arches were once filled with graceful reliefs, of which but few now remained. At its rear end stood the *Grotta* proper, a large pile of imitation-rocks, covering a sort of cave entered by a narrow door; this was square in shape, with a fountain (now dry) at each angle, and an alcove at one side containing three more fountains; most of the original decoration of mother-of-pearl and mosaic was vanished, but the roughened stucco work and stalactites gave a hint of its general effect in those days when the ladies of the court sought this cool refuge from the summer sun. Isabella is believed to have been the prime instigator and *habituée* of the place,— whence it is often called after her. For many years the secluded retirement of the Casino and its garden was favoured by the dukes, and countless were "the festivals, receptions, audiences, dinners, spectacles, orgies, of which the Mantuan chronicles speak as having taken place in this little play-house of delights." [7]

Despite the vast sums expended by the Gonzaghi on the Palazzo del Tè, and the endless riches lavished by them on the Reggia, an almost equal amount of treasure and artistic labours was poured forth, from age to age, on that wondrous circle of country-houses scattered far and near over Mantuan

[7] Giovanni Battista Intra.

territory,— so many more famous jewels in the lustrous Gonzaga crown, whose number was constantly added to, and whose brilliancy was ever increased. With the fall of their owners and protectors, however, they were soon stripped and suffered to decay. Not one remains to give us a conception of those celebrated artistic and rural beauties, to whose enjoyment the ducal family devoted so much time in *villeggiatura,* with so many magnificent fêtes for the entertainment of distinguished guests. Their names alone linger, in the pages of Gonzaga annals. Before the days of the Tè, we hear of the ancient castle of Gonzaga, the grim cradle of the race; of the villa of Goito, which Lodovico II adorned and resorted to, with his good spouse Barbara and their throng of children; of the Villa Porto, farther down the Mincio, where Isabella used to repair in the early years of her married life, and which she so loved that Gianfrancesco made her a present of it, and she spent much time and money in its adornment; of the Villa Sacchetta, where Isabella and her children several times sought refuge when the plague was ravaging the city; and of the splendid Marmirolo, which was Gianfrancesco's delight, and whose name alone shows its richness.

Marmirolo stood several miles northwest of Mantua, on the farther edge of the private forest of the Gonzaghi,— a spacious, noble wood of oaks and poplars, stocked with deer and boar, called the *Bosco della Fontana;* it is still intact, the property of the crown. "In February [1494]" — says the chronicler —"we find Isabella engaging in hunting-parties and theatricals at Marmirolo, that superb country-house which Francesco G. delighted to adorn. Mantegna's son had painted a series of Triumphs on canvas [for it] and both this artist and the Veronese master, Bonsignori, were

now engaged in decorating certain halls with views of Greek and Turkish cities." [8] The Marquis continued to embellish the villa while he lived, and its fame was wide-spread. Vincenzo I erected a fanciful castle in the centre of the wood, at the heart of its radiating alleys; and there "fêtes, dinners, dances, hunting parties, succeeded one another, making of the park a place of delicious sojourn." [9] The same prince built on the northern shore of the lake, under Viani's designing, the celebrated *Palazzo della Favorita,* at once the largest and most ornate of all the Gonzaga villas, which was called the Versailles of Mantua; its frescoes, marbles, and treasures of art were innumerable, and its extensive gardens along the water's edge were a marvel of natural beauties, studded with temples, fountains and statuary. It became the favourite residence of the Duke and his successors,— whence the name. A single wing of the great ruin still stands, and some of its marbles repose in the Museo Civico.

The villas of Maderno, Rovere, Cavriana, Saviolo, and various others, all played their parts in Gonzaga history, shone more or less brilliantly, and left nothing behind them worthy of a glance. But that which is decidedly worthy of a visit, and one of the most interesting buildings on Mantuan territory, is the Gonzaga pilgrimage-church, called S. Maria delle Grazie, which Francesco IV constructed in 1399, in pursuance of a vow. It stands about 3 miles west of the city, on the highway to Cremona, close by the battleground of Montanara,— marked by a monument,— where 5,000 Tuscans held at bay 20,000 Austrians on May 29, 1848. The church is a brick and terracotta edifice of pleasing gothic lines, consisting of a spacious nave with side-chapels; over the arched entrances to the latter two rows of niches, sep-

[8] Julia Cartwright's "Isabella d'Este." [9] G.B.Intra.

arated by varied columns, run along each side-wall; and in these are posed the most extraordinary throng of wax and wooden figures, 44 in all, fully dressed in the costumes and armour of different periods, and naturally coloured. They represent healed invalids, persons saved from danger, warriors, princes, kings and churchmen,— including Federigo II of Gonzaga, and Emperor Charles V; they were given by visiting dignitaries, and devotees who wished to fulfil a vow or believed themselves saved by the Virgin; they are bad artistically, but very odd and amusing, the tale of each being told by some crude verses underneath. Further *ex-voto* offerings of the usual kinds are also in evidence, in large numbers.

Several of the Gonzaghi were buried here, but they have no noticeable monument, save the marble tabernacle over the high-altar which is a memorial of the 17th century prince, Ercole. There is a handsome Renaissance tomb of 1489 to Bernardino Corradi; and three good canvases are seen, by Lor. Costa, Borgani, and Fr. Bonsignori. But the most interesting relic of all is the monument of Baldassare Castiglione, in the first chapel to right,— designed by Giulio Romano, with a stilted epitaph by Bembo. Under this handsome tomb of red marble, supported by columns, the author of the "Cortegiano" lies beside his much beloved young wife, Ippolita; he died in Spain in 1529, was brought home to his aged mother in the neighbouring castle of Casatico, where he had been born (9 miles to the west), and she removed his body hither.

Amongst the environs of Mantua there are two places whose historical interest much precedes the epoch of the Gonzaghi, and which receive many visitors. One is Virgil's birthplace, the village of Andes — now Pietole — on the Mincio near its egress from the lakes; where the Man-

tuans pour forth every 15th of October, to celebrate the *festa* of the poet's birth with music, contests, and merry-making. The house and little garden that were considered in the Renaissance to have been Virgil's, were acquired by Vittorino da Feltre, and used in his scheme of education. Today the place of the bard's dwelling is but an empty field, marked by a small monument surrounded by oaks and laurels, and crowned with an iron statue by Paganini.— The other historical spot is the mediæval monastery of S. Benedetto, founded by Tedaldo di Canossa in 984, and aggrandised by Matilda into one of the richest retreats in Europe; it lies about 10 miles southeast of Mantua, on the southern bank of the Po. The Benedictines were expelled by the French in 1798, their countless artistic treasures were scattered from Paris to Padua, and of their priceless books and manuscripts — to which Matilda had greatly contributed — but a portion was saved for the library of Mantua; but the imposing church which Giulio Romano remodelled about 1540, still stands amongst the ancient cloisters.

One sees the noble, colonnaded forecourt added by Giulio, the original gothic-vaulted nave, the later, coffered aisles, flanked by ten chapels, and the numerous frescoes upon walls and roof done by Giulio's assistants; these were not carefully painted,— but the five panels of stucco reliefs by Scultori, on the vaulting of the choir, are charming works. The aisles continue around the choir, in impressive fashion, and its stalls are elaborately sculptured. In the chapels one notices, among many lesser canvases, the fine picture of the Redeemer alleged to be by the hand of Titian, and a copy of Giulio's lost "Christ with the Apostles amidst the storm," which he executed for the abbey. In the ambulatory stands a richly carved Renaissance monument (1528) to Cesare Arzago, benefactor of the monks. The adjoining

sacristy is a handsome edifice by Giulio, adorned upon its vaulting with an octagonal fresco from his own hand, representing the Transfiguration; and in its antechamber one beholds what is left of the original tomb of Countess Matilda, — the sarcophagus of alabaster, supported by four red-marble lions, in which her body lay till it was taken to Rome in 1634. The surmounting canopy and angels are a later addition, also the picture by Farinata showing Matilda on horseback. The lions were substituted about 1450 for the primary slender columns, which were giving way.— One finds a final interest in the three ancient cloisters, of which that of S. Simone is the oldest, dating from the 10th century.

About 10 miles east of S. Benedetto, on this southern shore, lies Rovere, the site of an important Gonzaga villa; at the same distance southwest lies the village of Gonzaga itself, the birthplace of the race; and as far again beyond the latter, facing upon the Po, stands the town of Guastalla, where the younger branch reigned as dukes long after the elder had perished. It is a thriving small city of 11,000 inhabitants; but the ducal palaces are ruined, and little remains of their long lordship but a bronze statue of Ferdinando I in the main piazza. These places are not worth a visit; but that which, to me at least, forms an enjoyable day's excursion from Mantua, is a visit to the village of Canedole, with its famed model-estate of the Baron Franchetti. This embraces over 5,000 acres, which have been developed within a few years to an astonishing degree of fertility and profit-bearing by the use of steam-ploughs, hydraulic engines, and all the latest agricultural systems and inventions. In the centre, near the old village, is the so-called Corte di Canedole, the Baron's model colony, shaped into a vast rectangle that houses more than 3,000 *contadini,*— the disciplined workers of the estate; these

fortunate people, living happily under ideal conditions, labour with the strict orderliness of an army. The master himself watches over all from his handsome residence fronting the entrance of the great court. The numerous model barns, granaries, machine-shops, dairies, and stables sheltering hundreds of oxen, horses, cows, etc., have been an inestimable revelation to Lombards of the possibilities of their land.[10]

Of all the day-excursions to be taken from Mantua, however, by far the most interesting is that to Sabbioneta, which should be missed by no traveller who can possibly afford the 8 or 9 hours required. It lies about 20 miles to the southwest, within the great southern curve of the Po, some five miles northeast of Casalmaggiore; — a deserted, fossil-like town of a few hundred inhabitants, dwelling ghost-like within the massive walls and Renaissance palaces of a dead city of 10,000 souls. It is a veritable sleeping castle, without a princess,— an unburied, Renaissance Pompeii, conserving all unaltered, in its forgotten corner of the plain, the fortifications, palaces, gardens, colonnades, casinos, churches, of the highest period of the classic revival, which were built and adorned by one of the most cultured of Gonzaga princes. Sabbioneta belonged to the small principality of Bozzolo — 10 miles to its north, midway on the highroad from Mantua to Cremona — which was sliced off from Mantuan territory, like Guastalla, and ruled for several generations by a younger branch of the Gonzaghi. From 1531 to 1591 Vespasiano Gonzaga was *Principe* of Bozzolo, but made Sabbioneta his residence; and in emulation of the glory of his cousins at Mantua, he spent his life in reconstructing and embellishing the place according to the approved methods, increasing its

[10] See final chapter in "Plain-Towns of Italy," on the decline of Lombard agriculture, and viniculture.

size to 10,000 flourishing people, and surrounding it with mighty walls of the strongest pattern.

Vespasiano was a learned man, a true lover of art, and an enthusiast for monumental building and decoration; he was also a noted general, having commanded with conspicuous success the armies of Charles V and Philip II. He almost bankrupted his little state in his building-operations, using the best artists that he could procure, and sparing no expense for which he could raise the money; he erected a magnificent palace, a grand, arcaded art-gallery, a library, a mint, a printing-house, a bank of exchange, a hospital, a *monte di pietà,* a beautiful summer-house amidst elaborate gardens, and one of the two earliest theatres of the Renaissance, designed by Scamozzi; besides lesser palaces, churches, schools, porticoes, casinos, *tempietti,* and classic structures of every kind; all of which were adorned as befitted a prince of the house of Gonzaga. In fact, he rebuilt the whole town, laying it out on broad, straight streets at right angles. Surely never was so much princely state crowded into so small a space. It was a Renaissance capital in miniature, but of the highest type. When Vespasiano's line soon thereafter expired, Sabbioneta returned to the oblivion from which he had raised it; forgotten in its corner, the inhabitants departing, it slowly died away within its ponderous walls, and the abandoned classic edifices crumbled one by one. But the chief of them still stand, more or less ruinous, raising their lofty façades above the deserted, silent streets, through which the few remaining people flit like shadows of the past. Nothing more strange, more unique, or more interesting is to be found in all north Italy than this petrified, sleeping, vacuous microcosm of *cinquecento* architecture.

It is easily reached from Mantua by driving, or by the

steam-tramway to Viadana. I chose the latter method, repairing early one morning to its station beside the Porta Pradella, and starting over the southern fen-land in a jerky, rattling train of two little coaches, which crept along the highways at 8 or 10 miles an hour. The stops were so frequent, moreover, that the journey lengthened itself to 3 hours. Once out of the marsh-land the country was very thickly settled, and highly cultivated; and it seemed as if the villages were almost continuous. They were prosperous, comfortable-looking villages, more advanced than in most parts of Italy; yet they still adhered to the ancient method of crowding their stuccoed dwellings closely together upon narrow streets,— through which we were obliged to proceed very slowly. The countryside was delightfully lovely, all the way, from the luxuriance of its vegetation; the mulberry trees covered it like an endless blanket of the brightest green, amongst which the peasants were picking another crop of leaves for the silk-worms; beneath the trees grew wheat, for the most part, with occasional variations. Indian corn was singularly wanting in this section, and the vine far rarer than usual.

After more than two hours we passed the good-sized Delmona River, at the town of Commessaggio, the largest *en route;* here I observed to the left an imposing brick chateau, picturesque in form and apparently in fair condition, which, I was informed, had been formerly Gonzaga property. Doubtless it was a villa of the Bozzolo branch, into whose domains I was now entering. Another 40 minutes of slow progress brought us finally to a stop near the southern gate of Sabbioneta, whose mighty brick walls, darkened by time and the damp of the slimy moat, loomed directly before me as I descended. Perfectly preserved, they swept straight away on each hand behind their broad, stagnant fosse, to

jutting towers at some distance; their lofty summit, planted with vines climbing upon serried sticks, concealed all buildings within; and to the south stretched the open country with its mulberry groves, showing not a sign of habitation. The train disappeared,— and I felt as if I had stepped off into the land of Nowhere. The tower to the west, however, proved to be the main town-gate, now called the Porta Venti Settembre: a large, square, ponderous structure of grey stone, pierced by three deep archways, of which the smaller two for foot-passengers had been blocked up. Above the central arch I observed an inscription of "Vespasianus — Dux," with his shield of arms.

Crossing the bridge and traversing the tunnel-entrance, I found a short street behind it that led me northward for a block between evidently deserted houses; a live human being then appeared, looking strangely out of place; but following his directions, I turned eastward for another block, then northward upon what proved the principal thoroughfare,— the Via Giulia, so named by Vespasiano after his aunt, a Gonzaga princess of celebrated beauty. Sabbioneta, I found, is practically square in shape, with but two ingresses, in the middle of its northern and southern walls; and this street connects the two gates, passing a block to the west of the main piazza, and traversing midway the second large open space,— the Piazza d'Armi. After walking, therefore, through several blocks of aged, stuccoed, crumbling dwellings of two and three storeys, looking mostly abandoned, and enlivened (?) only by a few dead little shops, I reached this Piazza d'Armi, extending to the left of the way.

In front of the grass-grown field stood a modern monument of the *Risorgimento,* consisting of a fluted corinthian column topped by a mutilated female figure; even in this fossil of a town they woke up over Italy's freedom. Along

the left side of the deep area extended an extraordinary structure,— a sort of elongated, two-storied loggia, of unplastered brick, in good renaissance lines; the ground storey was a long succession of arches sustained on coupled square piers, forming a covered promenade; the enclosed upper floor was adorned with a row of corresponding arches in relief, divided by pilasters with niches, and holding small oblong windows; while it was crowned by a ponderous cornice. This edifice, I learned, was Vespasiano's art-gallery. A tiny marble temple, of Greek doric form, projected from the centre of its façade, showing his shield of arms. From its back end another and more ruinous building stretched across the rear of the field,— Vespasiano's summer residence, the Palazzo del Giardino; so-called from the once beautiful gardens behind it.

Keeping on up Via Giulia, I soon reached on the right side an imposing Renaissance palace of better preservation; it was Scamozzi's theatre. The 8 rusticated windows of the ground storey were boarded up; those of the upper floor bore cornices broken in the middle by oval roundels for vanished busts, and alternated with niches for statues, charmingly framed in egg-and-dart mouldings; above them ran a doric frieze and cornice. It was of course all stucco-work, but nevertheless quite effective. Turning past this to the right, a block's eastward progress brought me into the main Piazza, now renamed after Garibaldi; it was a spacious paved square, remaining unaltered, save by decay, from Gonzaga days. Handsome renaissance arcades stretched upon the western and southern sides; that on the south being supported on doric columns, and surmounted by a single floor, that on the west being upheld by square, rusticated, stone pillars, with two upper storeys, entirely shut up and deserted. On the east side, next the southern arcade, stood the parochial church rebuilt by Vespasiano,

PALAZZO DEL TÈ: FAÇADE TOWARD THE GARDENS. MANTUA

showing a curious stone façade of red and grey blocks like a checker board; over its baroque portal opened a large circular window, topped by a gable; at its left side rose a pink, stuccoed *campanile,* with a very rococo belfry and lantern. North from this extended a row of several old stucco buildings in an advanced state of decay.

On the north side stood the *Palazzo Ducale,* long used by the municipality, and now called the *Palazzo Municipale,* — to which fact is due its preservation: a two-storied stucco edifice, of a light lavender hue, in dignified, well-balanced, renaissance lines, its heavy cornice surmounted in the middle by a short, square tower. The ground storey was an imposing arcade, of large arches rusticated in imitation of stone, balustraded between the piers, except the central arch which was approached by a broad flight of steps; the oblong windows overhead were crowned with alternate pediments and rounded cornices, and the middle one was faced by a balustraded *ringhiera*-balcony.—The piazza itself was paved partly in brick, partly in cobbles, between which the grass was sprouting; over its broad sunlit space not a sign of life was visible, and save for the solitary little shop in one of the dilapidated eastern buildings, it might be a city of the dead.

I entered the hallway of the palace, and after some looking about unearthed its custodian, Angelo Bergonzi by name, who proved to be a man of considerable intelligence and knowledge of the town; he carries the keys of the various buildings, and any visitor can do no better than procure his services also as general *cicerone.* He led me up the grand stairway at the end of the hall, into the spacious *Salone dei Cavalli* at the rear of the *piano nobile,* looking back upon the restricted courtyard; this was the entrance-hall to the grand public suite. Around its upper walls extended a series of 12 large recesses, constructed for the equestrian statues

of Vespasiano and his direct ancestors, going back to Luigi I of Mantua: four of them still remained,— lifesize wooden figures, painted and gilded, and fairly lifelike for such work. They represented Vespasiano himself, Aloysius Marchio, Lodovico, and Gianfrancesco; the first appearing as a tall man of dignified presence, and a wise and resolute face. The lofty roof was divided by heavy beams into 9 large compartments, each filled with small coffers painted with designs in grey, white and black. The broad and striking frieze — said the *custode* — was a work of the brilliant Cremonese artist, Bernardino Campi: three huge black eagles on each side carried bulky festoons of fruits and flowers, and charming caryatidæ stood in the angles. There was true genius in the novelty and effectiveness of this bright-hued decoration; and the equestrian statues made the hall still more impressive.

Adjacent on the east I observed a small chamber with a finely carved wooden ceiling, having the device of Vespasiano in the centre,— a shield crossed diagonally by the word "Libertas," upheld by two lions rampant; here also was an interesting relic of his ducal furniture,— a heavy wooden table, curiously painted with designs. Proceeding northward from this room, down the rear wing extending along the east side of the courtyard, we reached, after traversing a couple of chambers bare of interest, one covered by an oak ceiling of magnificent sculpture, richly intricate in its deep coffering; the central panel bore an angel holding the device of the shield, with a border of wreathed fruits and flowers fully a foot thick. Here, and through most of the rooms, were the modern furniture and hangings used by the town-officials. The succeeding chamber, at the end, bore another beautiful *cinquecento* oak ceiling, with octagonal coffers 4 feet in diameter, and graceful pendants; after which, in rear

of the court, came a long hall roofed with rectangular coffering of oak, whose large central rosettes terminated in natural bunches of grapes. The condition of these rare ceilings was far better than those of the *Reggia.*

Returning to the entrance-hall, we stepped into the front, central chamber behind the *ringhiera,*— a long, narrow apartment with lofty vaulting, elaborately decorated: down its middle extended three oval paintings,— of Phaeton in his chariot, flanked by two warriors; on each slope were four panels of pleasing *stucchi,* in white on black, showing scenes of Roman warriors; — the best being a sacrifice before a throned Cæsar. Between these, on each slope, were three square panels of frescoed landscapes, now quite ruined. The two Gonzaga busts formerly ornamenting the side doorways were gone, but the elaborate frieze remained, consisting of heroic, stuccoed, half-figures of Gonzaga princes and princesses, posed in high relief within separate compartments, under-written by appropriate descriptions. These were not very well done.

To the right opened the noble *Sala dei Busti,* having another broad frescoed frieze, with two Gonzaga busts perched upon corbels on each side, before shell-like roundels; its ornate wooden ceiling was divided into 9 compartments, richly carved,— the central of which bore the painted device of Vespasiano, held by genii, and the others contained various emblems of the Gonzaghi. This was the "Gran Sala" of the palace, used nowadays for the meetings of the town-council.—The remaining rooms of this floor being bare of artistic relics, we descended to the court, and examined the ground storey of the rear wing, in which the town grammar-school has of late generations been housed. Here I saw the *Sala del Divertimento del Duca,*— really two rooms, united by an archway,— filled now with tiers of ink-stained desks

and benches. The two exquisite, gilded, wooden ceilings were perfectly preserved, with beautifully moulded panels containing Vespasiano's device, or rosettes ending in bunches of grapes; below them extended gilded friezes and cornices. The very handsome ducal fireplace still stood, made of red-veined creamy marble below, with a single lion's forepaw on each side, surmounted by the beast's head and flowing mane; above, it was of baroque stucco construction, with gilded *relievo,*— consisting of Vespasiano's shield surrounded by delicate foliations and Roman trophies. Such a fireplace is absolutely priceless today.

Adjacent on the south lay the second schoolroom, with a delightful Giulio-Romano-like ceiling; its large, square, central panel held a nearly vanished fresco that looked like Venus and Adonis; all around which, to the descending spandrels at the sides, were charming masses of grotesques, interspersed with a number of small scenic panels on black ground, fairly well preserved. On each corner-spandrel were a couple of very red cherubs, playing with an animal,— also in good condition; but the frescoed tableaux in the three lunettes at the sides were practically undecipherable. These elegant apartments were part of the private suites of the prince. Local legend attaches the name of Bernardino Campi to their ornamentations, but it was doubtless Antonio Campi, who alone of that family decorated in this delightful fashion; he and his assistants are probably responsible also for the *Sala dei Cavalli,* and at least the painted features of the other chambers.[11]

Beside the palace, on the west, I noticed on departing the curious brick Palazzo dell' Olio, with a receding basement of heavy granite blocks, a stone-arched portal, and 3 tiers of

[11] The name of Alberto Cavalli is also associated with this work by some authorities.

heavily corniced windows. Following my guide's directions, I took the short street leading north by the right side of the Municipio, which brought me in one block to the quaint little "*Albergo del Sole;*" this was primitive indeed, with only a kitchen on the right and an eating-room on the left; but it was clean, and the lunch which they gave me was thoroughly palatable. I climbed the ladder-stairs in rear to the few guest-rooms, finding them of the simplicity of patriarchal times, but with clean, comfortable beds.

After a short rest I sallied forth again, stepping across first to the large church of the Incoronata, which rises immediately east of the inn; it was the family church of Vespasiano and his successors, built and decorated by him, together with the adjoining nunnery of nursing sisters, which was the ducal hospital (now the Ospedale Civico). I saw a tall, octagonal drum of unplastered brick, faced by a lower, two-storied vestibule of white stucco, looking westward over the little "Piazza Vespasiano,"— on whose north side sat the *albergo*. Three large stucco archways resting on doric marble columns, formed the portico. At its left rose the stuccoed *campanile,* to a double-arched belfry and an octagonal lantern. Beside this was a doorway into the adjacent cloister of the hospital; through which, the front entrance being closed, I was admitted by a sister into the body of the church.

This proved to be, as the exterior intimated, in the style of Bramante,— a two-storied domed rotunda of harmonious lines, with ornamental depressed arches on each of its eight sides; three of these, toward the front, held entrances,— the smaller ones at the sides being topped by music lofts; the rear archway framed the high-altar-recess, that upon its left contained the splendid mausoleum of Vespasiano, and the other three held subsidiary altars. Around the second storey circled the customary Bramantesque gallery, formed by two

arches on each side, whose pillars rose from balustrades that were constructed entirely of stucco painted a deep chocolate hue,— perhaps in imitation of brown marble; corresponding to each arch was a window at the back of the gallery. From the cornice of this storey sprang the slopes of the dome, frescoed with an elaborate architectural scheme, having supposed niches and statues; and from the crowning lantern fell a long shaft of shimmering light. It was almost exactly similar to the fine edifices of Battaggia at Lodi and Crema,— exceedingly graceful, and yet imposing.

The paintings, however, did not compare with those churches, being poor works of the decadence. But the magnificent monument of the Duke was a host in itself, dominating the whole enclosure with its stately form and its sheen of bright-hued marbles. The sarcophagus is of brown veining, with white and yellow trimmings, surmounted by a baroque entablature; upon it sits the lifesize bronze statue of the prince, within a niche flanked by handsome corinthian columns; at his sides in smaller niches are two female figures of marble,—"Justice" and "Fortitude." Vespasiano is represented in the garb of a Roman general, with one hand outstretched,— in recognition of his fame as a soldier; the head resembles Marcus Aurelius, and the whole figure is most lifelike and princely. This superb monument was executed by that fine artist, Giov. Batt. della Porta, with the aid of Leone Leoni, who did the bronze work.

Departing through the cloistered garden,— a pleasant place, with its flowerbeds, gravelled walks, and surrounding arcades on stuccoed pillars,— I returned to the Via Giulia, a block to the west, and followed it to its end close by, at the northern town-gate. This bulky old tower was picturesque: its first storey, arching the deep passage, was of rusticated

granite blocks; its second — on the inside — was an open loggia supported on four stuccoed brick pillars, piled high with firewood, lumber, old wagons and other discarded things. Without lay the green, slimy moat, shaded by willows and plane-trees, with grasses and innumerable scarlet poppies growing all over the dark decaying walls; a chorus of crickets chirped from the water's edge, larks and thrushes twittered from the meadows, and from an adjacent field, where peasants were gathering hay, a pure baritone voice was singing an air from " La Traviata."

Returning southward on Via Giulia, I rejoined my *cicerone* at the theatre of Scamozzi, which we at once entered. It is an important historical relic, being coeval with Palladio's classic theatre at Vicenza,— which Scamozzi completed after the latter's death, in 1584,— and considerably earlier than the Farnese theatre at Parma (1618–28). But I found it much smaller than either of those, and in wretched condition, — the stage being entirely destroyed, and the proscenium-arch consisting only of a painted canvas, now dropping to pieces. The seats were tiers of simple benches, rising to a classic exedra composed of 12 corinthian marble columns, connected by a balustrade and a stucco entablature; upon the latter stood a dozen lifesize plaster statues of Greek divinities, more or less broken and dilapidated. The enclosing walls retained their original poor frescoing, of an architectural scheme with niches, holding supposed statues of a horrible reddish-yellow hue. It was sad to behold in this state the place that was once the scene of such princely gatherings and momentous revivals of the histrionic art.

We proceeded thence to that other ruin, the *Palazzo del Giardino,* which Vespasiano had decorated by the Campi, and various other artists of the first rank. Several of the ground-floor apartments still remained habitable, being occu-

pied by a peasant who tilled the ground of the former garden; amidst those remnants of lavish beauty in *stucchi* and frescoing, dwelt beings to whom it spoke never a word, who every week defaced another priceless artistic relic, unseeing, thoughtless. Yet they were kind-hearted people, and admitted me to their living-room, where, enclosing their poverty-stricken furniture, rose walls and a ceiling covered with charming embellishments of the Campi. The cornice and the mouldings of the vaulting were delicately wrought in stucco; the central square panel, the 4 ovals on the slopes, and others in the corners, were all painted with decorative figures, now badly decayed; below the cornice were 8 shell-like roundels in the angles, with empty corbels that once held marble busts. Add in fancy the handsome tapestries, the gilt furniture and precious ornaments, and one has a fair picture of this ground-floor suite of the Duke,— which was doubtless devoted to his duties as a ruler.

The remains in the adjacent chambers were similar in style, but too fragmentary to mention. We mounted the old stone stairs at the southern end, and inspected the abandoned *piano nobile,* finding a succession of gaily stuccoed and painted ceilings, more or less faded and broken,— exposed to all inclemencies of the weather by the paneless, sashless windows. The first room, proceeding north along the façade, was the so-called *Sala dei Cesari,* formerly adorned with busts of Roman emperors, and correlative paintings, of which very little remained; the second was the *Sala dei Giuochi Olimpici,* so called from the two interesting frescoes of Olympian chariot-races, still fairly clear, showing the competitors, the banked audience, and the line of marble monuments dividing the course. Both of these rooms conserved their original mosaic pavements. In the third, the *Sala delle Imprese,* the paintings were still better: in the centre of the

charming vaulting is seen what appears to be a Venus fondling a noble horse,— probably intended for Bellerophon with Pegasus,— and roundabout this are the Fall of Phaeton, the Fall of Icarus, and other daring undertakings of antiquity; the admirable frieze depicts eagles and caryatides with festoons,— betraying the same hand that embellished the *Sala dei Cavalli.*

Next came a delightful little domed rotunda, animated by frescoed scenes with many small figures, on all sides, its vaulting made attractive by numbers of playful *putti,* and graceful white *stucchi* on tinted ground. Here, and in the adjacent corridor, lingered the original handsome pavement of coloured marbles. There succeeded in rear the spacious *Sala degli Specchi,* or ballroom,— now stripped of its mirrors, and with its richly carved wooden roof quite ruined; the extensive wall-decorations of painting and *stucchi* were likewise reduced to fragments. Yet what a superb hall it must formerly have been; what glittering assemblies it had sheltered, resplendent in the silken, jewelled court-dresses of the late Renaissance! — Finally, at the southern end of the rear suite, appeared the winsome little *Gabinetto del Bagno,* adorned with grotesques over all its walls,— its vaulting one mass of convoluted stucco foliage, centered by a fine Medusa's head. Here again I noticed the original beautiful marble pavement, reticulated in shades of dark grey, red, and white.

From this southern end of the palace the *Galleria* branched off to the east; and I stepped now into its long, unbroken interior, that once was so famous for the harmony of its decorations and the beauty of its sculptures; for here Vespasiano gathered more than 100 precious antique marbles,— "statues, torsoes, busts, heads, reliefs, vases, cinerary urns of great value,"— a most valued collection in those neo-

classic days, which connoisseurs came far to see. A good portion of them still remained *in situ* as late as 1779, when they were removed by the Austrian authorities to the Mantuan museum, and the gallery was left deserted and exposed to the weather. I now saw, therefore, but a red-tiled floor, a whitened wooden roof, and a long succession of oblong sashless windows in the left wall, interspersed after every third window with a high, oval niche,— both walls being elsewhere covered with the faded frescoes of their quondam glory. These represented a continuous and grandiose architectural scheme, in which the real openings took their part in fanciful frames, with an abundance of cornices, balconies, balustrades, gables, and a throng of painted statues of goddesses and *amorini*. The spaces between the windows, also, were filled with large varied devices or patterns; and from the windows a near view was commanded of the remarkable oaken cornice of the palace, which, though sadly injured, was still a mass of most beautiful carving, with richly foliated consoles, and intervening compartments adorned with rosettes, bucantoria, and other decorative reliefs.

A final visit was paid by me to the interior of the parochial church in the piazza; which proved to be a spacious, domed basilica of fair Renaissance lines, with a handsome chapel of the Sacrament, a number of decadent paintings, and two excellent marble tombs of the *cinquecento* (beside the entrance) of simple and graceful designs.— Regaining then the southern gate, I was just in time to catch the five o'clock train for Mantua; and as we rolled away from the massive, towered walls, it seemed to me that I was indeed returning from a dead and petrified city, of that splendid epoch of the *cinquecento,* which had been disturbed by no mortal footfall for three hundred years; I realised that in this sleeping corner of the world, strange victim of suspended animation, I

had had an unforgettable experience, whose like would probably never be found again. And since this experience closed my journeyings through the glorious old towns of Lombardy, — the long months of my lingering amid the inspiring scenes of their heroic past,— I was returning to the present not merely from bygone Sabbioneta, but from that whole galaxy of fascinating cities of the plain, and the wondrous world of the Renaissance in which they hold the visitor enthralled.

THE END

INDEX

A

Abbiate: 119.
Abbiategrasso: 288.
Abbate, Niccolodell': 430.
Adalbert, Emperor: 274.
Addi River, the: 3, 74, 110, 111, 281, 283, 286, 297-8.
Adelaide, Queen: 279.
Agilulf, King: 82, 325.
Agriculture of Lombardy: 73-4, 113-4, 116, 143, 149, 289-290, 387-8, 545-6.
Aguggiari, Fra: 144, 146.
Aignadel, Battle of: 418.
d'Alba, Macrino: 219.
Alaric: 222-3, 325.
Alboin: 225-6.
Alberti, Leon Battista: 401, 412, 435, 436-7, 449, 464.
Albert of Brandenburg, Margrave: 472.
Aldus (or Aldo): 414, 416.
Aleni, Tommaso: 335, 379.
Alessandria: 4.
Alessi, Gabriello: 211.
St. Alexander (S. Alessandro): 3, 21.
Alexander III, Pope: 180.
Alzano: 69.
Amadeo, Giov. Ant.: 41, 49-52, 191, 198, 199, 201, 208-9, 210, 213-4, 216, 244, 271, 278-9, 363-4, 366, 370, 371.
Amati, Niccolo: 339.
St. Ambrose (S. Ambrogio): 325.
Amici, Tommaso (or Formato): 369.
Andes: 405, 543-4.
Andrea da Pavia: 458.
Andreasi, Bishop: 438.
Andreasi (the artist): 477.
Andreasino: 509.
S. Angelo Lodigiano: 286.
d'Anguisciola, family of the, and Sophonisba: 339.
Animals, domestic, of the plain: 115.
Anselmi, Giorgio: 473.
Anselmo, counsellor of Countess Matilda: 447.
Antegnate: 70.
Antharis, King: 82.
Appiani, Andrea: 105-106.
Aragon, Isabella of: 221, 230, 231, 232.
Arduino, of Ivrea: 271.
Aribert, King: 278, 279.
Ariberto (Heribert), Archbishop of Milan: 152, 178.
Ariosto: 416, 417.
Arnolfo, of Germany: 4.
Arrigo II, of Germany: 271.
Attila: 4, 152, 223, 325.
St. Augustine: (256; *Arca* of, 222, 253, 254-6, 257.)
Augustus, Emperor: 222, 405-6.
Aureolus: 3.
Ave Maria: 58-59.

B

Baldovinetti: 67.
Balduccio, Giov.: 254.
Bandello: 417.
Baradello, Castle of: 179, 180.
Barbarossa, Frederick: 4, 177-

180, 220, 228, 271-2, 282-4, 307-9, 326.
Barberini, G. B.: 380.
Bartolommeo, Fra: 277.
Battaggia, Giov. Giacomo: 298-9, 319.
Bayard, Chevalier: 306.
Basaiti: 66.
Bassano: Jacopo; 34, 373,–Leandro; 22, 60-61.
Beauharnais, Prince Eugene, and Consort: 105, 426-7, 443, 472, 533.
Beatrice d'Este, see *Este*.
Beatrice di Tenda: 195-6.
Beccafichi: 116.
Beccaria, the: 229, 278.
Beggars, and begging: 53-54.
Belfiore, the martyrs of: 428, 442, 465, 518.
Belgiojoso: (princes and town of, 288-9; castle of, 289; Princess Christina Trivulzio of, 288-9.)
Belli, Giovanni: 17, 48.
Bellini, Gian: 55, 67, 277, 417, 503.
Bellini, Gentile: 68.
Bell-tower, introduction of the: 273.
Bembo: (Bonifazio, 250, 252, 335, 381; Cardinal, 414, 416, 417, 543; Gian Francesco, 334, 335, 361, 376, 379.)
S. Benedetto al Po: 446-7, 544-5.
Benzoni, the: 310.
Berengarius I: 4, 95-6, 271.
Berengarius II: 279.
Bergamaschi, Giovanni: 379.
Bergamasque Mountains: 69.
Bergamo, Damiano and Stefano da: 17, 28, 47.
Bergamo:
Accademia Carrara, 64-69; S. Agostino, (church of, 62, —gate of, 63); Alzano, 69; S. Andrea, 57, 59-60; Amadeo, Giov. Ant., 41, 49-52; Alessandri, Cardinal Longo degli, tomb of, 46; S. Alessandro della Croce, 33; S. Alessandro in Colonna, 21, 22; St. Alexander, 3, 21; Art and artists of, 1, 13-17; Aspect and situation of, 1, 2, 19, 25; Aureolus, 3; Attila, 4; Arnolfo of Germany, 4; Baldovinetti, 67; Basaiti, 66; Baptistery, the, 42, 43; Bassano, (Jacopo, 34,—Leandro, 22, 60-61); SS. Bartolomeo e Stefano, 26-29; Belli, Giov., 17, 48; Berengarius, 4; Bergamo, Damiano and Stefano da, 17, 28, 47; S. Bernardino, 32-33; Bellini, (Gian, 55, 67, —Gentile, 68); Bissolo, Pier Fran., 2; Boselli, Ant., 16, 47; Borgognone, 30, 66; Boltraffio, 67; Botticelli, 67; Bramantino, 64; Brembana, Val, 2, 69; Broletto, 37-39, 40; Carmagnola, 10; Cavagna, Paolo, 17; Capodiferro, (Gian Fran., 17, 48,—Pietro and Zanino, 17); Campione, (Giovanni da, 43, 45,—Ugo da, 46); Caniana, G. B., 52-53; Cathedral, the, 42-43, 54-55; Castle (or Citadel) the, 56-57; Carpaccio, 66, 68; Cavallina, Val, 69; Cima da Conegliano, 66, 67, 68; Civerchio, 67; Colleoni: (family of, 9, 12;—Bartolomeo, 12, 36, 70-72,—Bart., monument of, 49-51,—Capella (Chapel of the), 13, 40-41, 49-53, 198,—Luogo Pio, 13, 36,—Medea, tomb of, 51-52); Santa Croce, Fran. da, 16, 34, 66, 68; Credi, Lorenzo, 67; Cross (or Crucifix) of, 48; Cariani, Giov., 2, 16; Santa Croce, Gir da, 2; Dialect of, 26; Donizetti, Gaetano: (18,—theatre of, 23,

—monument of, 23,—tomb of, 46); Donatello, 67; Duomo, see Cathedral; Environs and Excursions, 69-72; Fantone, 33; Francia, 68; Ferrari, Gaudenzio, 66; Fiera di S. Alessandro, 24-25; Gallienus, Emperor, 3; Gasparin da Bergamo, 17; Garibaldi, Piazza and monument of, 37-39; Galleries of, 64-69; Gentile da Fabriano, 68; Giorgione, 68; Giordano, Luca, 46; S. Grata (3,—church of, 56); History of, 2-13; Hotel of, 19; Hals, Franz, 68; Holbein, 68; Industries of, 1; Kaufmann, Angelica, 53; S. Leonardo, 20; Leonardo da Vinci, 68; Lotto, Lorenzo, 2, 15, 16, 27-28, 31, 32, 34, 61, 66, 68, 69; Lombard League, 4; Lodi, Scipione da, 31; Martinengo, town and family of, 70, 71; Malpaga, 70-72; Mantegna, 66, 68; Mansueti, 66, 68; Marconi, Rocco, 64; Mayr, Giov. Simone, tomb of, 46; S. Maria Maggiore: (northern porch, 43-44,—southern porch, 43, 45, 55,—exterior, 45,—interior, 45-49,—choir, 47-48,—sacristy, 48-49,—campanile, 55,—generally, 17, 39); Malatesta, Pandolfo, 9; Milan, Rule of, 4-11; S. Michele al Pozzo Bianco, 60-62; Morone, Fran., 34, 66; Moretto, 33, 59-60, 67, 68; Moroni, G. B., 2, 54, 66; Museum (or Museo Carrara), 64; Napoleon the Great, 3, 56, 58-59; Nova, Pietro and Paxino da, 13, 36, 46, 62; Palma Vecchio, 2, 14, 34, 65, 68; Palma Giovane, 33, 65; Paulus, Jacopo, 62; Pisano, Vittore, 67; Pensaben, Fra Marco, 69; Pontida, Piazza, 20, 21; Pontirolo, (Pons Aureoli), battle of, 3; Population of, 2; Poscanthe, Giov. G. Gavasio da, 22, 32, 34; Prefettura, the, 24; Previtali, Andrea, 2, 14, 15, 29-30, 31, 32, 34, 65, 66, 68; Raphael, 68; Rembrandt, 67; Reni, Guido, 68; Romano, 70, 71, 72; Romanino, 21, 70, 71; Santa Croce, (Fran. da, 16, 34, 66, 68,—Girolamo da, 2); Scamozzi, 37, 42, 54; Seriana, Val, 2, 69; Signorelli, 67; Siry, Sixtus, 50; S. Spirito, 29-32; Sodoma, 67; Talpino, 2, 17; Tarsia, and its artists, 17, 33-34, 47-48, 52-53; Tasso, (Bernardo, 18,—Torquato, statue of, 39); Tarsia, *chefs d'œuvres* of, 28, 33-34, 47-48, 52-53; Tiepolo, G. B., 50, 55; Topography of, 19, 20, 63; Trescorre, 61, 69; Upper city, (views of, 25, 26, 63,—views from, 56, 57-58, 62-64); Venetian rule of, 10, 13; Venusti, Marcello, 68; Velasquez, 68; Visconti, sway of, 5-11; Vittorio Emanuele, Piazza and monument of, 19, 22, 23; Vivarini, Bart., 66; Walls of, see Ramparts; Zucco, Francesco, 17.

Bertani, G. B.: 430, 462, 473, 496.

Bernardo da Venezia: 198, 202.

Bernini, Giov. Lor.: 475.

Bissolo, Pier Fran.: 2.

Bird-destruction: 115-116.

Bibbiena: 414.

Binasco: 195-6.

Boccaccino: (Boccaccio, 333-4, 360, 361, 362, 379, 381, 385,—Boccaccio II, 462,—Camillo, 338-9, 379, 398,—Fran., 395.)

Boëthius: 224-5, 257-8, 261.

S. Bonifazio, Count of: 407.
Bonifazio: 378.
Boltraffio: 67.
Boniface, Marquis of Canossa (or Tuscany): 447.
Bonsignori, Fran.: 458, 541, 543.
Borgognone, Ambrogio: 30, 66, 191, 204, 208, 209, 213, 215, 218, 219, 298, 302-304, 306.
Borgia, Cesare: 418.
Borromeo, Cardinal, Saint: 98, 247.
Borgani: 543.
Boscodella Fontana: 541-2.
Boschetti, Isabella: 420, 421, 463, 522, 527, 528.
Boselli, Antonio: 16, 47.
Botassi, of Milan: 293.
Botticelli: 67.
Bozzolo, Principality of,—see Sabbioneta: 546.
Brancaforte: 440.
Bramantino: 64.
Bramante: 173, 180, 185, 191, 208, 213, 231, 243-4, 262, 287, 288.
Briosco, Ben.: 198, 200, 211.
Brickwork, Lombard, masterpieces of: 101, 201-2, 258-260, 309, 312-313, 315-316, 319-320, 344-7, 350-351, 352-3, 370-1, 459.—(See also, "Terracotta, *chefs d'oeuvres* of.")
Brusasorci: 450, 462, 466, 509.
Brembana, Val: 2, 69.
Brianza, Monte: (aspect of, 76-79,—topography of, 78,—country-houses, and grounds, of, 78-79,—*villeggiatura,* life and customs, 79-80.)
Brunelleschi: 412, 432, 465.
Buonacolsi, the: 407-9, 442-3, 444.
Buonfigli, of Perugia: 276.
Buoso da Doara: 327.
Bussola, Dionigi: 145.
Bussolari, Jacopo de': 229,
Busti, Agostino: 200-201.
Butti: 180.
Busto Arsizio:
Artistic importance of, 171; Aspect and location of, 172; *Beata Juliana,* statue of 173; Bramante, 173; Electric plant and power of, 171; Ferrari, Gaudenzio, 174-177; S. Giovanni, Piazza and church of, 172-173; Lanini, Bern., 175; Luini, Bern., 175; S. Maria, church of, 173-177; Population of, 172; Railways to, 112, 117, 171.

C

Cacciatori delle Alpi: 136.
Cairoli, the: (family and history of, 253, 265-6,—monument to, the, 265-6.)
Campione: (Giovanni da, 43, 45,—Matteoda, 83, 86, 88, 95, 254,—Ugo da, 46,—Boninoda, 250, 254.)
Campi, the, (history, school, and works of): 293, 317-8, 321, 322, 335-7, 370, 372, 375, 380, 385, 386, 393, 395, 396-9, 430, 438, 552-554, 557-559.
Campi: (Galeazzo, 317, 335, 379, 380; Antonio, 317, 336, 337, 362, 367, 368, 369, 372, 375, 376, 393, 395, 552-4, 557-9; Vincenzo, 317, 337, 375; Felice, 474; Bernardino, 215, 317-8, 336, 337, 362, 378, 379, 397-8, 552-4, 557-9.)
Campi, Giulio, (see also under Mantua): 317, 322, 335-6, 337, 367, 368, 372, 373, 376, 381-2, 385, 393-4, 395, 396-9, 430.
Canals, and canal-system, of Lombardy: 110-112, 195.
Canals, irrigating: 290.
Caniana, G. B.: 52-53.
Canossa: (Count Tebaldo of,—see Tebaldo; Countess Ma-

tilda of, (of Tuscany),—see Matilda.)
Canedole: 545-6.
Capilupo: 431.
Capodiferro: Gian Francesco, Pietro, and Zanino, 17, 48.
Cariani, Giovanni: 2, 16.
Carmagnola: 10, 76, 83, 321, 329-330.
Carpaccio: 66, 68.
Carroccio, the: 178-179, 182-183.
Carew, Sir Nicholas: 236.
Caroto: 458, 466.
Caravaggio, Fermo da: 493.
Caravaggino: 533, 537.
Casaglio: 372.
Caracci, Lodovico: 462.
Casella, Polidoro: 333, 365.
Casatico: 402.
Casalpusterengo: 287, 289.
Casalmaggiore: 433.
Castiglione: (family of, 112, 152, —Baldassare, 112, 152, 402, 414, 416, 543,—Cardinal Branda, 112, 152, 153-4, 155, 163.)
Cassi, Enrico: 265.
Castelleone: 322.
Castracani, Castruccio: 83.
Catena, Vincenzo: 379.
Cavallina, Val: 69.
Cavalcabò: (family of the, 328-9,—Ugolino, 328-9.)
Cavriana: 542.
Cavalli, Alberto: 554.
Castiglione Olona: Ariberto (Heribert), Archbishop, 152; Aspect and situation of, 112, 133, 150; Attila, 152; Castiglione: (family of, 112, 152,—Baldassare, 112, 152,—Cardinal Branda, 152, 153-4, 155, 160, 163,—Palace of, 152, 153-4,—Castle of, 152, —tomb of Card Branda, 160); Castello, the, 152; Collegiate, (church, 155-6, 158-161,—and Baptistery, 161-170); Griffus, Leonardus, 160; History of, 112, 152; Inn of, 150-151, 170; Masolino (da Panicale), 153, 154, 155, 156-170,—frescoes of, 154, 156-170; Piazza (central) *del Padre Eterno*, 151-2; Palazzo Castiglione, 152, 153-4; Railways to, 112, 133; S. Sepolcro, 151, 152-3; Stilicho, 152.
Cesare del Magno: 119, 123.
Certosa di Pavia: Alessi, Gab., 211; d'Alba, Macrino, 219; Amadeo, Giov. Ant., 191, 198, 199, 201, 208-9, 210, 213-4, 215, 216; Artistic importance of, 188-9, 191, 197; Art-treasures of, 188, 192-3; Approach to, 196; Bernardo da Venezia, 198, 202; Borgognone, Amb., 191, 204, 208, 209, 213, 215, 218, 219; Bramante, 191, 208, 213; Briosco, Benedetto, 198, 200, 211; Building of, 190-192, 198, 218; Busti, Agostino, 200-201; *Campanile*, the, 202, 218; Campi, Bern., 215; Church, the: (facade, see Facade; Exterior, side-walls, 201,—transept and choir, 202, 218,—tower, 202, 218; Nave, 202-203; Side-chapels, 203-4, 218-219; North transept, 204, 207-9; South transept, 211-215; Choir, 209-211; Monuments,—of Lodovico and Beatrice Sforza, 204-7,—of Gian Gal. Visconti, 211-213; Amadeo's doorways, 208-9, 213-4, 215, 216; Old sacristy, 209; New sacristy, 213-4; Lavabo (lavatory), 213-4; Cloister: (smaller (della Fontana), 215-218,—view from last, 218,—greater, 218); Doorways of Amadeo, 208-9, 213-4, 215, 216; Entrance-pavilion, and frescoes,

196; Entrance-court, 196-7; Exterior of Certosa, 194, 196; d'Este, Beatrice, 204-7, 214; Facade of church: (building of, 191, 198,—aspect of, 197-201,—windows of, 199,—portal of, 200-201,—reliefs of, 200); Fontana, A., 208; Founding of, 189-190, 201; Fusina, Andrea, 191; Francis I, King, 218; Fries, Theodore, of Brussels, 210; Highway to, 194-196; History of, 188, 189-193, 198; Location of, 190; *Lavabo's* (Lavatories), 213-4, 217; Luini, Bern., 196, 214, 215; Mantegazzi: (Cristoforo, 198, 200,—Antonio, 198, 200); Maffioli, Alberto, 214; Monastic dwellings, 218; Monastic order of, 190, 192-3, 218; Montagna, Bart., 215; Monuments, see Church; Museum, 219; Novi, Nardino, 211, 212; Orsolini, Tommaso, 209; *Palazzo Ducale,* 196, 219; Pellegrini, Galeazzo, 211; Perugino, 203-4; Pictures removed, 192-3; Polli, Bart. de', 210; Portà, Giacomo della, 211; Procaccini, 218, 219; Railway to, 194; Refectory, the, 217; Riccio, A., 218; Romano, Crist., 211; Romano, Gallida, 218; Routes to, 193-4; Sacristy, see Church; Sesto, Stefano da, 210-211; Sforza, (Lodovico (Il Moro), 190-192, 198, 204-7,—monument of, 192, 204-7); Solari: (Cristoforo, 192, 206-7, 210,—Guiniforte, 198); Solario, Andrea, 215; Stauris, Rinaldo de', 217, 218; Terracotta work, 216-7, 218; Tombs, see Church; Ubbriachi, Bernardo degli, 209; Vairone, Biagio da. 210-211; Vellata, Pietro di, 210; Visconti: (Gian Galeazzo, 189-190, 201, 211-213, 215,—monument of, 189, 211-213,—Filippo Mario, 218); Volpi, Ambrogio, 209; Wealth of monastery, and its Suppression, 190, 192-193.

Charles VIII, of France: 11, 232, 418.

Charles V, Emperor: 12, 93, 233-6, 384, 419-421, 495, 543.

Charity of Italians: 53-54, 394.

Charlemagne: 92, 226, 253, 271.

Charles of Anjou: 327.

Cheese of Lombardy: 290.

Chiesa, the brothers: 304.

Charles I, King of England: 423.

Church-architecture, changes by Lombards: 272-273.

Cimada Conegliano: 66, 67, 68.

Civerchio: 67, 311, 318, 378.

Clusone: 69.

Clarence, Duke of, Wedding of: 250.

Clementi, Prospero: 438.

Colleoni: (family of, 9, 12, 70,—Cappella, see Bergamo,—Bartolomeo, 12, 36, 49-56, 70-72, 75-76, 83-84, 330,—Pietro, 75-76.)

Como, (Lake of: 2,—mountains of, 77, 108.)

Company of Death: 178, 179.

Columbus, Crist.: 245.

Commessaggio: 548.

Constantius, Emperor: 222.

Conradin: 228.

Correggio: 277, 416, 417, 423, 503.

Cortenuova, Battle of: 309-310.

Costa, Lorenzo: 417, 418, 424, 438, 458, 466, 484, 502-3, 509, 543.

Costa, Lorenzo, junior: 474, 477, 509.

Costa, Luigi: 466, 509.

Council, Church, (at Mantua in 1064,—448; in 1459,—443, 471-2.)
Country-houses and -life: 78-80.
Credi, Lorenzo di: 67, 379.
Crespi, D. and G. B.: 245.
Crosaccio: 372.
Cremona, Bertesi da: 365.
Cremona, Arighi da: 366.
Cremona, Diet of: 327.
Crema: Battaggia, Giov. Giacomo, 319; Benzi, monument of, 318; Benzoni, the, 310; Campanile, the,—see Cathedral; Campi, history and works of the, 317-8, 321, 322; Castelleone, 322; Cathedral, the: (309; exterior, 312-313; facade, 312, 315-6; campanile, 312-3; portal, 315; nave, 317-318; side-altars, 318; canvases, 317-8; Civerchio, painting of, 318; Benzi, monument of, 318)—Civerchio, Vincenzo, 311, 318; Clock-tower, the city, 314, 318; Cortenuova, battle of, 309-310; Destruction of, 307-9; Duomo, (Piazza del, 312, 313-4,—building of the, see Cathedral); Frederick I, Barbarossa, 307-9; Frederick II, 309-310; Garibaldi, Piazza and statue of, 312; Guelfic city, 307-9; History of, 7, 307-310; Hotel of, 316-7; Incoronata, church of the, at Castelleone, 322; S. Maria della Croce, 319-321; S. Maria delle Grazie (at Soncino), 322; Monfredini, 368; Municipio, the, 314; Ombriano, 311; Palazzo Rossi, 311; Palazzo Municipale, 314; Palazzo Sforza (at Soncino), 321; Palazzo Vescovile, 314; Palazzo Viala (at Soncino, 322; Piazza, Calisto, 319; Piazza, Martino and Albertino, 322; Pius IX, Pope, statue of, 318; Population of, 307; Porta Serio, 311, 312; Porta Ombriano, 318-9; Railway and station, 311-312, 322; Ramparts, 311; Rebuilding of, 309; Sacchis, Agostino de', 368; Sforza, Francesco, 310; Siege of, 308; Soncino, town and battle of, 321-2; Terracotta and brickwork of, 309, 313, 315-316; Torre Pallavicina, 322; Tramways to and from, 306-7, 311, 321; SS. Trinità, 319; Venetian rule, 310; Via Mazzini, 312; Villa Barbi (at Torre Pallavicina), 322; Visconti: (rule of the, 310,—Filippo Mario, 310,—Gabriello, 310); Walls, see Ramparts.
Cremona: S. Abbondio, 392-4; S. Agata, 342, 384-5; Agilulf, King, 325; S. Agostino, 334, 380-381; *Archivio Notarile*, 384; Aleni, Tommaso, 335, 379; Amadeo, Giov. Ant., 363-4, 366, 370, 371; Amadeo's Doorway, 371; Alaric, 325; Amati, Niccolo, 339; Amici, Tommaso (or Formato), 369; d'Anguisciola: the family of the, 339,—Sophonisba, 339); Aspect of, from the Torazzo, 354; Arighi da Cremona, 366; Artistic history of, 332-340; Art of, school of, 317-8, 332-9; Attila, 325; Aspect of, 383, 390; Barberini, G. B., 380; Baptistery, the, 345, 351-2, 370; Bassano, Jacopo, 373; Bembo, Bonifazio, 335, 381; Bembo, Gian Fran., 334, 335, 361, 376, 379; Bertesi da Cremona, 365; Bertazzola, the,

345-6, 347, 349-350; Bergamaschi, Giov., 379; Boccaccino: (Boccaccio, 333-4, 360, 361, 362, 367, 379, 381, 385,—Camillo, 338-9, 379, 398,—Francesco, 395); Buoso da Doara, 327; Burning of, 325; Campi: (family and school of the, 317-8, 335-7, 370, 372, 375, 380, 385, 386, 393, 395, 396-399,—Galeazzo, 317, 335, 379, 380,—Antonio, 317, 336-7, 362, 367, 368, 369, 372, 375, 376, 381, 393, 395,—Vincenzo, 317, 337, 375,—Giulio, 317, 335-6, 337, 341, 367, 368, 372, 373, 376, 381-2, 385, 393-4, 395, 396-9,—Bernardino, 317-8, 336, 337, 362, 378, 379, 397-8); Campanile, the, see Torrazzo; *Caccia del Toro,* 345; Casaglio, 372; Catena, Vincenzo, 379; Catapene, Luca, 366; Campo Santo, the, 373-4; Casella, Polidoro, 333, 365; Carmagnola, 329-330; Cathedral, the: (history of, 332-3, 349; artists of, 333-5; façade, 347-9; tower (*campanile*), 346-7; portal, 347-8; loggia, 345-6, 347, 349-350; northern transept façade, 350-351; southern transept façade, 374; nave, 357-365; choir, 359-360, 362, 368; frieze, the great, 361-3; pulpits, the, 363-4; aisles and side-altars, 365-6; northern transept, 366-7; southern transept, 368-9; sacristy, 368; choir-chapels, 367, 368; crypt, 369-370); Cavalcabò, the (328-9,—Ugolino, 328-9); Celtic rule, 324; Charles of Anjou, 327; Churches of, 374, 394-395; Charles V, Emperor, 384; Civerchio, 378; Colleoni, Bart., 330; Corso Umberto, 391-2; Corso Garibaldi, 342, 385-6; Corso Vittorio Emanuele, 342; Credi, Lor. da, 379; Crosaccio, 372; Cross (or Crucifix), the, of Cremona, 368; Dati (palace, and hospital of, 389-390,—Marchesa, 389-390); Destruction of, by Agilulf, 325; Diet of, 327; Diotti, 362; Dominican monastery, 343; Egyptian Martyrs, tomb of the, 363-4; Eugene, Prince, 332; SS. Eusebio e Facio, 394; Festivals, mediæval, 345; Fondulo, Gabrino, 328-9, 356; Fodre, Marchese, and palace of, 391-2; Francia, 379; Francis I, King, 331; French rule, 331-2; Frederick Barbarossa, 326; Gambara, Lattanzio, 377; Gatti: (Bernardino (Il Soiaro), 338, 359, 360, 361, 362, 372, 376, 377,—Gervasio, Il Soiaro II), 338, 369, 376, 377, 381, 395); Garibaldi, 384; Ghibelline leadership of, 326-7; S. Giacomo in Breda,—see S. Agostino; SS. Giacomo e Vincenzo, 395; Gonsalvo, Gen., 331, 332; Guelfic domination of, 326, 327, 328; Guarnieri, Gius. Ant., 340; Hannibal, 324; Henry VII, Emp., 328; History of: (7, 324-332;—Celtic, 324;—Roman, 324-5;—Alaric and Attila, 325;—Gothic, 325;—Lombard, 325;—independent, 325-7;—Ghibelline leadership, 326-7;—internecine strife, 326-7;—Buoso da Doara, 327, 328;—Pallavicino, Mar., 327;—Charles of Anjou, 327;—Visconti rule, 327-8, 329-330;—Cavalcabo tyranny, 328-9;—Fondulo tyranny, 328-9;—Sforza rule, 330-331;—Venetian rule, 331;

—French rule, 331-2;—Spanish rule, 331, 332)—Hotel of, 342-3; Imperialism of, 326-7; Independent republic of, 325-7; Internecine strife, 326-7; John XXIII, Pope, 329, 356; Lamberti, 375; Lateranensi monastery, 377-8; Lescun, Gen., 331; Lodi, Ermenigi da, 375, 376; Lombard sculptures, 347-8, 350; Loggia, the Cathedral—, see Bertazzola; S. Lorenzo (demolished), 364; Louis XII, King, 331; Lombard rule of, 325; Lombard League, 326; S. Luca, 385-6; Malatesta, Carlo, 329-330; Mainardi, 378, 381; Malosso, Il, (Cav. Trotti), 339, 367, 369, 372, 375, 376-7, 378, 380, 381; S. Margherita, 341, 381-2; Majo, Fran. (or F. Mabilo de' Mazo), 369; Melone, Altobello, 334-5, 361, 362, 392, 393; S. Michele, 395; Miradori, 372; Monte di Pietà, 391-2; Moretti, Crist., 333, 362-3; Municipio,—see Palazzo Municipale; Museo Civico, 378-380; Name, suppositious derivation of, 324; Natali, 376; Nani, Sebastiano da, 347; S. Nicolò, altar of, 369; S. Omobuono, life and body of, 364-5; Ospedale Civico, 394; Pallavicino, Mar., 327; Palazzi: (Reale, 378,—Pubblico, see Pal. Municipale,—Giurisconsulti, 345, 352-3,—Crotti, 386,—Stanga, 386-7,—Trecchi, 384,—Maggi, 385,—Dati, 389-390,—Municipale, 345, 352-3, 371-3, 374); Passeggio Pubblico, 394; S. Pelagia, 395; Perugino, 334, 381; Pedoni, Giov. Gaspare, 372-3, 386; Sts. Peter and Marcellinus, tomb of, 366-7, 370; Platina, Giov. Maria, 368; Piazza: (del Commune, 341, 344-6, 351-3,—Roma, 341, 342-4,—Garibaldi, 342, 384-385,—Pescherie, 342, 374,—Cavour, 353-4; S. Pietro al Po, 374-8); SS. Pietro e Marcellino, 395; Ponchielli, Amilcare, (statue to, 344,—Theatre Ponchielli, 378); Porta Venezia, 341, 342, 395; Porta al Po, 341, 342, 378; Porta Milano, 341, 386; Po river, the, 341, 378; Porata, Giacomo, 347, 348; Population of, 332; Pordenone, 335, 360, 363, 365; Pozzi, Ambr. da, 368; Ramparts, the, 394; Reconstruction of, 325; Roman rule of, 324-5, 342; Romanino, 335, 363; Roman city of, 342; Romano, Crist., 385; Ricca, Bern., 366; Ricca, Battista, 377; Sack of, 328; Scala, Mastino della, 327; School of Painting of, 332-9; Secchi, Bramante, 385; Shrine (of the Egyptian Martyrs, 363-4,—of Sts. Peter and Marcellinus, 366-7, 370); Sforza: (rule of the, 330-331,—Francesco, 330, 337, 398-9,—Lodovico, 330-331,—Bianca (Visconti), 330-331); S. Siro, 394; Sigismund, Emperor, 329, 356; S. Sigismondo, 337, 341, 395-9; Soiaro, Il,—see Gatti; Spanish rule, and desolation of the, 331, 332; Stanga: (palace of the, 386-7,—Marchese Ildefonso, 387-9,—model farm of, 387-8); Stradivari, Ant., 340; Tarsia, Pietro della, 368; Teatro (Theatre) Ponchielli, 378; Terracotta and brickwork of, 326, 386-7, 389, 391-2; Trecchi, Mar. Fran., tomb of, 385; Torazzo, the (346-7, 354-6,—

view from, 354-5); Towers, mediæval, 374; Tower of Cremona, the,—see Torrazzo; Topography of, 341-2, 383; Triumvirate, the Second, 325; Van Orleys, 379; Venetian rule of, 331; Vespasian, Emp., 325; Visconti: (Otto (Otho), 327-8,—Azzo, 328,—rule of the, 327-8, 329-330,—Filippo Mario, 329-330); Villari, Gen., 332; Violin industry of, and its masters, 339-340, 380; Via al (Viale del) Po, 341, 378; Vida, Marco Gir., 340-341, 377, 395; Vittorio Emanuele II, statue of, 354; Walls of,—see Ramparts.

D

Decoration, gaudy, of churches: 382-383.
Della Torre: (the family of the, 5, 6, 284,—Martino, 284).
Desiderius: 226.
Desolation of Lombardy, under the Spaniards: 235-7.
D'Este,—see Este.
Diotti: 362.
Doara, Buosa da: 327.
Dolcebono: 243-4, 298.
Donatello: 67, 413.
Donizetti, Gaetano: 18, 23, 46.
Dossi, Dosso: 466, 503.

E

D'Edesia, Andrino: 269, 272, 280.
Electric power-plants of Lombardy: 171, 184.
Electric railroads of Lombardy: 171.
Eleemosynary institutions: 54, 394.
Epiphanius: 223, 224.
D'Este: (see also under Mantua), (Beatrice, 204-7, 214, 221, 230-232, 414, 479-485, 499;—Beatrice, Archduchess of Austria, 104, 105;—Isabella, 401-403, 414-421, 458, 479-485, 499, 500-507, 510-511, 517, 540, 541).
Eugene, Prince: 332.
Ezzelino da Romano: 327, 407.

F

Fabriano, Gentile da: 68.
Fallabrini, the: 229.
Fantone: 33.
Farinata, Paolo: 277, 450, 545.
Farini, Benedetto: 321-322.
Farms of Lombardy: 113-4, 149-150.
Farmers, land-owning: 149-150.
Favorita, Palazzo (or Villa): 460, 542.
Faenza, Luca da: 493.
Feltre, Bernardino da: 260.
Feltre, Vittorino da: 412, 544.
Ferdinand, Archduke, Governor of Lombardy: 104-5.
Ferdinand II, King: 424-5.
Ferramola: 70.
Ferrari, Gandenzio: 66, 112, 119-120, 123, 124-5, 174-7, 287.
Feti, Dom.: 450.
Fiori, Monte dei: see page 74.
Fisiraga, the: (284, 285,—Antonio, 284, 285.)
Fontana A.: 208.
Fondulo, Gabrino: 328-9, 356.
Foppa, Vincenzo: 250, 252.
Fornovo, Battle of: 418, 457, 515.
Francia: 68, 379, 417, 466.
Francis I, King: 218, 233-5, 306, 331.
Francis III, Duke of Modena, and Varese: 135, 140.
Franchetti, Baron, model estate of: 545-6.
Frederick I, Barbarossa: 4, 177-

180, 220, 228, 271-2, 282-4, 307-9, 326.
Frederick II: 4, 220, 309-310, 407.
Francelli, Luca: 413.
Fries, Theodore, of Brussels: 210.
Fusina, Andrea: 191.

G

Gallarate: 171.
Gallienus, Emperor: 3.
Gambera, Lattanzio: 377.
Garbieri, Lor.: 462.
Garibaldi: 136, 253, 384.
Gasparin da Bergamo: 17.
Gatti, Bern.: 338, 359, 360, 361, 362, 372, 376, 377.
Gatti, Gerv.: 338, 369, 376, 381, 395.
Gentile da Fabriano: 68.
Ghibello, Battle of: 284, 326.
Ghibelline and Guelf customs: 5, 6.
Giorgione: 14, 68.
Giordano, Luca: 46.
Giovenone, Gir.: 139, 277.
Goito, Villa of: 413, 541.
Gonsalvo, General: 331, 332.
Gonzales, Fran.: 261.
Gonzaga: (town and castle of, 441, 541, 545,—family of, and its members, etc., see under Mantua).
Grata, Santa: 3.
Griffus, Leonardus: 160.
Guarnieri, Guiseppe Ant.: 340.
Guastalla, dukes and town of: 422, 424, 545.
Guercino: 90.
Guisoni, Fermo: 430, 439, 450, 486.
Guelf and Ghibelline customs: 5, 6.

H

Hals, Franz: 67.
Henry II, Emp.: 227.
Henry IV, Emp.: 446, 447.
Henry VII, Emp.: 6, 220, 228-9, 284, 328, 408.
Heribert (Ariberto), Archbishop of Milan: 152, 178.
Hildebrand: 447, 448.
Holbein: 68.
Honorius, Emp.: 222-3.
Hofer, Andreas: 460.
Hospitals of Italy: 394.
Humbert, King: see Umberto I.
Hunting in Lombardy: 115-116.

I

Ideal Piazza of the Middle Ages: 344-6.
Inquisition in Lombardy: 236, 237.
Insubres, the Celtic: 281.
Iron Crown of Lombardy: see under Monza.
Irrigation in Lombardy: 290.
Iseo, Lake of: 2, 69-70.

J and K

Jesuistry in Lombardy: 236, 237.
Jesuitical control of Italians: 382-3.
John XXIII, Pope: 329, 356.
Joseph II, Emp.: 237.
Justinian, Emp.: 225.
Kaufmann, Angelica: 53.

L

Lambro river: 111.
Land-holdings of Lombardy: 113-4, 149-150.
Lanini, Bern.: 119, 123, 175, 180, 185-6, 287.
S. Lanfranco: (278,—*Arca* of, 278-9.)
Lamberti, of Firenze: 375.
Lanzano: 293.

Laus Pompeia: 281-2, 305-6.
Lautrec, General: 233, 235, 251.
League of Cambrai: 418.
League, Lombard: see Lombard.
Lecco, Mountains of Lake of: 74.
Legnano, Battle of: 177, 183.
Legnano, town of:
Aspect and situation of, 111, 181; Battle of, 177, 183; Bramante, 180, 185; *Carroccio,* the, 178-9, 182-3; Company of Death, the, 178, 179; Electric power of, 171, 184; Frederick I, Barbarossa, 177-180; History of, 177-180; Industries of, 180-181, 183; Lanini, 180, 185-6; Luini, Bern., 180, 186-7; S. Magno, church of, 185-7; Monument of Italian Freedom, 180, 181-3; Municipio (Palazzo Municipale), 185; Piazza Umberto, 184; Population of, 180; Railway to, 112.
Leonbruno, Lorenzo: 486, 501.
Leoni, Leone: 556.
Leonardo da Vinci: 11, 68, 118, 245, 303-4, 416.
Lescun, General: 285, 331.
Leyva, General: 235-6.
Liberale, da Verona: 276.
Livia, Empress: 222.
Lodigiano, the: 289-290, 305.
Lodi, Ermenigi da: 375, 376.
Lodi, Diet of: 283.
Lodi, Scipione da: 31.
Lodi, Battle of: 3, 286, 297-8.
Lodi, City of:
Adda river, 281, 283, 286, 297-8; S. Agnese, 297; Aspect of, 291-2, 297; Borgognone, 298, 302-4; Botassi, of Milan, 293; Battle of, 3, 281, 286, 297-8; Battaggia, Giov. Giacomo, 298-9; Campi, the, of Cremona, 293; Cathedral, the: (location, 291; façade, 291-2; campanile, 291-2; portal, 292; nave, 292-3; Botassi, 293; chapels, 293, 294; Campi, the, 293; Lanzano, 293; Procaccini, 293; Malosso, 293; crypt, 293; Last Supper, relief of, 294; Piazza, Alb. and Calisto, 294-5.)—Cheese (Parmesan) of, 290; Chiesa, the brothers, 304; Countryside of (the *Lodigiano*), 289-290; Destruction of, by Milan, 282; Diet of, 283; Dolcebono, 298; Duomo, see Cathedral; Fisiraga: (family of the, 284, 285,—Antonio, 284, 285); Frederick I, Barbarossa, 282-284; French occupation of, 285; Ghibelline leadership of, 282-4; Guelfic domination of, 283, 284; Henry VII, Emp., 284; History of, 5, 281-6; Imperialism of 281, 282-4; Inn of, 291; Incoronata, church of the (295, 298-305; history of, 298-9; façade, 299; nave, 299-301; general frescoing of, 300-301; choir, 302; canvas-paintings, 301-305); Irrigation of the Lodigiano, 290; Lanzano, 293; Last Supper, mediæval relief of the, 294; Laus Pompeia, 281-2, 305-6; Lescun, General, 285; Location of, 281, 283; Lombard League, 283, 284; S. Lorenzo, 295-6; Malosso, 293; Milan, destruction of, 283-4; Milanese rule of, 284-5; *Municipio* (Palazzo Municipale), 291, 295; Napoleon the Great, 281, 286, 298; Piazza Maggiore, 291, 295; Piazza: School, family, members, and works of the: (School of the, 295, 296, 298, 301, 302; Albertino, 294, 295,

297, 301-2, 304; Calisto, 294-5, 301, 302, 304; Martino, 295, 297, 301, 302, 304; Fulvio, 304; Population of, 281; Procaccini, 293; Railways to, 286, 287, 289-90, 306; Ramparts, 305; Rebuilding of, 283; Spanish rule of, 285-6; Strabo, Pompeius, 281; Tiziano (Titian), 302; Topography of, 290-291; Torre, Martino della, 284; Tramways to, 286-7, 306-7; Vignate, Giov., 285; Visconti: (rule of the, 284-5; Filippo Mario, 285; Otho (or Otto), 284); Vistarini, the, 285; Walls of: see Ramparts.
Lombard League: 4, 177-180, 183, 283, 284, 326, 407.
Lombard Monarchs: 81-82, 271.
Lombard Sculpture: 266-9, 271, 294, 350.
Lombard Racial characteristics: 268-269.
Lombard Church-Architecture: 221-2, 266-273.
Lombard Changes in church-architecture: 272-3.
Lombard Spirit of Freedom: 268-9.
Lombard Mosaic: 271.
Lombardy, Agriculture and crops of,—see Agriculture and Plain.
Lombardy: (canals and waterways of, 110-112; 171; western boundary of, 110, 171.).
Lombardy: see also *Plain* and *Milanese*.
Lombardi, Tullio: 484, 490.
Longasco, Ricciardino: 229.
Longasco, the: 229.
Lomellina, the: 287.
St. Longinus: 438, 439.
Lotto, Lorenzo: 2, 15, 16, 27-28, 31, 32, 34, 61, 66, 68, 69.
Lothaire, Emp.: 227-8.
Lothaire, King: 279.
Louis XII, of France: 11, 12, 232-3, 331, 418.
Louis XIII of France: 424.
Louis (or Lewis) of Bavaria, Emperor: 83, 408, 409.
Lovere: 69-70.
Luini, Bernardino: 95, 112, 118-9, 123, 126-131, 175, 180, 186-7, 190, 196, 214, 215, 277.
Luitprand, King: 253, 257, 258.

M.

Maderno, town and Villa: 542.
Majo, Fran. (or F. Mabilo de' Mazo): 369.
Magnentius, Emp.: 222.
Maglioli, Sperandio: 438.
Maggiore, Lago (Lake): 110, 111, 112.
Maffioli, Alberto: 214.
Malatesta, Carlo: 329-330.
Malatesta, Pandolfo: 9.
Malpaga: 70-72.
Malosso, Il (Cav. Trotti) 293, 339, 367, 369, 372, 375, 376-7, 378, 380, 381.
Mainardi: 378, 381.
Mantoanello: 531.
Mantegna, Andrea: 66, 68, 401, 413, 421, 424, 437, 455, 457, 458, 486, 489, 502, 511-517, 539, 541.
Mantegna, Francesco: 438.
Mansueti: 66, 68.
Mantegazza, Antonio: 198, 200.
Mantegazza, Cristoforo: 198, 200.
Manto: 404.
Mantovani, Rinaldo: 430, 486, 489, 493, 523, 525, 527, 528, 537.
Mantovani, Battista: 523.
Mantovani, Camillo: 525.
Mantua (Mantova):
Abbate, Niccolo dell', 430; Accademia Virgiliana, 454,

457-8; Alberti, Leon Batt., 401, 412, 435, 436-7, 449, 464, 516; Andes, 405, 543-4; S. Andrea, 412, 435-9; Aldus (or Aldo) of Venice, 414, 416; Andreasi, Bishop, tomb of, 438; Alps, view of the, 451, 459, 488, 494; Andrea da Pavia, 458; Anselmo, counsellor of Matilda, 447; Anselmi, Giorgio, 473; Albert, Margrave of Brandenburg, 472; Andreasi (the artist), 477; Andreasino, 509; Ariosto, 416, 417; Aspect and location of M., 400-401, 403-4; Appartamenti, di Troia,—Ducali,—Stivali,—see *Reggia;* S. Apollonia, 466; *Archivico Storico* Gonzaga, 454; Austrian rule of M., 425, 427-8, 486, 517-8, 523; Augustus, Emperor, 405-6; Bandello, 417; S. Barbera, 462-3; S. Barbera of the Gonzaghi,—see Reggia; Bernini, 475; Beata Osanna, 458; S. Benedetto al Po, 446-7, 544-5; Bertani, G. B., 430, 462, 473, 496; Beauharnais, Prince Eugene, and his Consort, 426-7, 443, 472, 533; Bellini, Gian, 417, 503; Bembo, Card., 414, 416, 417, 543; Bibbiena, 414; Belfiore: (the Martyrs of, 428, 442, 465, 518,—the Monument to, 442, 465); Bosco della Fontana, 541-2; Bozzola Principality of,—see Sabbioneta; Boccacino, Boccaccino II, 462; Borgani, 543; Bonsignori, Fran., 458, 541; Boniface, Marquis, 447,—tomb of, 447; Borgia, Cesare, 418; Boschetti, Isabella, 420, 421, 463, 522, 527, 528; S. Bonifazio, Count of, 407; Brancaforte, 440; Broletto, (*Palazzo della Ragione*), 439-442; Brunelleschi, 412, 432, 465; Brusasorci, 450, 462, 466, 509; Buonacolsi: (family, and rule of the, 407-409; Pinamonte, 407; Guido, 408; Rinaldo, 408; Passerino, 408-409; palaces of the, 408, 442-3, 444 (and see under *Reggia*); Camera degli Sposi, see Reggia; Campi, the, 438; Campi, Felice, 474; Canedole, 545-546; Capilupo, 431; Castiglione: (Baldassare, 402, 414, 416, 543,—tomb of, 543,—palaces of the, 402, 444); Casatico, 402; Castello, the, 401-3, 410, 413, 415, 427, 428, 450, 452-3, 467, 468, 507, 508, 510-519; Caroto, 458, 466; Caracci, Lod., 462; Castello, Piazza (or Prato) del,—see Reggia; Caravaggino, 533, 537; Cathedral: (410, 412, 413, 421, 445, 447-8; nave, 448-9, 450; chapels,—Incoronata, 449; Sacrament, 449-450; choir, apse, dome and transepts, 450; eastern side-chapel, 450); Cavallerizza, the,—see Reggia; Cavriana, Villa, 542; churches of M., 426, 466; Charles I, King of England, 423; Charles V, Emp., 419-421, 495, 543; Charles VIII, King of France, 418; Clementi, Prospero, 438; Citadel of M., 460; Commessaggio, 548; Corso Vitt. Emanuele, 434, 464-5; Costa, Luigi, 466, 509; Costa, Lorenzo, 417, 418, 424, 438, 458, 466, 484, 502-3, 509, 517, 543; Costa, Lor., jr., 474, 477, 509; Council, Church—(in 1064: 448,—in 1459: 443, 471-472); Correggio, 416, 417, 423, 503; Corte Vecchio,—see Reggia;

Dante (457,—Piazza and statue of, 453-4); Darsena, the, 461; Donatello, 413; Duomo,—see Cathedral; Dosso Dossi, 466, 503; Environs of, and Excursions from M., 520-561; S. Egidio, 466; Etruscan M., 404-5; D'Este, Isabella, (401-3, 414-421, 458, 479-485, 499, 500-507, 510-511, 517, 540, 541; art-treasures of, 482-3, 484-5, 500-505, 511; beauty and charms of, 505-6; mottoes and emblems of, 481-2, 484, 505, 507); Ezzelino, da Romano, 407; Favorita, Palazzo (or Villa) della, 460, 542; Farinata, Paolo, 450, 545; Fermo da Caravaggio, 493; Feti, Dom., 450; Ferdinand II, King, 424-5; Fornovo, Battle of, 418, 457, 515; Francia, 417, 466; S. Francesco, 422, 426; Frederick I, Barbarossa, 407; Frederick II, Emp., 407; Francelli, Luca, 413; Frankish rule of M., 406; Franchetti, Baron, model estate of, 545-6; Garbieri, Lor., 462; Gardens, Public, 465; Garibaldi Piazza and statue of, 461; Giovanni de' Medici (delle Bande Nere), 462; Gonzaga, castle and town of, 441, 541, 545; German rule of M., 406; Goito, Villa of, 413, 541; Gonzaghi, the: (story and family of, 401-3, 408-425, 433, 470, 541-2, 545, 546-7, 548; Armorial Collection of the, 471; Bozzolo branch of the, 546-7, 548, (and see Sabbioneta); Cardinal Ercole, 419, 420, 422; Cardinal Francesco, 515; Cardinal Sigismondo, 516; Carlo I, 424, 484; Carlo IV, 425; Castle and town of the, 441, 541, 545; Church, family—, and festival of the, 466; Dwarfs of, and their appartments, 499-500, 514; Elisabetta, 408-9, 462; Federigo I, 413-4, 456, 513-6; Federigo II, 223, 415, 419-422, 486, 495, 522-3, 527, 543; Ferrante, 422; Forest of (Bosco della Fontana), 541-2; Francesco II, 423; Francesco IV, 410, 470, 522, 542; Gianfrancesco II, 411-2; Gianfrancesco III, 414-5, 417-9, 457, 486, 493-4, 516, 517, 541; Guastalla branch, 422, 424, 545; Guglielmo I, 422-3, 468, 496, 497, 500, 509, 523; Guido, 409; Isabella,—see d'Este; Leonora, 402; Lodovico II, 412-3, 439, 456, 469, 472, 513-5, 541; Luigi I, 408-9, 462; S. Maria delle Grazie, 542; Monferrato, Principality and dukes of, 421, 422; Mottoes and devices of, 517, 526-7; Museum of Natural History of, 497-8; Pilgrimage-church of, 542; Rodolfo, 514, 515; Sabbioneta branch,—see Bozzolo, and Sabbioneta; Sculpture-Collections of, 454, 492-3, 503-4, 542, 559-560; Spectacles and tournaments of, 495-6; Vespasiano, 546-7, 549, 551-4, 555, 556, 557-9; Villas, country,— of, 413, 422, 458, 460, 540-542, 548; Vincenzo I, 423, 430, 479, 480, 497, 523, 542; Vincenzo II, 423-4;) *Grotta,* the, of Isabella,—see Reggia; Guastalla, dukes and town of, 422, 424, 545; Guisoni, Fermo, 430, 439, 450, 486; Hanging Garden,—see Reggia; Henry IV, Emp., 446, 447, 466; Henry VII, Emp., 408; Hildebrand, 447, 448; History of

M.: (401-2, 404-428; Etruscan, 404-5; Celtic, 405; Roman, 405-6; Lombard, 406; Frankish, 406; German, 406; Tebaldo, 406; Countess Matilda, 406-7, 446-7; independent republic, 407; S. Bonifazio, Count of, 407; Scala rule, 407; Buonacolsi tyranny, 407-9; Gonzaga principality, 409-425; Austrian rule, 425, 523; Napoleonic rule, 425-7, 523; Austrian second rule, 427-8, 523); Hofer, Andreas, 460; Independent republic of M., 407; Hotel of, 434; Lakes, the, of Mantua, 403, 434, 450-452, 453; S. Leonardo, 466; Leonbruno, Lor., 486, 501, 517; League of Cambrai, 418-9; Leonardo da Vinci, 416; Library, the city—, 454, 544; Lombardi, Tullio, 484, 490; Lombard rule, 406; Lombard League, 407; Louis of Bavaria, Emp., 408, 409; Louis XII, King, 418; St. Longinus (tomb of, and vessel of), 438, 439; Louis XIII, King, 424; Luca da Faenza, 493; S. Maria della Carita, 466; Maria Teresa, Empress, 425, 523; Mantovani, Battista, 523; S. Maurizio, 461-2; Marmirolo, Villa of, 458, 541-2; S. Maria delle Grazie, 542-3; Mantovani, Battista, 523; Mantovani, Camillo, 525; Mantoanello, 531; Maderno, Villa of, 542; Mantegna, Fran., 438, 541; Maglioli, Sperandio, 438; Mantovani, Rinaldo, 430, 486, 489, 493, 523, 525, 527, 528, 537; Mantegna's Triumph of Cæsar, 421, 424, 489; Menghi, Pietro, 479; Medici, Giov. de' (delle Bande Nere), 462; Mantegna's well-perspective, 513; Mantegna's auto-portrait, 516; Mantegna, Andrea, 401, 413, 416, 418, 421, 424, 437, 455, 457, 458, 483, 486, 489, 502, 511-517, 539, 541; Manto, 404; Matilda, Countess, (406-7, 446-8, 544-5,—tomb of, 447, 545); Michelangiolo, 416, 417, 504; Mincio river, 403, 404, 405; Montefeltri, Guidobaldo, 402; Montanara, 542; Mostra Gallery, the,—See Reggia; Monferrato, duchy of, 421, 422; Monsignori, Fran., 458; Mola, Ant. and Paolo della, 482, 511; Museum of Natural History, Gonzaga, 497-8; Museo Patrio, 454, 456-7; Museo del Risorgimento, 458; Museo Civico, 454-6, 493, 498, 542, 559-560; Napoleon the Great, 426, 474; Nevers, Charles de,—see Carlo I, of the Gonzaghi; Nevers, ducal line of, 424-5; Novara, Bartolino da, 410; Ocnus, 404; Octavius,—see Augustus; Ognissanti, church of, 466; Orsini, Felice, 518; Ospedale Civile, 465; Orefici, Degli, 532; Orfeo, the, 516; Pavia, Lorenzo da, 414-5, 485; Paradiso, the,—see Reggia; Paleologa, Margherita,—and Gonzaga succession to domains of the,—421; Palazzi (Palaces): (della Ragione (Broletto), 439-442; Belvidere,—see Reggia; del Tè,—see chapter XIV; S. Sebastiano,—see Reggia; Municipale, 460; Vescovile, 445; Cadenazzi, 444; Buonacolsi, 408, 442-3, 444,—also see Reggia; Castiglione, 402, 444; Gonzaghi,

—see Reggia; di Giustizia, 463-4); Paleologa, Gabinetto della, 476; Palma Giovane, 475; Palazzina,—see Reggia; Pagni, Ben., 430, 466, 523, 527, 528; Petrarch, 409; Perugino, 416, 417, 424, 502, 503; Picture-Gallery of the Reggia, 475; Pius II, Pope, 443, 471, 472; Piazzas: (Dante, 453-4; Virgiliana, 459; del Broletto, 432, 440-441; Sordello, 431, 432, 442-5; S. Andrea (or Mantegna), 432, 434-5, 439; delle Erbe, 432, 439-440); Pisanello, 401; Pietole, 405, 443-4; Ponte dei Molini, 403, 407, 432, 460; Ponte S. Giorgio, 403, 410, 450-2; Population of M., 434; Plague of 1528, 420; Porta Pusterla, 432; Politian, 516; Porta Pradella, 432; Praxiteles, 504; Primaticcio, 401, 420, 430, 486, 488, 517, 523, 531, 532, 534, 538; Quadrilateral, the Austrian, 404, 427, 428; Ramparts, 403, 465-6, 524; Recanati, Il, 493; Republic of M., 407; Reggia, the: (armory, 470-1; S. Barbara, 468, 507-510; Belvidere (Palazzo),—or *del Paradiso*,—413, 416, 468, 469, 479-485, 499; Buonacolsi palaces, 442-3, 467, 468, 470-5, 506-7; Camera degli Sposi, 401, 413, 453, 456, 511-517; Castello Vecchio, 401-3, 410, 413, 415, 427, 428, 450, 452-3, 467, 468, 507, 508, 510-519; Cavallerizza, the, 421, 427, 467, 468, 491-6; Cortile d'Onore, 468, 476, 500; Corte Vecchio (Appartamenti Ducali), 416, 427, 467, 468, 475-9; Corridor, the covered, 468, 478, 485, 499; S. Croce, Cortile of, 468, 507; Domestic Establishment, 469; Gabinetti di Primaticcio, 488; Gabinetti di Giulio Romano, 489; Gabinetto della Paleologa, 476; Giardino del Padiglione, 469, 481, 499; Grotta, the, of Isabella, 415, 416, 424, 427, 483, 484, 500-506; Hanging Garden, the old, 488—the newer, 443-4, 467-8, 473; history of, 401-3, 408, 410, 412, 413, 415, 423-7, 468-9, 470, 472, 474, 486, 495-6, 497-8, 499, 500, 501, 506, 509; Loggia dei Frutti, 496; location and external aspect of, 400-401, 432, 442-4; Mantegna's "Triumph of Cæsar," 421, 424, 489; Mostra Gallery, the, 423, 427, 497-8; Museum of Natural History, 497-8; Nani, Appartamenti dei, 499-500; Palazzina, the, 421, 427, 453, 511; Palazzo S. Sebastiano, 421, 452, 453, 467, 468, 485-491, 493-4; Paradiso (apartment, 416, 425, 427, 476, 479-485,—building or palace of the, see Belvidere Palazzo); Piazza della Lega Lombarda, 469, 508; Piazza (or Prato) del Castello, 468, 473, 507; Piazza Paradiso, 468, 508; Piazza del Pallone, 469, 508; Pinacoteca, 475; Repair and redecoration: (by the Austrian rulers, 425, 470, 472, 477, 491; by the French rulers, 425-6, 470, 471, 472; Romano's Cycle of the Trojan War, 421, 490-491; Sala dei Marmi, 491-3; Sale and disposal of the treasures of, 423-5, 491; Sack of, by the Spaniards, 425, 491; Sculptures of, 454, 492-3, 503-4; Stables and kennels, the, 469; State-department offices,

486; Staircase of Giulio Romano, 468, 485; Specchi, Sala degli, 476-478; Spectacles and Tournaments, 495-6; Stivali, Appartamenti, 468, 496-7, 498-9; Studiolo, the, 415, 453, 511; Theatre, the ducal, 444; Topography of the R., 467-470; Throne-Room, 486; Titian's Series of the Twelve Cæsars, 421, 423-4, 489; Troia, Appartamenti di, 427, 452, 486-491.)——Rio, the, 461, 466; Romano, Cristoforo, 483; Romano, Giulio: (life of, 336, 420, 421, 429-430, 463; school of, 336, 429, 430, 449, 486, 493, 528-9, 539, 544; Gabinetti di, 489; Loggia of, 494; his Cycle of the Trojan War, 421, 452; tomb of, 463; house of, 463, works of, at Mantua and in its environs, 401, 428-430, 432, 438, 439, 445, 448-450, 452, 463-4, 476, 486, 489, 490-493, 498, 502, 507, 511, 517, 520-523, 526-540, 543, 544-545.) Roman Mantua, 405-6; Rovere, Duke Fran. Maria della, 402; Rubens, 423, 457; Ruboni, 477; San Secondo, Jacopo da, 505; Santi, Giov., 417; Sarto, Andrea del, 423; Sabbioneta,—see under S. Saviolo, Villa, 542; Sansovino, 504; Scultori, 493, 523, 531, 534, 544; Sculptures of the Gonzaghi,—See Gonzaghi; Scala, (rule of, 407; Alberto della, 407; Mastino della, 407); Serafino, 505; S. Sebastiano, 412, 464, 476; Sebastiano del Vino, 477; Sforza, Fran., 419-420, 472; Sforza, Max., 419; Sigismund, Emp., 411, 412, 534; Siege, and sack, of M., by the French, 422, 426,—by the Spaniards, 424-5, 491, 523; Sigismund, Duke of Austria, 472; Soranzo, Piero, 493-4; Sordello, 431; Speri, Tito, 428, 518; Spagnuoli, 431, 457; Strozzi, Pietro, monument of, 439; Studiolo, the, of Isabella,—see Reggia; Tasso, Bern., 417, 431-2; Teatro Sociale, 464; Theatre of the Gonzaghi—see Reggia; Terracotta, and brick, beauties of M., 440, 445, 457, 459; Teatro Virgil, 459; Tè, Palazzo del,—see under T.; Tebaldo, Count, 406, 446, 544; Titian (Tiziano), 416, 421, 423-4, 503, 544; Titian's Series of the Twelve Cæsars, 421, 423-4, 489; Tintoretto, 423; Topography of M., 403-4, 432; Torbido, Fran., 439; Tower, city clock—(or Torre dell' Orologio), 439-440; Torre della Gabbia, 444; Trojan War, Cycle of the, 421, 490-491; Trisseno, Giangiorgio, 506; Triumvirate, the Second, 405-6; Udine, Giov. da, 538, 539; Villas: (Porto, 541; Marmirolo, 541; Sacchetta, 541; Goito, 413, 541; Rovere, 542, 545; Favorita, 460, 542); *Villeggiatura*, villas, and country-life of the Gonzaghi, 413, 422, 458, 460, 540-542, 548; Virgil: (404, 405-6, 441-2, 456, 457, 543-4; festa of, 543-4; house of, 544; statue of, 441-2); Vittorino da Feltre, 412, 544; Visconti, Gian Galeazzo, 410, 470; Viani, Antonio, 430, 437, 476, 542; Via Sogliari, 434-5; Via Cavour, 459; Walls,—see Ramparts; Zevio, Stefano da, 466.

Note: the Environs of Mantua are all indexed under Mantua.

Marconi, Rocco: 64.
Martinengo, town, and family of: 70, 71.
Maria Teresa (or Theresa), Empress: 135, 237, 425, 523.
Marabotti, the: 229.
Marmirolo, Villa of: 458.
Massacra di Pavia: 270.
Masolino, da Panicale: 112, 153, 154, 155, 156-170.
Masaccio: 156, 158.
Matilda of Tuscany, Countess: 406-7, 446-8, 544-545;—and her tomb, 447, 545.
Medici, Giovanni dei, (delle Bande Nere): 462.
Menghi, Pietro: 479.
Melegnano: 306.
Melone, Altobello: 334-5, 361, 362, 392, 393.
Michelangiolo: 416, 417, 504.
Mincio river, the: 403, 404, 405.
Milan:
Destruction of, 177, 282-4; Della Torre, the, 5; electric power of, 184; Guelfic leadership of, 228; Henry VII, Emp., 6; Napoleon I, coronation at M., 93-94; rebuilding of M., 4, 178; School of art of, 11, 118, 120, 303; Sforza rule of, 10-12; Visconti rule of, 5-11.
Milanese, the:
Aspect of, 76-78, 80-81, 113-5, 132-3; agriculture of, 73, 113-114, 116; canals and waterways of, 110-112, 171, 195; country-houses and villas of,—see Brianza, Monte; electric plants, power, and railways of, 171, 184; extent and topography of, 110-112; industries of, 180-181, 184; people of, 81, 177, 184; silk-trade of, 180-181; tramways of, 102, 171; wheat crops of, 73.
Miradori: 372.
Mola, Ant. and Paolo della: 482, 511.
Monferrato, Marquisate and Duchy of: 421, 422.
Monsignori, Fran.: 458.
Montanara: 542.
Monfredini: 368.
Montefeltri, Guidobaldo: 402.
Montagna, Bart.: 215.
Monastic orders,—wealth and suppression of: 192-3.
Monte dei Fiori:
Aspect and location of, 133, 141, 143; Ascent of, by road, 143, 144-5; ascent of, by rail, 143-4; Aguggiari, Fra, 144 146; Bussola, Dionigi, 145; chapels of, roadside,—144-145; Madonna del Monte, church and shrine of, 133, 145-7; Sacromonte, village of, 145; Sacromonte, as a mountain,—a shoulder of the Monte dei Fiori,—143-7; Silva, Fran., 145; tramway to, 143; views from, 144, 145, 147.
Monza:
Antharis, and Agilulf, Kings, 82; Appiani, Andrea, 105-6; aspect and situation of M., 81, 84; Beauharnais, Prince Eugene, and his consort, 105; Berengarius, *paliotto* of, 95-6; Cathedral: (aspect and location of, 85-88; campanile, 87; cemetery, old, 100; choir, 95-96; façade, 86-87, 88; history of, 81, 82-83; interior, 88, 89-91; Iron Crown, the, 91-95, 97; Otho III, relief of coronation of, 95; *paliotto* of Berengarius, 95-96; Piazza of, (del Duo-

mo), 85; portal, main, 86, 88; Theodolinda, 88-89, 90-91,—emblem of, 95, 97,—treasures of, see cathedral-treasury; treasury, cathedral,—88-89, 96-99; Troso, frescoes of, 90; Visconti, Ettore, body of, 100); Campione, Matteo da, 83, 86, 88, 95; Castracani, Castruccio, 83; Cavalazzi, the, 83; Chateau, Royal,—or Castello Reale: (aspect and location of, 102-104; history of, 104-106; park of, 104, 106-109; rulers of, 104-6; interior and frescoes of, 105-106); Colleoni, Bart., 83-84; Duomo, and Piazza del,—see Cathedral; d'Este, Beatrice, Archduchess of Austria, 104-5; Ferdinand, Archduke, 104-5; Forni, Visconti palace—fortress of, 83, 84; Guercino, 90; History of M., 81-84; hotel of, 85; Humbert, King,—see Umberto; Iron Crown of Lombardy, 81, 91-95, 97, 228; Louis of Bavaria, Emp., 83; Luini, Bern., 95; S. Maria in Istrada, 101-102; Milanese rule of M., 83-84; Municipio, 85; Napoleon the Great, 105; Otho III, coronation of, at M., 95; Palazzo Municipale (Arengario), 85; Park, royal, 106-109; Population of M., 81; Procaccini, C., 95; Piazza Roma, 85; Theodolinda, Queen, 82, 84, 88-89, 90-91, 95, 97,—emblem of, 95, 97,—treasure of, 82, 88-89, 96-99; Theodoric the Great, 81-82; Toricelli, the, 83; tramcars of M., 102; treasure, royal, of the Lombards,—see cathedral-treasury; Troso da Monza, 84, 90; Umberto I, King, visits and death of, 106,—monument of, 106; Visconti, the: (sway of, at M., 83-84; Azzo, 83; Ettore, body of, 100; Filippo Maria, 83-84; Galeazzo, 83; Marco, 83).
Moroni, G. B.: 2, 54, 66.
Moretto: 33, 59-60, 67, 68.
Morone, Fran.: 34, 66, 70.
Moretti, Crist.: 333, 362, 363.
Mortara: 287.
Mulberry-tree cultivation: 113, 180-181, 548.

N

Nani, Sebastiano da: 347.
Napoleon the Great: 3, 56, 58-59, 93-94, 105, 195, 237-8, 286, 298, 426, 474.
Napoleon III: 518.
Natali: 376.
Naviglio Grande: 111.
Nepos, Cornelius: 222.
Nevers, Charles de': 424-5.
Nevers, ducal line of: 424-5.
Nova, Pietro and Paxino da: 13, 36, 46, 62.
Novara: 5.
Novara, Bartolinoda: 410.
Novi, Nardino: 211, 212.

O

Ocnus: 404.
Odoacer: 223-224.
Octavius,—see Augustus.
Oglio river: 433.
Olona river: 111, 133.
Olona valley: 111-112, 133, 150, —railways of, 112.
Olona gorge: 150
Ombriano: 311.
Orefici, Degli: 532.
Orestes: 223.
Orfeo, the: 516.
Orsini, Felici: 518.
Orsolini, Tommaso: 209, 245.
Orto, Vincenzo dell': 118.

Otto I (or Otho I): 279.
Otto III (or Otho III): 95.
Ottone, Lorenzo: 475.

P

Pagni, Benedetto: 430, 466, 523, 527, 528.
Pallavicino, Marchese: 237.
Paleologa, Margherita, and Gonzaga dukedom of the: 421.
Palma Vecchio: 2, 14, 34, 65, 68.
Palma Giovane: 33, 65, 277, 475.
Parks in Lombardy, absence of: 113-114.
Papia,—the Lombard name for Pavia,—which see.
Parmesan cheese: 290.
Pavia, Battle of: 218, 234-5, 240.
Pavia, Canal of: 111, 195, 239.
Pavia, Certosa of,—see Certosa di Pavia.
Pavia, Lorenzo da: 414-415, 485.
Pavia, city of:
Adalbert, Emp., 274; Alelaide, Queen, 279; Agostino da Vaprio, 276; Alaric, 222-3; Alboin, 225-6; Allea di Piazza Castello, 248, 253, 261; Amadeo, G. G., 244, 271, 278-9; Aragon, Isabella of, 221, 230, 231, 232; Arduino of Ivrea, 271; Aribert, King, 278, 279; Arrigo II, of Germany, 271; Aspect of, 220-221, 264; Attila, 223; S. Augustine, 256,—*Arca* of, 222, 250, 253, 254-6, 257; Augustus, Emperor, 222; Austrian rule, 237; Balduccio, Giov., 254; Bartolommeo, Fra, 277; Battle of P., 218, 234-5, 240; Beccaria, the, 229, 278; Bellini, Gian, 277; Bembo, Bonifazio, 250, 252; Berengarius, King, 271; Bernardino da Feltre, 260; Berengarius II, King, 279; Boëthius, 224-5, 257-8, 261; Borromeo, Cardinal, 247; Botanical Gardens, 246, 263; Bridge, the old, 239, 274-5; Broletto, the, 242; Bramante, 231, 243-4, 262; Brossano, Fran. da, 260; burning of P., 227; Buonfigli, 276; Bussolari, Jacopo de', 229; Cairoli: (palace of the, 253; family and history of the, 253; monument to the, 265-266); Campione, Matteo da, 254,—Bonino da, 250, 254; Cassi, Enrico, 265; Cathedral, 231, 240, 242-5; Canal of P., 111, 195, 239; Castello, of the Visconti, 221, 229, 230, 231-4, 248-252; Charles V, Emp., 233-6; Charles VIII, of France, 232; Charlemagne, 226, 253, 271; Clarence, Duke of, 250; Collegio Borromeo, 246-7; Columbus, Crist., 245; Corso Cavour, 240; Corso Vitt. Emanuele, 239-240, 245, 247, 253; Correggio, 277; Collegio Ghisleri, 262; Convents of P., 275-6; Conradin, 228; Constantius, Emp., 222; Crespi, D. and G. B., 245; Desiderius, 226; Destruction of M., by Huns, 226-7; Dolcebono, 243-4; Duomo, Piazza del, 243; Epiphanius, 223, 224; d'Este, Beatrice, 221, 230-232; d'Edesia, Andrino, 269, 272, 280; S. Eusebio, 276; Eremetani, monastery and church of the, 257, 258; Fallabrini, the, 229; Farinata, Paolo, 277; Foppa, Vincenzo, 250, 252; Francis I, King, 233-5; S. Francesco, 262; French rule of P., 233-5;

French sack of P., 235, 251; Frederick I, Barbarossa, 220, 228, 242, 271-2; Garibaldi, 253,—monument to, 249, 252-3; Ghibelline leadership of P., 227-8; Giovenone, Girolamo, 277; Gonzaga, Federigo, 233; Gonzales, Fran., Governor, 261; Henry II, Emp., 227; Henry VII, Emp., 228-9; History of P.: (220, 222-239; Roman P., 222-3; Gothic, 224-5; Byzantine, 225; Lombard, 225-6; Frankish, 226; independent republic, 227-8; Ghibelline leader, 227-8; Scala rule, 228; Visconti rule, 229-230; Sforza rule, 230-235; French rule, 233-5; Spanish, 235-7; Austrian, 237); Honorius, Emp., 222-3; Hotel of P., 241; Imperialism of P., 227-8; 237-8; Independence of P., 227-8; Inquisition at P., 236, 237; Jesuitry, 236, 237; Joseph II, Emp., 237; Justinian, Emp., 225; S. Lanfranco: (life of, 278; church and monastery of, 278; *arca* of, 278-9); Lautrec, Gen., 233, 235, 251; Liberale, 276; Library, Visconti, 251; Leyva, Gen., rule of, 235-6; Livia, Empress, 222; Location of P., 222, 225; Longasco, the,—and Ricciardino,—229; Lothaire, Emp., 227-8; Louis XII, of France, 232-3; Lothaire, King, 279; Lombard: (capital, 225-6; sculpture, 266-9, 271; mosaic, 271; racial characteristics, 266, 268-9; coronations at P., 271-2; royal palace, 273-4; influence, and features, 221-2; buildings, 221, 264; churches, 221-222, 266-273, 278); Luini, Bern., 277; Luitprand, King, 253, 257, 258; S. Maria del Carmine, 258-260; Maria Teresa, Empress, 237; Marabotti, the, 229; S. Maria di Canepanova, 262-3; Massacra di Pavia, 270; Magnentius, Emp., 222; Mercato Coperto, 264-5; S. Michele Maggiore, 222, 228, 264, 266-272; Municipio, Piazza and Palazzo of, 240, 263; Museo Civico, 260, 276-7; Napoleon the Great, 237-8; Nepos, Cornelius, 222; Odoacer, 223-4; Orestes, 223; Otto I, Emp., 279; Orsolino, 245; Papia,—the Lombard Pavia,—225-6; Palma Giovane, 277; Palazzo, Malaspina, 260,—Vescovile, 245,—Municipale, see Municipio; Petrarch, 250, 251, 252, 260-261; Pellegrini, Pellegrino, 247; Pius V, Pope, statue of, 262; Piazzas: (del Popolo, 264-5; Grande, 240, 241-2); S. Pietro in Ciel d'Oro, 222, 253-8; Population of P., 221; Porta Cavour, 240; Porta Garibaldi, 240; Porta Milano, 239; SS. *Primo e Feliciano*, 276; Railway station, 240; Ramparts, 241, 261; Republic of P., 227-8; *Risorgimento*, monument of the, 248; Rocchi, Crist., 244; Romulus Augustulus, 223; Scala, Mastino della, and rule of the, 228; Salimbene, Martino, tomb of, 271; S. Salvatore, 278, 279-280; Seven Spanish Devils, the, 236; Sforza: (sway of the, 230-235; Francesco, 230; Gian Galeazzo, 230, 231, 232; Lodovico (Il Moro), 230-233; Maximilian, 233; Francesco II, 233, 234, 235); Spanish sway in P., and desolation of, 235-7; Spanish no-

bility, 236-7, 253; S. Stefano, remains of, 243; Spallanzani, 221; Stilicho, 222-3; Suffolk and Lorraine, Dukes of, 235, 258; S. Teodoro, 275; Terracotta work, 277, 278; Theodoric, 224-5,—Palace, of, 273-4; Ticino river, 239, 274-5; Ticinum,—the Roman Pavia, 220, 222-4; Tiberius, Emp., 222; Topography of P., 239-240; Towers, mediæval, 221, 263-4; Torre Maggiore, 243; University of P., 221, 231, 238-9, 245-7; Venezia, Bern. da, 250; Vitone, Ventura, 244; Vinci, Leonardo da, 245; Visconti: (rule of the, 229-230; castle of the,—see Castello; Galeazzo, 229, 250-251; Gian Galeazzo, 229, 250-251, 257; Filippo Maria, 229-230; Matteo); Vivarini, Luigi, 276; Volta, 221, 246; Walls of P.,—see Ramparts; Zucchio, Federico, 247.
Paulus, Jacopo: 62.
Pedoni, Giov. Gaspare: 372-3, 386.
Pellagra, the: 74.
Pellegrini: (Galeazzo, 211; Pellegrino, 247).
Pensaben, Fra Marco: 69.
People of Lombardy, the: 81, 177, 184.
Perugino: 203-4, 334, 381, 416, 417, 424, 502, 503.
Petrarch: 250, 251, 252, 260-261, 409.
Piazza: (school of the, 295, 296, 298, 301; Albertino, 294, 295, 297, 301, 302, 304, 322; Martino, 295, 297, 301-2, 304, 322; Calisto, 294-5, 301, 302, 304, 319; Fulvio, 304).
Pietole: 405, 543-4.
Pisano, Vittore (Pisanello): 67, 401.
Pius II, Pope: 443, 471-2.
Plague of 1528: 420.
Platina, Giov. Maria: 368.
Plain of Lombardy: (aspects of, various, the, 73, 74, 76-78, 113-5, 132-3, 149-150, 289-290, 305, 354-5, 548; vegetation and crops of, 73-74, 113-4, 116, 143, 149, 289-290, 548; dairy products of, 143, 290, 305; viniculture of, 116).
Po river: 110, 111, 237, 341, 378.
Podermo, electric power plant of: 184.
Politian: 516.
Polli, Bart de': 210.
Pompeius Strabo: 281.
Ponte della Selva: 69.
Pontida,—and the Oath of (*Giuramento di*): 4, 177, 178, 326.
Pontirolo (Pons. Aureoli): 3.
Porata, Giacomo: 347, 348.
Pordenone (Giov. Ant. de' Sacchis): 335, 360, 363, 365.
Porta, Villa: 541.
Porta: (Giacomo della, 211; Giov. Batt. della, 556).
Pozzi, Ambrogio da: 368.
Poscanthe, Giov. G. Gavasio da: 22, 32, 34.
Praxiteles: 504.
Previtali, Andrea: 2, 14, 15, 29-30, 31, 32, 34, 65, 66, 68.
Primaticcio: 401, 420, 430, 486, 488, 523, 531, 532, 534, 538.
Procaccini, C.: 95, 129, 218, 219, 293.

Q

Quadrilateral, the Austrian: 404, 427, 428.

R

Raphael (Raffaello): 68.

Recanati, Il: 493.
Reggia, the,—see under Mantua.
Rembrandt: 67.
Reni, Guido: 68.
Resegnone, Mte.: 74.
Ricca: (Battista, 377; Bernardino, 366).
Riccio, A.: 218.
Roccoli: 115, 116.
Rocchi, Crist.: 244.
Romanino: 21, 70, 71, 335, 363.
Romano, town of: 70, 71, 72.
Romano: (Giov. Crist., 211, 385, 483; Galli da, 218; Giulio,—see under Mantua).
Romulus Augustulus: 223.
Roncaglia, Diet of: 282.
Rosa, Mte., and range of: 77-78, 142.
Rovere, town and villa of, 542, 545.
Rovere, Duke Fran Maria della: 402.
Rubens: 423, 457.
Ruboni, 477.

S

Sacchis, Agostino de': 368.
Sabbioneta:
Bozzolo, Principality of, 546, 548; Cavalli, Alberto, 554; Campi, (school of the, 552-4, 557-9; Bernardino, 552-4, 557-9; Antonio, 552-4, 557-9); church, parochial, 550-551, 560; Commessagio (and Gonzaga villa), 548; Gallery of Sculptures (*La Galleria*), 550, 559-560; Gates, town,—549, 556-7; Gonzaghi, princes of the, 546-7, 548; Gonzaghi, Vespasiano dei, 546-7, 549, 551-4, 555, 556, 557-9,—and his tomb, 555-6; guide of, principal, 551; history of, 546-7; Hospital, Ducal, 555-6; Incoronata, church of the, 555-6; Inn of, principal, 555; Leoni, Leone, 556; location of, 546; Monument of Duke Vespasiano, 555-6; Ospedale Civico, 555, 556; Palazzi (palaces),—(Ducale, or Municipale, 551-4; del Giardino, 550, 557-9; dell' Olio, 554); Piazza Garibaldi, 550-551; Piazza d'Armi, 549-550; Porta Venti Settembre, 549; Porta, Giov. Batt. della, 556; ramparts of, 548-9, 557; Scamozzi, 547, 550, 557; sculptures, Vespasiano's collection of, 454, 550, 559-560; Theatre of Scamozzi, the Ducal, 550, 557; topography of S., 549; tramway to, 547-9; Via Giulia, 549, 550.
Sacromonte,—see Monte dei Fiori.
Sacchetta, Villa: 541.
Saint,—see under the personal name.
Santi, Giov.: 417.
Santa Croce: (Girolamo da, 2; Francesco da, 16, 34, 66, 68).
San Secondo, Jacopo da: 505.
Sansovino: 504.
San Guiniforte: 198.
Sarto, Andrea del: 423.
Saronno:
Abbiate, 119; *Amaretti*, 117; artistic importance of, 112, 118; aspect and location of, 112, 117, 131-2; electric power of, 171; Ferrari, Gaudenzio, 112, 119-120, 123, 124-5; Lanini, Bern., 119, 123; Luini, Bern., 112, 118-9, 123, 126-131; Magno Cesare del, 119, 123; S. Maria dei Miracoli (il Santuario): (approach to, and location of,

117, 120, 121; exterior, 120-122; history of, 118; decoration of, 118-120; the nave, 122, 129-130; presbytery, 122-3, 125-126; dome, 123-5; choir, and vestibule to, 126-9; retrochoir, 129; sacristy, 129; cloister, 130; Luini, labors of, 118-119,—frescoes of, 123, 126-131; Ferrari, labors of, 119-120,—frescoes of, 123, 124-5; Lanini, 119, 123; Abbiate, 119; Magno, Cesare del, 119, 123; Procaccini, C., 129); Orto, Vincenzo dell', 118; SS. Pietro e Paulo,—piazza of, and church of,—132; Population of S., 117; Procaccini, C., 129; railways to S., 112, 116-7, 132; Santuario della Beata Virgine,—see S. Maria dei Miracoli; topography of S., 117; tramway from Milan, 132.
Saviolo, town and villa of: 542.
Scala: (Alberto della, 407; Mastino della, 228, 327, 407).
Scamozzi: 37, 42, 54, 547, 550, 557.
Scultori: 493, 523, 531, 534, 544.
Secchi, Bramante: 385.
Serafino: 505.
Seriana, Val: 2, 69.
Sesto, Stefano da: 210-211.
Sforza: (story of the, 10-12, 230-235; Francesco I, 10, 11, 230, 310, 321, 330, 398-9, 472; Galeazzo, 11, 230, 321-2; Gian Galeazzo, 230, 231, 232; Lodovico,—Il Moro,—11, 12, 190-192, 204-207, 230-233, 287, 288, 330-331,—and his monument, 204-7; Maximilian, 12, 233, 285, 306, 419; Francesco II, 12, 233, 234, 235, 419-420; Bianca, dei Visconti, 330-331, 398-9).
Shooting in Lombardy: 115-116.
Sigismund, Emp., 329, 356, 411, 412, 534.
Sigismund, Duke, of Austria: 472.
Signorelli: 67.
Silk trade of Lombardy: 180-181.
Silva, Fran.: 145.
Siry, Sixtus: 50.
Smuggling into Lombardy: 134-135.
Sodoma: 67.
Soiaro, the,—see Gatti.
Solari, Crist.: 49, 192, 206-207, 210.
Solario, Andrea: 215.
Soncino, town and battle of: 231-2.
Soranzo, Piero: 493-4.
Sordello: 431.
Spagnuoli: 431.
Spallanzani: 221.
Spanish rule, and desolation, of Lombardy: 235, 236-7, 286, 331, 332.
Spanish Seven Devils, the: 236, 286.
Spanish Succession, War of the, 237.
Speri, Tito: 428, 518.
Spinone, Lake of: 69.
Stanga, Marchese Ildefonso,—and his model farm: 387-389.
Stauris, Rinaldo de': 217, 218.
Stilicho: 222-223.
Strabo, Pompeius: 281.
Stradivari, Antonio: 340.

T

Talpino: 2, 17.
Tarsia, Pietro della: 368.
Tarsia: (*chefs d'œuvres* of, 17, 28, 47-48, 52-53, 210; greatest artists of, 17, 210).
Tasso: (Bernardo, 18, 417, 431-2; Torquato, 39, 432).

Tè, Palazzo del,—near Mantua—:
Artistic importance of, 520-522; Atrium, the Grand (*Atrio di Davide*), 532-533; Beauharnais, Prince Eugene, 533; Boschetti, Isabella, 522, 527, 528; Camerini, the (rear chambers), 538-9; Caravaggino, 533, 537; Court, the (*Cortile*), 525; d'Este, Isabella, 540; exterior of, 524-5, 533; Garden, the, 525, 533; Garden-Colonnade, the, 533; Giovanni da Udine, 538, 539; Gonzaghi, the: (Francesco IV, 522; Federigo II, 522-3, 527; Guglielmo I, 523; Vincenzo I, 523); Grotta, the Casino della, 533, 539-540; history of, 420, 422, 425, 522-4; location of, 432, 522, 524; Mantovani: (Battista, 523; Camillo, 525; Rinaldo, 523, 525, 527, 528, 537); Mantegna, school of, 539; Mantoanello, 531; Maria Teresa, 523; Orefici, Degli, 532; Pagni, Ben., 523, 527, 528; Portico, entrance,—525; Primaticcio, 523, 531, 532, 534, 538; renovation of, 523, 538; Romano, Giulio, 520-523, 526-540; Sala: (dei Cavalli, 526-7; di Psyche, 527-530; delle Medaglie, 531; di Fetonte, 531-2; degli Stucchi, 534; di Cesare, 534-5; dei Giganti, 535-7); sculptures of, 454; Scultori, 523, 531, 534; Sigismund, Emp., entry of, 534; spoliation of the Palace, 523, 532, 538-9.
Tebaldo, Count: 406, 446, 544.
Terracotta, *chefs d'œuvres* of: 101, 201-2, 215-217, 218, 258-260, 277-8, 312-3, 315-6, 319-320, 386-7, 389, 391-392, 440, 445, 457.
Theodolinda, Queen: 82, 88-89, 90-91, 95, 97.
Theodoric the Great: 81-82, 224-5, 273.
Tiberius, Emp.: 222.
Tibaldi, Pellegrino: 137.
Ticino river: 110, 111, 171.
Ticino Canal, and power-plant: 171.
Ticinum,—see Pavia.
Tiepolo, G. B.: 50, 55.
Tintoretto: 423.
Tiziano (Titian): 14, 302, 416, 421, 423-4, 489, 503, 544.
Torbido, Fran.: 439.
Torre, Della: (family of the, 5, 284; Martino, 284).
Torre Pallavicina: 322.
Tradate: 133.
Tramways and cars, of the *Milanese:* 102.
Treasure, royal, of the Lombards,—see under Monza.
Trescorre: 61, 69.
Trezzo, Castle of: 74-76.
Trisseno, Giangiorgio: 506.
Triumvirate, the Second: 325, 405-6.
Trivulzio: (family of the, 288; Christina, 288-9).
Troso da Monza: 84, 90.
Trotti, Cav.,—see Malosso.

U

Ubbriachi, Bernardo degli: 209.
Udine, Giovanni da: 538, 539.
Umberto I, King: 106.
Usmate: 76, 80, 117.

V

Vairone, Biagio: 210-211.
Valtellina: 2.
Van Orleys: 379.
Vaprio, Agostino da: 276.

Varesotto,—the tableland of Varese: 132-133, 143, 149-150.
Varese, Lake of: 141-142; 170-171.
Varese, Battle of: 136, 170.
Varese, city of:
Aspect and location of, 111, 133-4; Baptistery, the, 138-9; Casino of, 142; *Corte, Il,* 140-141; electric power of, 171; environs of, 141-2, 143-8, 170-171; Excelsior Hotel, grounds and view from, 142; excursions from V., 141-2, 143-8, 170-171; Francis III, Duke: 135, 140; Garibaldi, 136, 170; Gardens, Public, 140-141; Giovenone, Girolamo, 139; history of V., 134-5, 136; hotels of, 134, 142; Lake of V., 141-2, 170-171; Maria Teresa, Empress, 135; Monte dei Fiori,—see under *M;* Monument to Garibaldi and the *Cacciatori delle Alpi,* 135-6; Municipio, 140-141; Museum, city—, 141; Podestà, Piazza del, 135-6, 139; population of V., 135; railways to, 112, 133; Sacromonte,—see Monte dei Fiori, under *M;* smuggling of V., the, 134-5; Tableland of V., 132-3, 143, 149-150; Tibaldi, Pellegrino, 137; tramways of V., 141, 171; Villa Ponti, 170; Villa Litta Modignani, 170; S. Vittore, Piazza and church of, 136-8.
Velasquez: 68.
Vellata, Pietro di: 210.
Venegono Superiore: 112, 133, 149.
Venezia, Bernardo da: 198, 202, 250.
Venusti, Marcello: 68.
Vespasiano, Emp., 325.
Vesper-bells: 68-69.
Viani, Ant.: 430, 437, 476. 542.
Vida, Marco Girolamo: 340-341, 377, 395.
Vigevano: 287.
Vignate, Giov.: 285.
Villari, General: 332.
Villeggiatura, life of: 78-80.
Vino, Sebastiano del: 477.
Vinci, Leonardo da,—see Leonardo.
Viniculture in Lombardy,—see Lombardy.
Violin, discovery and development of the: 339-340.
Virgil: 404, 405-6, 441-2, 456, 457, 543-4,—and see also under Mantua.
Vistarini, the: 285.
Visconti, the: (story of, 5-11; Otho, Archbishop, 5, 6, 284, 327-8; Matteo, *il Grande,* 6, 229; Azzo, 6, 83, 328; Giovanni, Archbishop, 7; Bernabo, 7, 74-75; Marco, 83; Galeazzo, 7, 83, 229, 250-1; Gian Galeazzo, 7-9, 75, 189-190, 201, 211-213, 215, 229, 250-251, 257, 410, 470,—and his monument, 211-213; Filippo Maria, 9-11, 83-84, 195-6, 218, 229-230, 285, 310, 329-330; Bianca (Sforza), 330-331, 398-9; Caterina, wife of Gian Galeazzo, 9).
Vitone, Ventura: 244.
Vivarini: (Bartolomeo, 66; Luigi, 276).
Vizzola, electric power-plant of: 171.
Volpi, Ambrogio: 209.
Volta: 221, 246.

W, X, Y, Z

Wheat-crops of Lombardy: 73-74.

Waterways of Lombardy: 110-112.
Wenceslaus, Emp.: 229.
Zavattari, the brothers: 90.
Zevio, Stefano da: 466.
Zucchio, Federico: 247.
Zurich, Treaty of: 428.

c 754

WITHDRAWN
Los Angeles State
and County Arboretum
Arcadia, California